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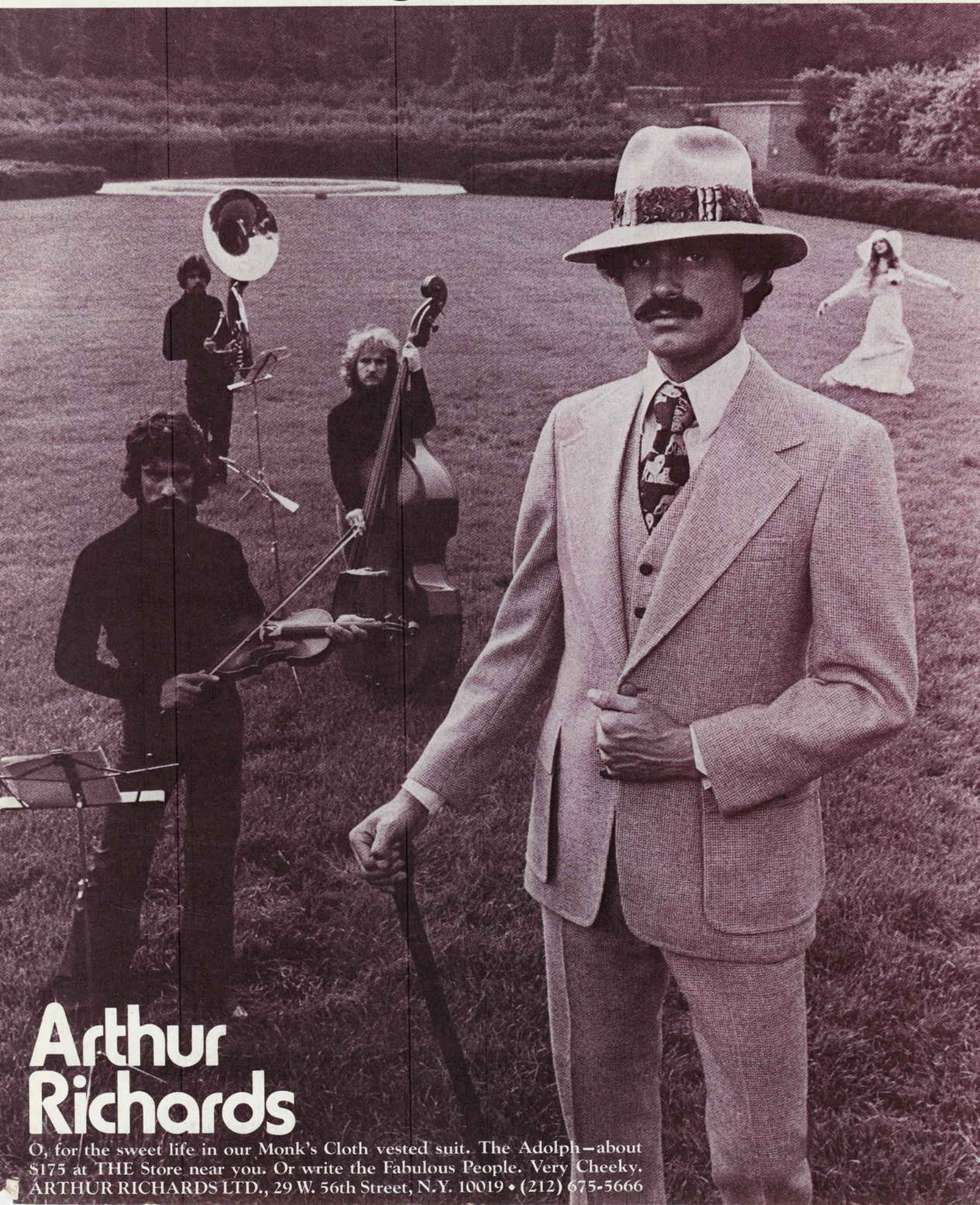

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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/DECEMBER 1972

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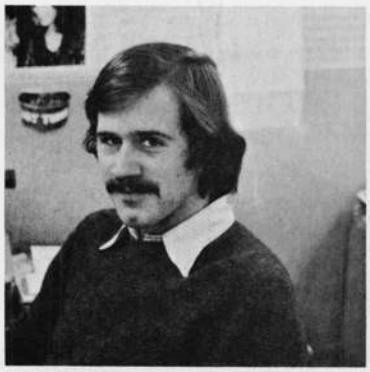

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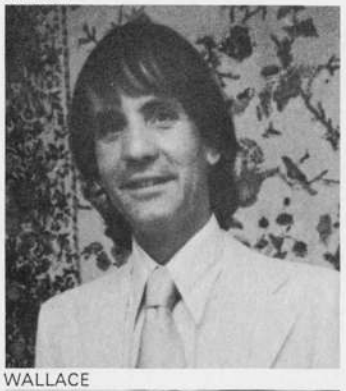


WALLACE

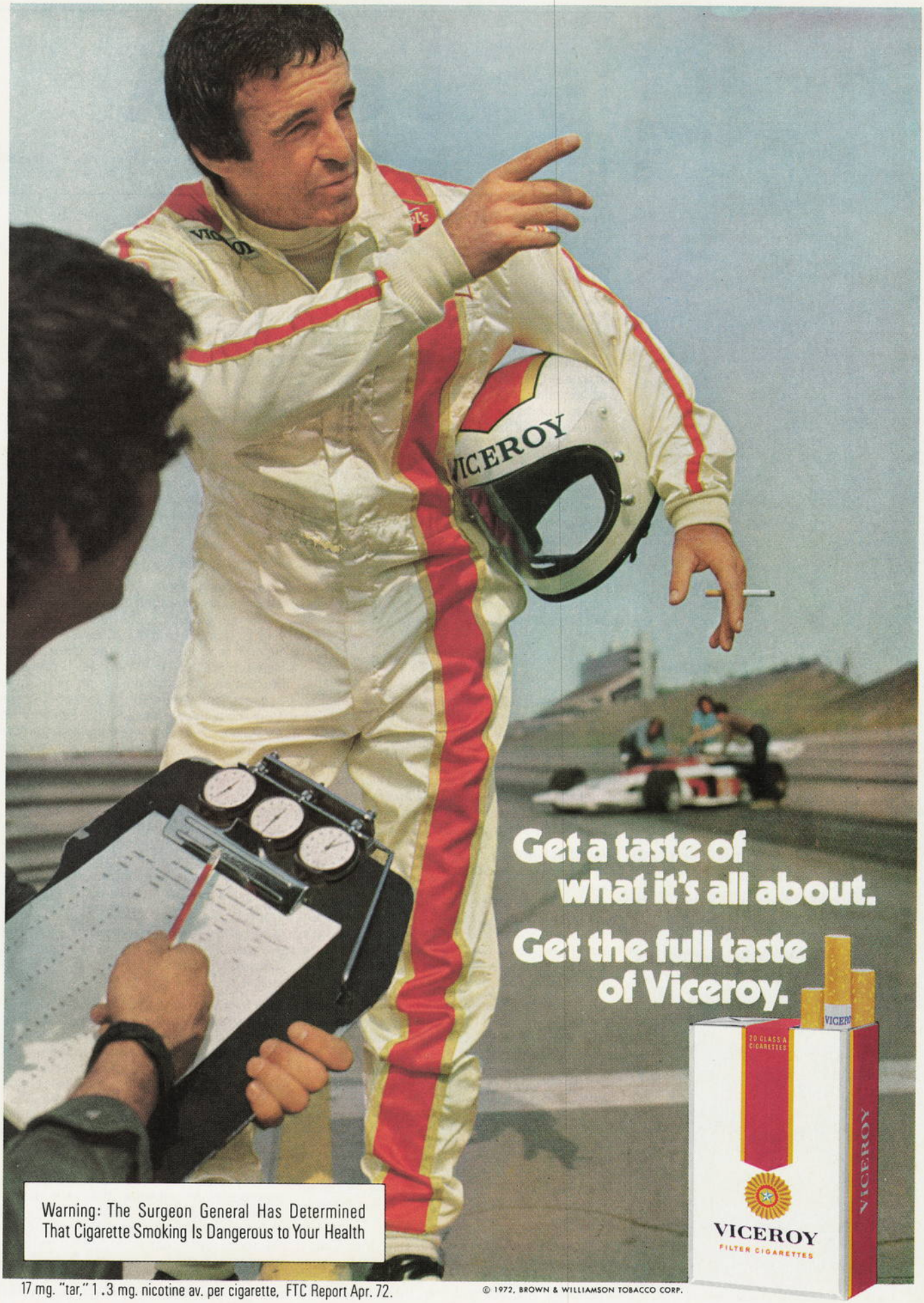
ASIMOV

HOLLANDER

You are now reading the biggest Penthouse yet—our thickest issue, our largest print run, our heaviest bookings by advertisers. Even the annual Penthouse Pet calendar is a bigger deal : in booklet format instead of last year's concertina pullout, it is now presented in its own cover. (It still pulls out, of course, and gives you a unique reminder of favorite Pets.) The statistics of this month's production are staggering : 6,000,000 lbs of paper, enough to load a 150-car freight train, without even counting the vast quantities of ink and staple wire. Naturally, such a significant production calls for something memorable by way of editorial, and you'll find that too, starting with **Jack Hamilton's** revealing interview with reigning sex-symbol **Raquel Welch** (page 100). Normally reticent, Raquel talks with unusual candor about her private life, her relaxed mood being attributable to long acquaintance

HOUSECALL

with Hamilton, who produced three cover-story interviews with her during his years as entertainment editor of *Look*. Hamilton has just collaborated on a picture book of the female stars of the 1930s ("They had faces then"), and is working on photo essays of theatre personalities. Another seasonal stockingfiller is sensational **Lynn Carey,** Mama Lion songstress glimpsed some time ago by appreciative readers of View from the Top. In these pages her song is stilled but her feline form is at full volume in a leisured Pet of the Month debut (page 103). Then there's the return of **Xaviera Hollander,** of *Happy Hooker* fame, whose intimate column in Penthouse was presaged in her unforgettable September interview. Her first contribution appears on page 145, and of course there's never been anything like it in journalism before —an unabashed bedroom Baedeker by a guide of whom it would be an understatement to say that she indisputably knows her way around within those four walls. From now on Xaviera's controversial column will appear regularly in Penthouse. And talking of controversy, Chicago physician Dr **Eugene Scheimann** will run her a close second with his contention that adultery can be good for your coronary (page 159). For readers reaching their middle years (which sooner or later means all readers) Scheimann brings the cheering news that sex is the last thing to cut down on. Now writing a book on his engaging thesis, the doctor is understandably a popular lecturer in the Midwest. It has to be mentioned here that the outlook is not indefinitely encouraging, as **Isaac Asimov** convincingly questions the illusions of those who look forward to immortality via deep-freeze (page 175). With his customary masterful grasp of scientific prospects he demonstrates unsuspected snags in cryonics. Whatever would his down-to-earth mind make of Castaneda's tales of sorcery, reported by social psychologist **John Wallace** (page 83) ? Those unfamiliar with the remarkable experiences that have made Carlos Castaneda a much-discussed author with a wide following now have a chance to form their own explanations of Yaqui mysteries. Reporter Wallace, who is on the faculty of the University of California at the Irvine campus, not only has his first novel forthcoming from Bobbs-Merrill, but is a versatile pianist and composer who has appeared as an accompanist on network television. He is now forming a group based on three keyboard players capable of performing anything from rock to Mozart. And talking of rock, **Sam Sutherland,** 23, Yale alumnus and a *Billboard* editor, makes a well-argued case for the close connection of this contemporary music with sex (page 68). He is a new contributor to Penthouse, as is **William Kloman,** author of our psychedelic fiction story (page 88). Kloman, a native of Washington D.C., is a former college instructor and his story comes from a larger work he is writing. In welcoming these Penthouse newcomers we feel justified in commenting that they have picked a milestone of an issue for a debut.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DECEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please.), though these may be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 1560 Broadway, New York, N.Y. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Superlative September

Warm congratulations on your graduation (*magna cum laude*) into the not terribly numerous ranks of distinguished American publications. Your September issue must be rated a real *tour de force.* Not within living memory can I recall reading two such excellently done pieces as the Penthouse Interview with the Happy Hooker and the article on Robert Mitchum in the same issue of one particular magazine. On finishing the Mitchum article, I was actually shaking my head in something close to wonderment.

Regardless of her sensational, irreverent and free-swinging life style, I consider Xaviera Hollander to be a very special human being. There glimmers from the Penthouse Interview a person with great kindness, warmth and a rich, deep vein of human understanding. I feel certain all of her clients left her bed enriched rather than depleted. This world could use a million just like her! Every city block in the world should have its own Xaviera Hollander. She is just one hell of a woman and I applaud the Penthouse intention to install her own personal advice feature.—*Bruce L. Brandimore, Tweed St., Marie, Mich.*

The first Xaviera column begins on page 145.—Ed.

Having just finished a cover-to-cover reading of the September issue, I have no difficulty in understanding the phenomenal circulation increase you have undergone. You market an aggressive product that in its international flavor achieves an uncommon elegance. I congratulate you on your anniversary and thank you for the pleasure you give me.—*James A. Sharp, Latimer Drive, Alexandia, La.*

Woodstock, wow!

I would like to congratulate you on your excellent Anniversary issue (September). In my opinion, it was the best one Penthouse has ever published. I especially enjoyed your *Woodstock Generation* pictorial. It was very tastefully handled and I hope we will see more like it in the future.—*Ben Stephens, East 72nd St., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.*

Kudos to Penthouse for your *Woodstock Generation* pictorial! I think I am speaking for most liberal-minded men in describing it as so very, very beautiful and touching. For myself, I yearn to witness such a relationship before I pass on. It just holds me speechless. Thank you. —*Blaine G. Nodes, Welch, Minn.*

An erotic publication featuring love scenes of the two vivacious young ladies in the Woodstock feature pictorial would be a certain money-maker. They are beautiful dolls and obviously very much in love, so no question of faking could arise.—*George R. Kern, Doctors Inlet, Fla.*

Although the Pets are goddesses, the Woodstock girls are fabulous. My wife, a bisexual since she was 16 (she is now 27), was especially interested. According to her, these photos are the most erotic she has seen. Both her girlfriends concur.

That is real praise since the three of them collect magazines with pictorials of lesbian love. Their collection is vast, containing mostly hard core pornography. All three of them are so beautiful for each other, and I am grateful that I can share my wife with them. This relationship is meaningful for me in that I can have either of them when I desire. Thanks from the four of us for the loving girls.—*P.H. (name and address withheld), Memphis, Tenn.*

The photographic essay, *Woodstock Generation,* was quite extraordinarily well photographed and beautifully presented. Have you any plans to expand it into book form in either color or black and white and carry the subject to its obvious conclusion? A similar book in black and white was M. Richard Kirstel's *Pas de Deux,* published by Grove Press. Your book would have a much better potential.—*C.N.B. (name and address withheld), Charleston, S.C.*

The she-devil

Sexindex (September) is in error over the origin of the name Dracula. *Drakula* is not a Hungarian word (*ördög* being the Magyar name for the devil), though *drac* is the usual Romanian name for "Old Nick". To say "the devil" in Romanian, one adds the suffix *-ul, i.e. dracul.*

Bram Stoker derived the name of his antihero from the dialect of the Secui or Szeklers, an old-established branch of the Hungarian people who live in part of Transylvania. They have naturally absorbed many Romanian expressions into their (archaic) variety of the Magyar tongue. Because of their imperfect grasp of the Romanian language, the Szeklers have picked up certain nouns with the postposited definite article *-ul* still attached. It was this Szekler form of the Romanian name for the devil which Stoker employed, feminizing it by appending the suffix *-a.—John Geipel, Surbiton Studios, King Charles Rd., Surbiton, Surrey, England.*

Source for Sexindex was Peter Sasdy, the Hungarian film director who made Countess Dracula. *Another of those Transylvanian mystifications?—Ed.*

War between the sexes?

Women's Lib Movement really bugs me. They prattle incoherently about women lacking equal rights, and sex discrimination. They rave and rant about male chauvinist pigs as the scourge of posterity, most scatologically embellishing their tirades. Methinks they possess penis envy but if they rationalized at all, they could equate their precious dildoes, double-dongs and rubber penises with the male organs of their diatribes.

Why must they seize every opportunity to castigate and chastize the very males they strive to emulate? Can't their bellicose aggressiveness be satiated in conquering male buttocks rather than in degrading males as unfit to procreate the human race? Don't they realize that the more masculine women become, the more men are relegated to the passive feminine

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role in sex and society? Perhaps their real objective is to usurp the male function in all departments, in retaliation for the centuries of male conquests of female maidenheads front and rear!

If they but realized the folly of their purge attempts, they would cease from stripping males of the sex drive motivation to copulate and breed more women libbers. The less literate among us might already assume that libbers have so succeeded in emasculating males that the procreation and impregnation apparatus with which we are endowed by nature has been transferred to them!

Our only recourse is to withstand the libbers' propaganda and to pet and pamper their volatile natures with compassion and forgiveness, seeking a redirection of their energies and passionate zeal. Maybe connubial bliss is not all it is cracked up to be, yet that is insufficient reason for women to prefer the arms of sympathetic female companions.

I really doubt that libbers would be happy if they had sperm-manufacturing abilities within their anatomical structure, nor do I feel that men would be content to contain an ovary-making capacity. Nature sees no reason to revamp males and females, so why not let each sex accept the other with all the frailties and imperfections bestowed on us? We owe it to ourselves as we have enough wars without a war between the sexes!—*Harry A. Magee, Spring Gardens Drive, Springfield, Va.*

Broadside for the Bayne

Pardon my overbearing offensiveness, but would you please state why you allowed into print such a literarily worthless turd as *The Ronnie Bayne Sails at Dawn* (August)? Obviously, the story is pulp, inserted as a filler between your camera escapades and serves no social purpose, mouthing clichés about such overworked stereotypes as youth culture and drugs. Naturally, the final qualification for entrance into print is sex, which the author threw in to arouse the good ol' prurient interest in your jaded readership.

I'm not advocating *a priori* censorship, but if you can just unglue yourself from your private sexual obsessions long enough to evaluate the content of your magazine objectively, you might see an improvement.—*C. J. Lannin, E. Chicago St., Elgin, Ill.*

Another way of looking at it might be that Ingrassia's story was an exceptionally accurate depiction of a segment of contemporary life.—Ed.

Pet partisans

Isobel Garcia Orobiyi (September) is the best Pet I have seen in your magazine so far. I prefer her to Pet of the Year Tina McDowall.—*William Ackerman, Ionia, Mich.*

Miss Orobiyi is outstanding, I must say. She is a very beautiful and extremely lovely woman.—*R.G. Hull, Northampton, Mass.*

I have been buying your magazine for over a year and you've always given the age and measurements of your Pets. Please satisfy my curiosity and that of 10 million other faithful readers by giving us the vital statistics of Isobel Garcia Orobiyi.—*Randy Widmer, Hamilton St., Costa Mesa, Calif.*

Isobel is 38-24-37—and bashful about her age.—Ed.

Girls and Garrison

I request that you show more of your models' vaginal areas—it seems such a pity to show so much of a woman but not the most beautiful part. I would love to see one of your girls totally naked with her legs spread apart. How about a pictorial on oral sex using male and female models? And how about an interview with Jim Garrison, the man who revealed in his book, *A Heritage of Stone*, that John F. Kennedy was murdered by the CIA?—*P.C. (name and address withheld), Sunnyvale, Calif.*

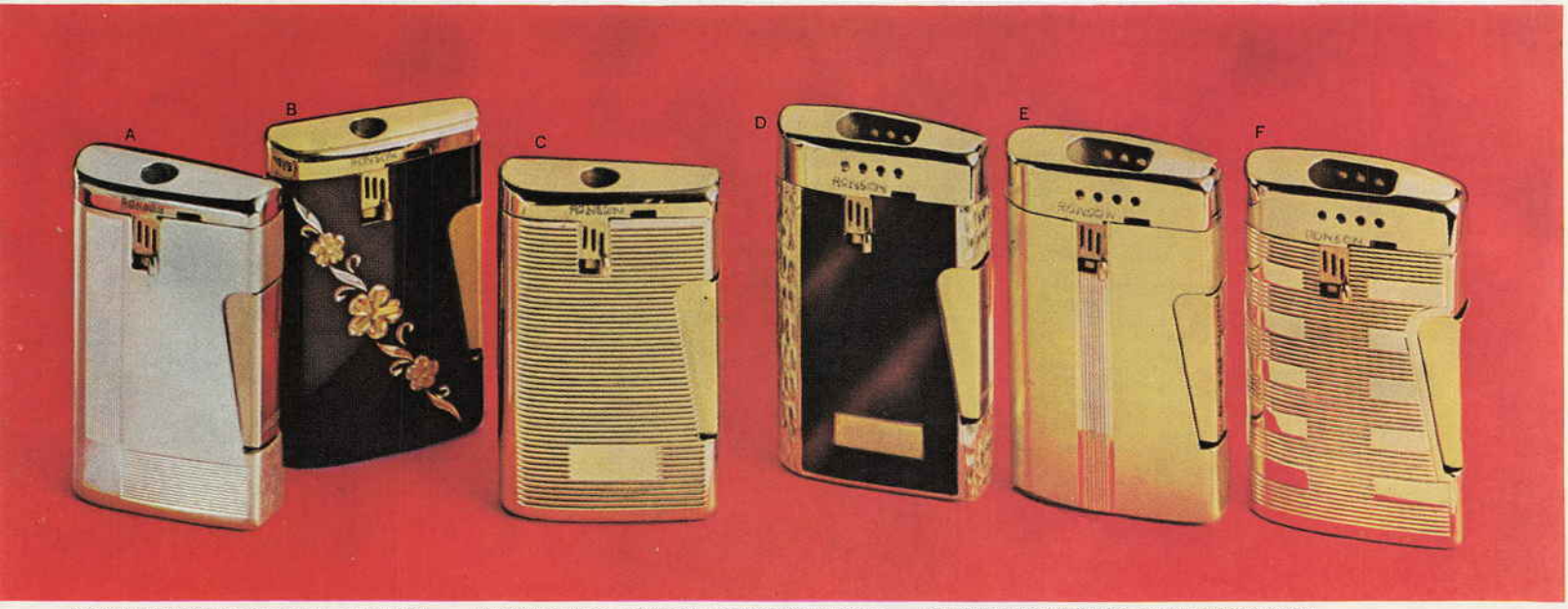
How about an interview with Clay Shaw, the man Jim Garrison so recklessly charged with plotting to kill Kennedy? It appeared in Penthouse for September 1969.—Ed.

Middle-aged spreads

Further to the letters from R.D. (May), D. Stoessel, D.N. and G.P. (August), may I add a thought:

Many of your readers must be 35 to 55, and for them older women have a lot of appeal. I prefer a pretty 45-year-old posed gracefully to a not-so-pretty 19 in some grotesque position—tummy sucked in, bosom heaved out, mouth open. There is also an element of nostalgia: whatever happened to the pin-ups and movie stars of the World War II days? A lot of us would like to see them again. Couldn't you get the rights to use some old "cheesecake"? Couldn't you get our idols to pose again, wrinkles and all?

Most of us 35-to-55s love our wives and like to see them in erotic situations—and we are also attracted to the wife next door. Pictures are really fantasies and have maximum impact when they're like something we might reasonably have seen. One of my greatest thrills was seeing the wife next door (about 30 and mother of two) ironing on a hot night in her shorts and just a bra; another time she had on a not-particularly-sheer nightie. So pose your



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scantily-clad over-21s doing believable things—dressing, undressing, washing, ironing or reading, but not playing with another girl or pointlessly aiming their anatomies at the camera.

As a personal preference, I like small or medium, firm conical breasts rather than big and floppy ones. A pretty face is better than two huge boopies! P.S. Mrs A. wouldn't like this. Please use only initials and city.—*H. A. (name and address withheld), Greenville, S.C.*

I agree with all those who have written in, asking for spreads of middle-aged women in your future nude pictorials. Women are definitely most attractive between the ages of 30 and 50 and have a mature beauty in no way matched by the fresh young beauty of the Pets.

However, I feel that the people who are suggesting established actresses for Penthouse Pets of the Month are wasting their time. Everyone enjoys your current Pets, who are relatively unknown to the general public. Why, then, should your middle-aged Pets be any different? I'm sure that scores of your beautiful middle-aged female readers would gladly oblige.—*R.K. (name and address withheld), Flushing, N.Y.*

Dressing up

I have read your magazine for the past year with great interest, especially the letters from your readers. I am a transvestite and immensely enjoy the once or twice a month I dress up. My wife refuses to participate, so I usually wait till she goes shopping. Other than this, our sex life is quite enjoyable and frequent.

About three years ago, when we were living in another city, my wife went out for the day and I took advantage of this to get out my feminine apparel. I had just finished putting on stockings and garter belt, panties, shoes, bra and skirt and was admiring myself in a transparent blouse when, all of a sudden, the bedroom door opened and my 17-year-old niece walked in. There was no way of hiding it, so I blurted out the truth.

She stood for a minute, looking. Then she walked around the bed, put her hands on my waist and said she wouldn't tell anyone if I would be her slave. I really didn't have much choice in the matter. She then told me to turn around and close my eyes.

When I opened them, she was naked except for a pair of panties. She was more beautiful than I'd imagined: her breasts were big, rosy-tipped with small nipples and a full D-cup. Her hips were boyish, her waist was small and her legs were smoothly shaped. Though she was pretty, her discretion in the use of make-up and her blonde hair made her even more beautiful. In short, she was one of those girls dreams are made of.

She commanded me to dress her and to kiss each part as I did so and this gave me an all-mighty erection. Afterwards, to show my servitude, I had to masturbate. Over the next year, my niece and I managed to get together about once a month. She would bring me sexy clothes—an extremely padded bra, bikini panties and a white body stocking. Each time we met, we went through two or three pairs of nylon stockings!

The sessions were wild and very erotic. I was ridden like a horse, made to perform like a stripper or topless waitress, tied up and blindfolded and led round the house by a cord attached to my genitals. Of course, if I did anything wrong or too slowly or ruined my nylons, I was spanked with a yardstick. At the end of each session, we made passionate love as, by that time, we were both worked up to fever pitch. In fact, the emotions aroused must have affected me even more than I realized because my wife commented that my love-making was better than ever.

Our affair ended when I was transferred to this city. But next month my wife is going into hospital for surgery and I have subtly persuaded my wife that I need someone to take care of the housekeeping. I contacted my niece, who is now 20, and she is ready to take up where we left off. She's bringing me some new panties, a girdle and garter belt and lots of nylons to ruin. She even hinted that her little sister—now 17—might come along.—*R. F. (name and address withheld), Peru, Ind.*

Monopede mania

I was interested to read the letter in your anniversary issue from the one-legged British war bride, Mrs D.D., since my own mother was also an amputee war bride who had lost her right leg during the World War II bombing of London. She met my father at a seaside resort when he was on leave and was angry at first when she noticed him staring at her stump as she walked along with her crutches in her bathing suit. She always told us how he was fascinated with her stump of a thigh from that day and the fascination never diminished throughout the marriage.

Despite her amputated leg, mother bore six children and raised us all herself without any maids. I was the oldest, with two brothers and three sisters. She always wore a peg leg when working or shopping, but she was happiest when she could take it off to rest her stump. Her favourite way of getting around was with just one crutch and her single leg, and when she was busy in the kitchen, she would sometimes hop around on her one leg and swing her stump on a stool so she could stand erect without her crutch.

We children never thought it odd to see mother's stump of a thigh exposed every day. Father would always kid my mother about her stump and they had a secret understanding about it that wasn't shared with us children. When mother was walking around on her crutch, father would sometimes playfully tickle or pat the end of her stump inside her skirt, and she would scold, "Please, not in front of the children".

From my earliest days I can recall my parents frequently having discussions about their finances, which took place behind the locked door of their bedroom and lasted at least half an hour. We thought nothing of it as mother hopped off, balancing on her one leg and leaning on father's shoulder, into the bedroom without bothering to use the crutch. Later, when father came out, he would ask one of us to bring mother her crutch. Sometimes when I went into the bedroom, I wondered why mother had to take off her stocking to talk about money. It was only later that I realized the warm love that existed between my parents, and that my father wanted privacy with his one-legged wife and stump for other reasons than money.—*F.B.K. (name and address withheld), Arlington, Mass.*

You can't realize what your Forum section has done for me! I have been aware of a peculiarity in my libido ever since I was 14. I was living near Baltimore at that time and one afternoon in the late Fall I happened to see at a distance a young girl who had one leg and was rapidly walking along on a pair of crutches. I had a fantastic urge to run and catch up with her and then followed after her to feast my eyes on her single leg swinging along between her pumping

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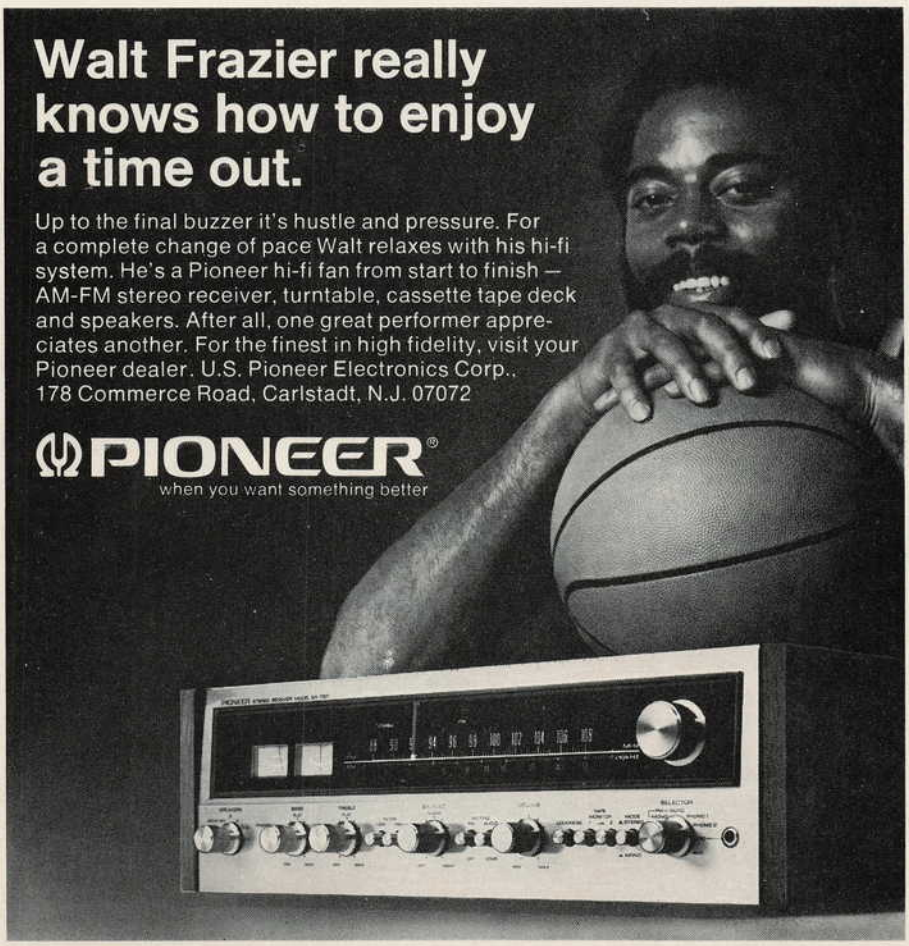

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crutches. The reason I mentioned the season was because I was fortunately wearing a top coat . . . walking along behind this one-legged girl gave me the hardest and most massive erection I had ever experienced! At every opportunity after that, I haunted the shopping area, hoping to see this girl again or, for that matter, any other one-legged female.

I thought that I was some kind of a unique nut but couldn't fight this peculiar desire. It haunted my every wakeful day-dream. I sketched pictures of one-legged girls on crutches and these became my masturbatory delights. By the time I was 16, I was successful in bed with some of the chicks I knew in school but they were all normal two-legged types and I found myself always trying to imagine that they were one-legged. I would see the occasional one-legged woman on the streets but was always afraid to say anything to her. Finally, when I went away to college, I happened to find a volume by Krafft-Ebing with reference to this fetish and learned that my peculiar desire was not unique. However, that book was written about 80 years ago and your Forum has been my first opportunity to be up-dated.

I am now 20 years old and will be graduating from college this June. I had my first and only sexual experience with a one-legged woman last summer. It was at a good friend's wedding and this lady was an aunt of the bride and visiting from the mid-West. Because we were drawn together socially, I felt free to give her special attention. She invited me to her hotel room and it was from her that I learned that many one-legged women are quite aware of this fetish . . . that she couldn't help but notice how excited I was in her presence . . . how she amused herself by "casually" moving her stump about beneath her skirt and catching my excited watchfulness of this movement. She told me that her late husband had had this special desire and that she hoped that I would someday meet the right one-legged girl for myself. In bed, she had me handle her stump and also used it to pet my erection. Even though she is some 20 years older than I am, she had me more passionate than any girl I had ever been in bed with before.

As you probably know, one-legged women are not a particularly common sight. I have met one other since last summer. She was understanding and told me that her husband has these same special interests and that she was sure that I would meet my own one-legged girl some day. Unfortunately, I was too excited at the time to ask her about meeting her husband! Well, from the letters I've been reading in Forum, I know that my day will come when I'll have my very own one-legged chick. I hope not too long, though!—*A.V. (name and address withheld), Long Beech, Calif.*

I am a young male amputee, having lost my left arm above the elbow and my left leg just below the hip. I think that a pictorial on a girl amputee would be an outstanding idea. I know your reputation for showing life the way it really is, so with this in mind, I hope you will consider doing the article, as I for one would appreciate it.—*Allan J. Housewell, W. Montrose St., Chicago, Ill.*

I would like to know if very many men feel attracted to female amputees, for I recently became an amputee as the result of an automobile accident. I am 26 and single with a great figure (46-25-36), but I am also a double amputee. My left leg was amputated at mid-thigh and the right one at the hip.

Before the accident, I used to date a lot and I enjoyed a good sex life. However, since the loss

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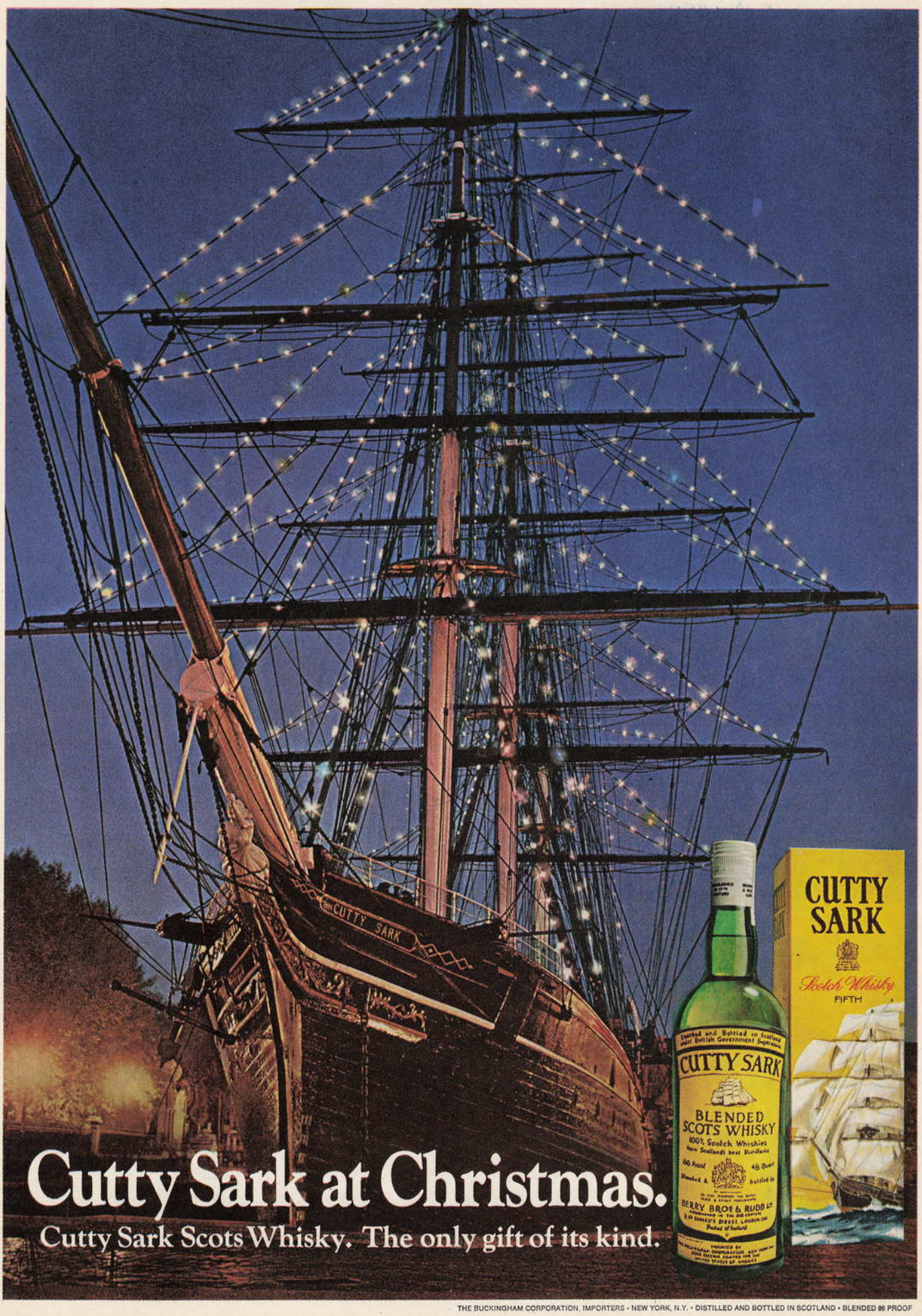

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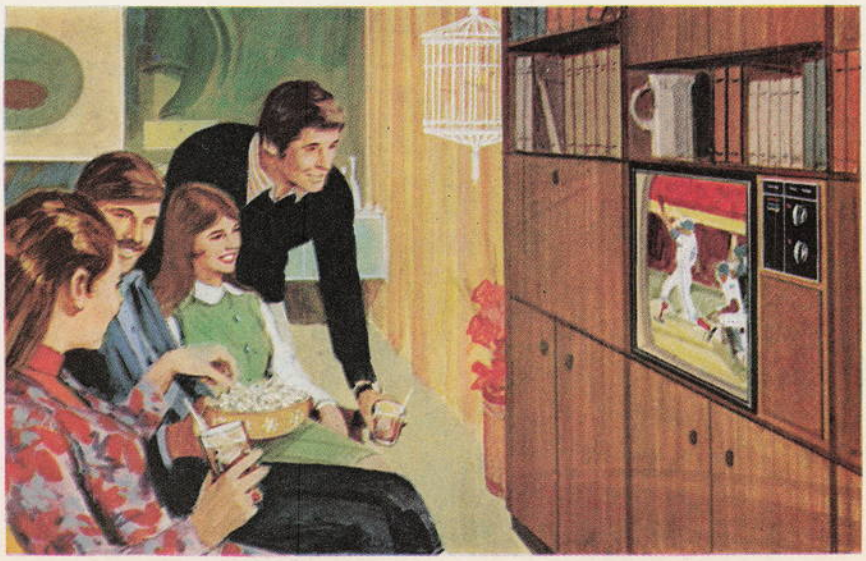

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of my legs, I have not dated at all. I've been afraid that, as a double amputee, I'll just turn guys off. H.C.'s letter has shed new light on the subject, and I would be interested to hear what some of your readers think about making it with a legless chick.—*Carol E. (name and address withheld), Dallas, Texas.*

Special preference

Since I am not a doctor, I cannot offer a professional opinion on whether D. S. Davidson (August) is doing himself harm by taking enemas. But from 30 years of taking and giving enemas, I would suggest he has probably benefited from them. As long as the quantity of fluid injected is comfortable, the equipment he uses is immaculately clean and the flow is gentle (about 24 ins), while he lies on his left side or in a knee-on-chest position, I can't see what possible harm he could suffer. Recently I read a newspaper article in which the indomitable Mae West attributed her good health and body tone to daily enemas, which she was said to have taken for years.

My own history started when I was five and very constipated. I never realized the sexual implications of my enjoyment of enemas till I was about 11. One Saturday morning, I was across the alley, visiting my friend Jimmy. I went into his bathroom and saw his mother who had his 10-year-old sister Patty with pink bare bottom across her lap, just starting to give her an enema. I quickly stepped back into the hall and watched her instruct Patty, "Tell me when you've had enough and it hurts". I guess the infant bulb held 3 or 4 oz, but Patty didn't say, "That's enough" till her mother had deftly injected eight to 10 bulbs full. Watching this process from the hall was a very pleasant experience and I found my little penis standing stiff as a flag pole. The whole enema picture took on new significance for me after that.

Later I questioned Patty and she said she liked the enemas every Saturday morning, while Jimmy got his enema every Saturday night from his father. For the next couple of years, we often got together when their parents went out and played "Doctor". She sneaked her enema bulb from the bathroom and I moved it gently in and out of her anus. She wouldn't let me inject water into her, but liked the feel of the syringe being inserted. She then insisted on doing the same to me, which always gave me a stiff erection. We never explored her body or mine any further, as we still didn't realize the sexual aspect of what we were doing.

During my teens and in college, I took enemas occasionally for the sensation of well-being I got from them. For years now, my wife has administered enemas to me every five to seven days: I give them only occasionally as she prefers anal massage from a vibrator. I'm a hotel executive and often travel away from home. Most larger hotels have a registered nurse on call for illnesses, emergencies or temporary care of older guests. These girls are always ready to administer the "treatment" for the regular hourly fee, plus expenses. Recently at a hotel, I called the special duty nurse to administer an enema but she explained that hotel rules were that no female hotel employee was permitted to stay in a man's room unless he was ill, elderly or in need of care. She suggested we needed to get someone else to stay with her. I agreed, so the nurse called the housekeeper for a floor maid to help her take care of a sick person.

The floor maid was young and black and pretty. The nurse mixed the solution from premeasured enema soap (which I carry, along with travel syringe) and asked the girl to hold the bag about 2ft over me while she adminis-

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tered the enema. It was the first time she had ever seen one, and she asked what was in it. The nurse told her it was a cure for toxic bowel condition and the girl said she would like to take one some time, if the nurse would show her how. As a result, the nurse asked my permission to give the girl an enema as soon as my treatment was completed. This I readily gave.

While I was in the bathroom the nurse cleaned the equipment with alcohol and mixed another bag of fluid. I then held the water bag while she gave the girl the enema, which she seemed to enjoy. By this time, I was extremely aroused sexually and casually asked the nurse if she would accept additional money for extra services. She said she wouldn't dare because the hotel might blacklist her if she were caught. My only recourse (which I rarely do) was to relieve myself after the nurse and maid had left. Incidentally, I paid both of them well for their time.

Most nurses I have talked with, whether young or middle-aged, married or single, seem to accept that enemas are quite normal. Their attitude seems to be that this is simply another nursing service and nothing more.—*J.C.S. (name and address withheld), Minneapolis, Minn.*

I had my first experience of an enema at a hospital while undergoing tests at the age of 19. A young nurse's aide arrived one morning to flush me before barium X-rays. While she was delivering a massive three quarters or so of pure soapsuds, I had an erection that would not quit. Finding me fully aroused, the girl locked the door and quickly removed her clothes. At this point she prepared an enema for herself and following evacuation of the soapsuds, she then administered my barium. After applying the barium paste, she inserted a rectal plug and demanded that I service her with the other soapsuds solution. After delivering this to her and then inserting a plug, we engaged in reckless sex till we reached a rousing climax.

A few years ago, my wife had some gastric trouble and bought a large fountain syringe. It was only then I discovered that she had had enemas from early childhood. Her mother used to give massive five- to six-quart enemas for disobedience when my wife was a teenager, and she started to find them sexually exciting. Since then, the enema has become a daily late evening routine for both of us. After one quart to act as a flush, we follow with three or four quarts and insert rectal plugs before sex, always enjoying the most violent climaxes.

Based on 20 years of experimentation, I have found that dishwashing liquid detergent—one cap per bag—plus two tablespoons of bicarbonate of soda are a soothing solution. The douche nozzle, when fully inserted into the rectum, delivers the enema with maximum sensation and no cramps. Lukewarm water is best and it is advisable to wait at least six hours after intake of food. Alternatively, castor oil or Epsom salts may be used as a purgative. At first, use no more than two quarts for the solution until with experience one learns one's limits. The enema should be delivered slowly with the syringe no higher than three feet above the stomach. For a series of enemas or irrigations, use plain water and soda.—*G.S.W. (name and address withheld), Cleveland, Ohio.*

Black on white

I share a house with two girlfriends and we hired a young colored man to clean up the yard for us. One day when the two girls went shopping I decided to take advantage of the sun and change into a very skimpy bikini. I was lying in the backyard while the colored man sort of "worked around me". I noticed he looked at me quite intently on occasion and after a while I saw his pair of cut-offs were bulging down his right leg. I'd had enough sun, so I got up to go back inside. As I walked by him, I said: "Time for a break, come inside". He smiled, though hesitantly, and followed me. I saw that he shyly pulled his shirt over his cut-offs to cover his bulge. I brought him a towel and a glass of iced tea and told him to remove his shirt and lie down on the couch and rest awhile.

My apartment has a white motif—that's the colour of the couch, carpet, curtains and walls of my living room—and the contrast he presented was noticeable and stimulating. His penis had deflated a little, so I sat down beside him and talked for some time before placing my hand on his right thigh. He didn't move, but my fingers felt his cock nudge a little farther down his leg. He smiled and I asked him: "What's the matter? Don't those black fillies take care of you?" He said: "They take care of me alright, but there's so much to take care of!"

My hand went to his fly and I unzipped all the way down. I saw what he meant! He was big! I tried to pull his cock out but it was extended so far down his leg that it was painful for him to have me pull on it. I removed his cut-offs and gazed longingly at his prize. It still wasn't fully erect, so I started to do some work. Holding the head with the fingers of my left hand, I jacked him very swiftly with my right (a technique I have found very rewarding), stopping at the base to caress his large balls every now and then. It took less than a minute to get him to full erection. When he was at the point of near-frenzy, I removed my bikini. It was exciting to see his cock start an uncontrollable throbbing as my body was exposed completely to his gaze. His cock actually bounced off his stomach and went to an arc shape! The only two parts touching his body were the base by his balls and the head above his belly-button—it was unbelievable.

I straddled him and commenced a slow, deliberate hand job on him, rubbing my pubic hair along the head of his cock intermittently. I felt tension building up in him and just as he was coming, I compressed his seminal tube and ran my tongue up and down his length to excite him even more. As a finishing touch, I took each of his balls in my mouth and sucked longingly on them. I figured I had tortured him enough, so I released my blocking grip and continued my slow hand job. Boy, was he ready! I thought he would never stop. It was an unforgettable experience.—*Jane T. (name and address withheld), Philadelphia, Pa.*

Coffee break

I am a 22-year-old secretary in New York and you could say that I go both ways. I enjoyed your pictorial *Woodstock Generation* very much. Lately I have been in love with an 18-year-old girl called Cindy and your pictorial reminded me of our relationship. I live in an apartment near Central Park and I was walking there one day when I caught sight of this beautifully built blonde girl. She had on light blue shorts and had the most beautiful legs I'd ever seen. I decided to follow her for a while and when she sat down on a park bench, I asked if I could join her. She was quite friendly, so we sat and talked. She knew I was staring at her and she sat facing me with her legs wide open. Needless to say, I was hot.

I asked if she would like to go to my apartment for some coffee and she agreed. When we

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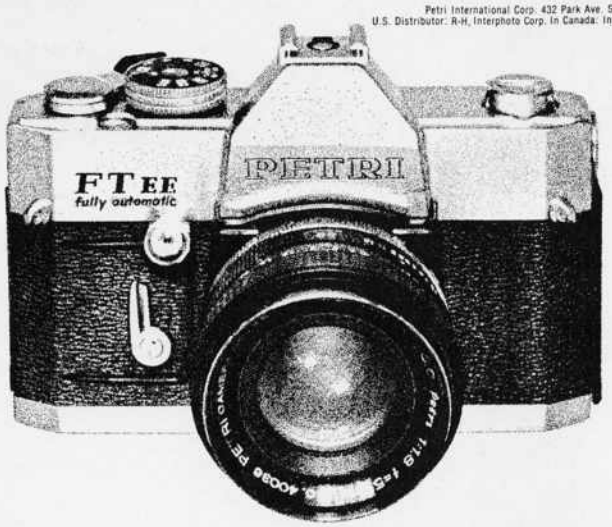

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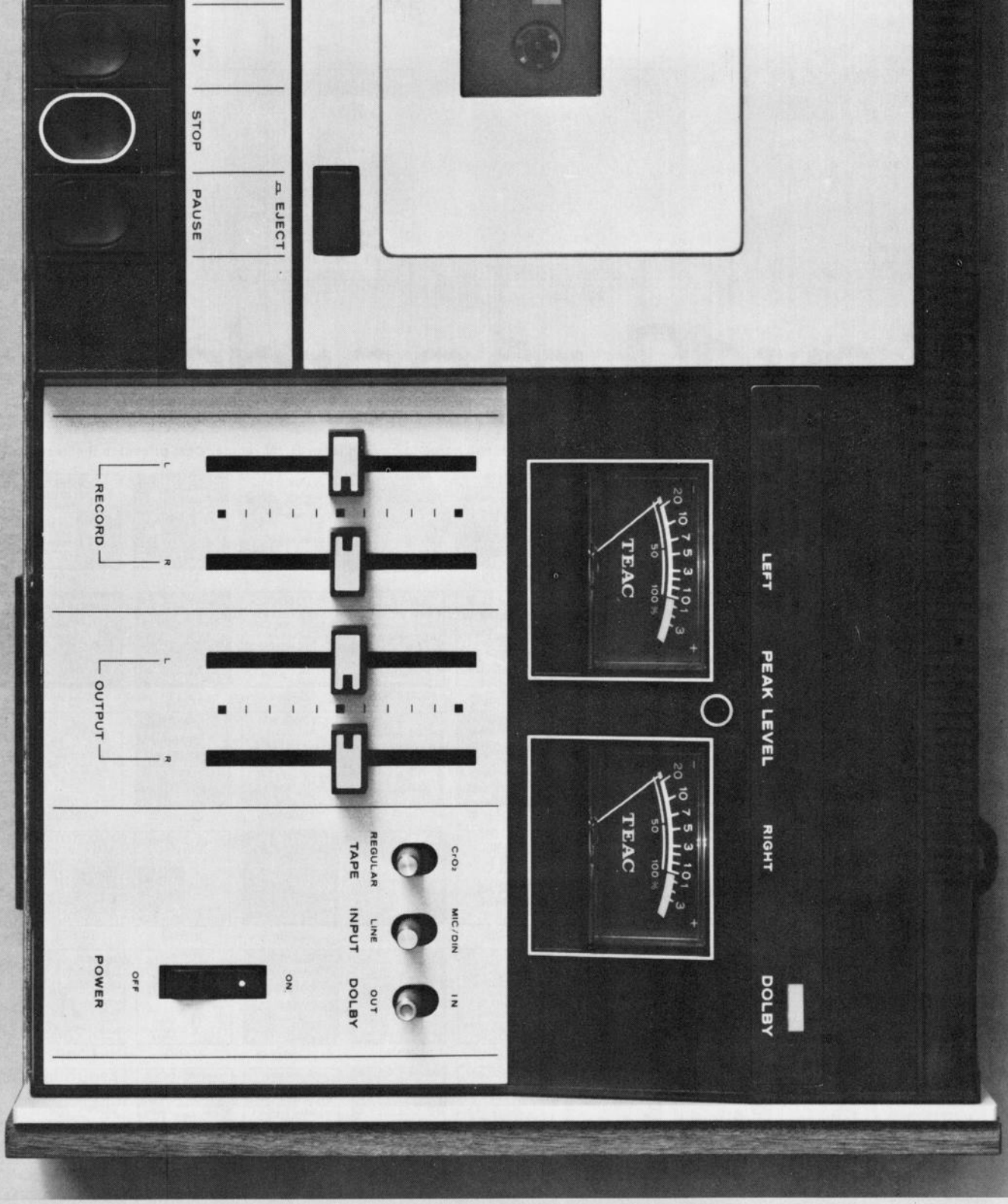


OUR DISTINGUISHED PANEL

We have two kinds. The cassette control panel pictured above, and the customer opinion panel reported below.

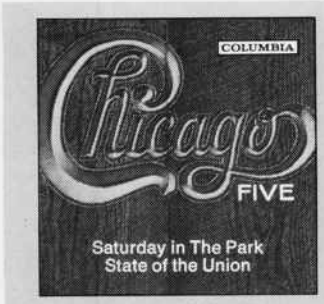
Recently we surveyed our stereo cassette deck owners. And they told us the number one reason for buying TEAC was our commitment to excellence in product performance and design. Next most mentioned reason was our convenience features such as Dolby, automatic shutoff and many more.

Some owners have three TEACs; two for recording/ dubbing at home and one in the car.

All of these people wanted the best tape deck for their stereo system. Shouldn't you?

TEAC

For specs, write TEAC, P.O. Box 750, Montebello, Ca. 90640. For the nearest TEAC dealer, call toll free (800) 243-6000. In Conn., 1-800-882-6500.



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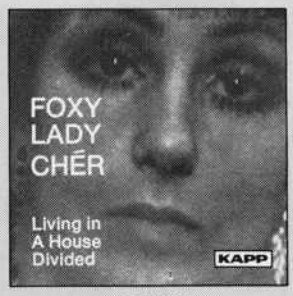

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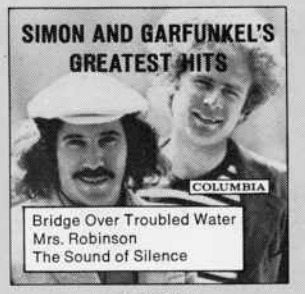

219477

219022

Any 12 records-$2.86 plus processing and postage

if you join the Columbia Record Club and agree to buy ten records (at regular Club prices) in the next two years

216663

218446

220970 ✲

218438

216655

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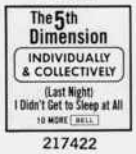
192583 ✲

219782

218497 ✲



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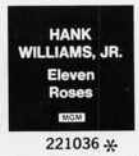

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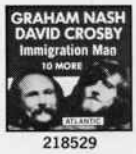

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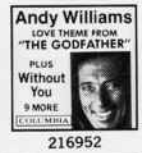

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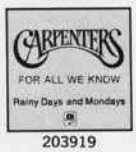

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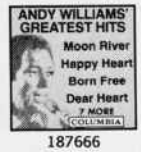

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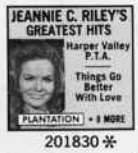

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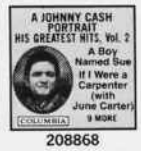

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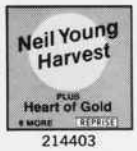

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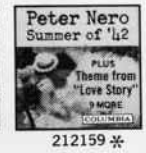

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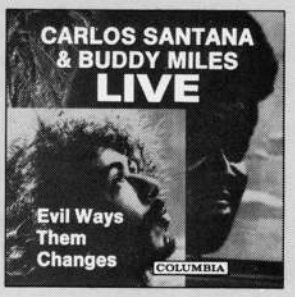
✲ Selections marked with a star are not available in reel tapes

218479

221176

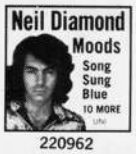
218180 ✲



220988

or Any 9 tapes-$2.86 plus processing and postage

if you join the Columbia Tape Club and agree to buy seven tapes (at regular Club prices) in the next two years



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218842 ✲

217356 ✲

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196444

Just look at this selection of recorded entertainment — available on tapes *or* records! So whichever type of stereo playback equipment you have — you can take advantage of this offer!

If you prefer your music on 12" Stereo Records join the Columbia Record Club and get ANY 12 for $2.86. Just indicate your 12 records on the application and mail it today. In exchange, you agree to buy 10 records (at regular Club prices) in the coming two years . . . and you may cancel membership any time after doing so.

OR — if you prefer your music on Stereo Tapes join the Columbia Tape Club and get ANY 9 for $2.86. Indicate your 9 selections on the application and mail it. (Be sure to check whether you want cartridges *or* cassettes *or* reel tapes.) In exchange, you agree to buy seven selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming two years . . . and may cancel any time after doing so.

Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment . . . and the selections you order as a member will be mailed and billed at the regular Club prices: records, $4.98 or $5.98; cartridges and cassettes, $6.98; reel tapes, $7.98, plus processing and postage. (Occasional special selections may be somewhat higher.)

You may accept or reject selections as follows: whichever Club you join, every four weeks you will receive a new copy of your Club's music magazine, which describes the regular selection for each musical interest . . . plus hundreds of alternate selections from every field of music.

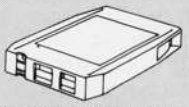
- . . . **if you do not want any selection offered,** just mail the response card always provided by the date specified
- . . . **if you want only the regular selection** for your musical interest, you need do nothing — it will be shipped automatically
- . . . **if you want any of the other selections offered,** order them on the response card and mail it by the date specified
- . . . **and from time to time** we will offer some special selections, which you may reject by mailing the dated response form provided . . . or accept by doing nothing.

You'll be eligible for your Club's bonus plan upon completing your enrollment agreement — a plan which enables you to save at least 33% on all your future purchases.

Columbia House
Terre Haute Indiana 47808

D26/F72

TAKE YOUR PICK OF TAPES



8-TRACK CARTRIDGES

OR

TAPE CASSETTES

OR

7" REEL-TO-REEL TAPES

SEND NO MONEY

Cut along dotted line, fold in half, seal with paste or tape, and mail as Business Reply Envelope

NO STAMP NEEDED

Please accept my membership application in the Columbia Record Club and send these 12 records for $2.86, plus processing and postage. I agree to buy 10 records (at regular Club prices) in the next 2 years, and may cancel membership thereafter.

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one only)

☐ Easy Listening ☐ Young Sounds ☐ Classical
☐ Broadway & Hollywood ☐ Country ☐ Jazz (6Z-Z) EH-8

Please accept my membership application in the Columbia Tape Club and send these 9 tapes for only $2.86, plus processing and postage. I agree to buy 7 selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming two years, and may cancel membership thereafter.

SEND THIS TYPE OF TAPE (check one box) EH-8

☐ Cartridges (TS-W) ☐ Cassettes (TV-X) ☐ Reel Tapes (VL-Y)

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one)
☐ Easy Listening ☐ Young Sounds ☐ Country

Whichever Club I join, all selections will be described in advance in the Club magazine, sent every four weeks (from time to time, I'll be offered special selections too). I may accept or reject any selection just by mailing the special form provided by the date specified. And if I want only the regular selection for my musical interest, I need do nothing — it will be shipped automatically.

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss.....
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address.....

City..... State & Zip.....

Do You Have A Telephone? (check one) ☐ YES..... ☐ NO

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Terre Haute, Indiana
47808

got there, I said I was hot and got into a bikini. I think I have a good body, but I was anxious to see Cindy's. When I emerged, Cindy whistled her approval. I asked her if she wanted to get more comfortable and she said she would like to take off her blouse but she didn't have a bra on. I told her it was okay—I'd seen girls' tits before. Her breasts were bigger than I'd expected, and Cindy caught me staring at them. She stood up and stretched her arms above her head. God, was I turned on! She sensed this and came over to where I was sitting. I stared at her tan belly with her cute navel: she had me in a spell of sweat. She looked down at me and lowered her left nipple into my mouth. She let me get my fill of that one and then switched to the other. What I specially remember was the sucking noise I made when she pulled away from me. I was so hot for the girl it wasn't funny and the amazing thing was we had only just met.

Finally, I went for broke and unbuttoned her extremely short shorts. She had a beautiful rump and wore a little white bikini as a teaser—it hardly covered anything. My mouth was watering as she stood in front of me while she eased her panties down. She kept pulling them up again, which made me moan with desire. Finally, she gave it to me and I must say she tasted as good as she looked.—*Miss Y.H. (name and address withheld), New York, N.Y.*

Party games

Unlike Mrs. E. H. (July) who enjoyed fellatio while taking a drive in the car, I find that this practice just warms me. Unfortunately it finishes my husband for a while when I am just getting started. The obvious answer to my problem was to make it with more than one male at a time. On vacation, I found out how.

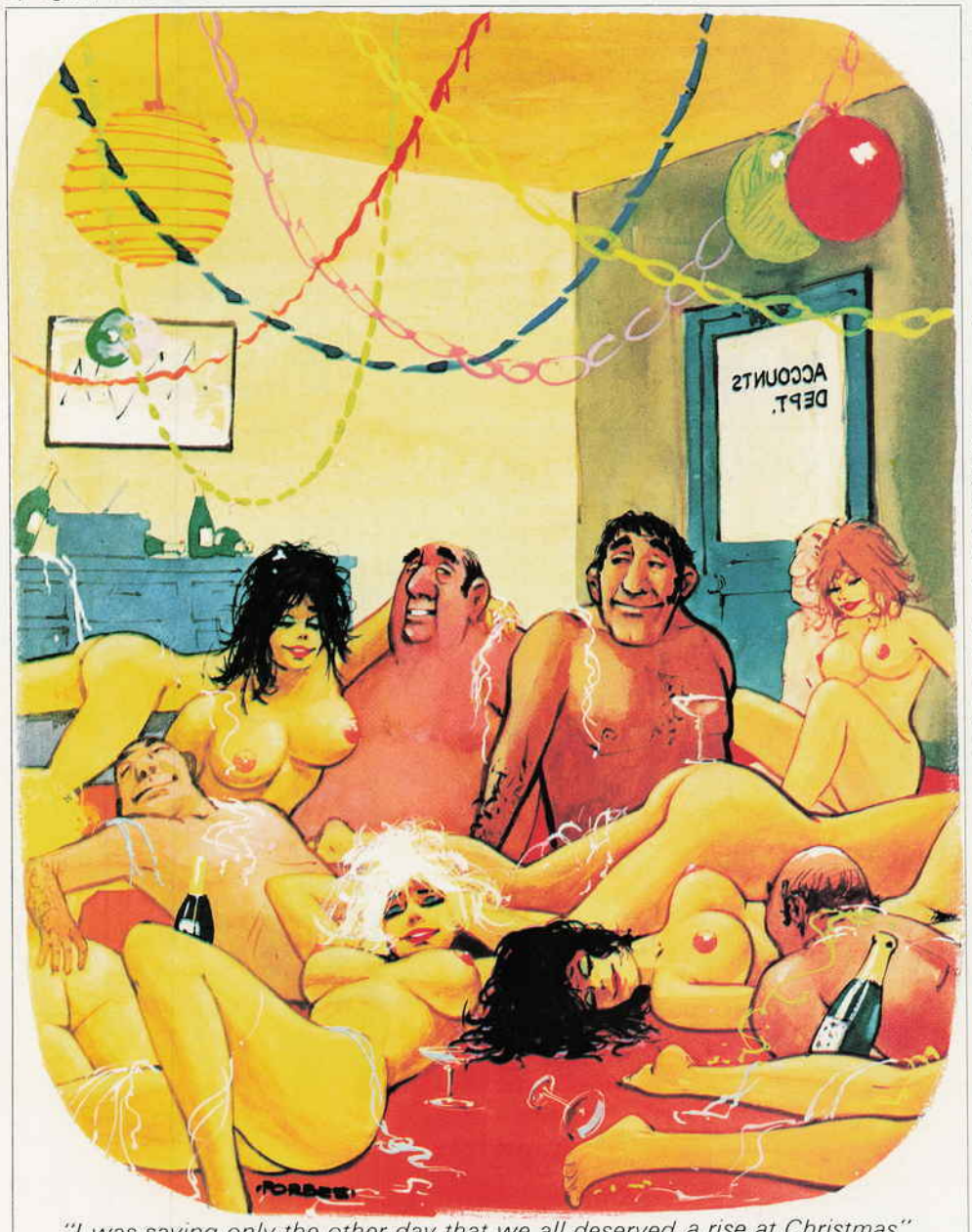
I was walking along the beach one day in a brief bikini and three young men, playing volleyball, asked me to join in. In no time at all, it was evident they were on the make—and I was, too, though they didn't know it yet. Volleyball on a hot day in the sand is hard work so we went off to the walled swimming pool. After about three margaritas, the conversation got around to skinny dipping. By then, I had my courage up and went right in *sans* suit. Believe me, a shaved pussy at that moment was like an aphrodisiac to those fellows!

After horseplay and suggestive conversation, we went into the pool house to towel off. Within moments, right there in front of me were three good-sized hard-ons. I threw caution to the winds and went down on the one nearest me. By the time I had finished off the third, the others had regained their desire and erections. I was in a state of frenzy. I couldn't get enough and I wanted to screw like never before. Each of them was terrific, they didn't come too soon and it was like a constant orgasm for me. Never in my life had sex been so complete! In a period of about an hour, I had more than 20 orgasms. It was fantanstic!

The very next day the whole scene was repeated, but the fact that they were not complete strangers now made it a little less exciting. I debated about telling my husband but finally did. His reaction was something else. He got so excited that I blew him right then and there. Afterwards, he wanted the whole story over again with all the details and he became hard almost right away. This time we balled with great satisfaction for both of us. Next morning he wanted to hear it again and again I went down on him.

Ever since then, once or twice a month we rent a room in a convention resort hotel. At these places there are always plenty of good-looking loose men hanging round the bar in the evenings. It is no trouble at all to end up with two or three in our room for drinks, and they have an evening beyond their wildest dreams.

I have found that, if I go down on them first, they recover and make a much better lay later and it starts me off on cloud nine. My husband always goes with me and takes delight in participating as if I had just met him also. We never hint that we are married: rather he just met me like the others. Our sex life for the last five years has been perfect. We get along better than ever, sex between us at home is better and I have the variety that I needed.—*Mrs Joy G. (name and address withheld), Oceanside, Calif.*



"I was saying only the other day that we all deserved a rise at Christmas"

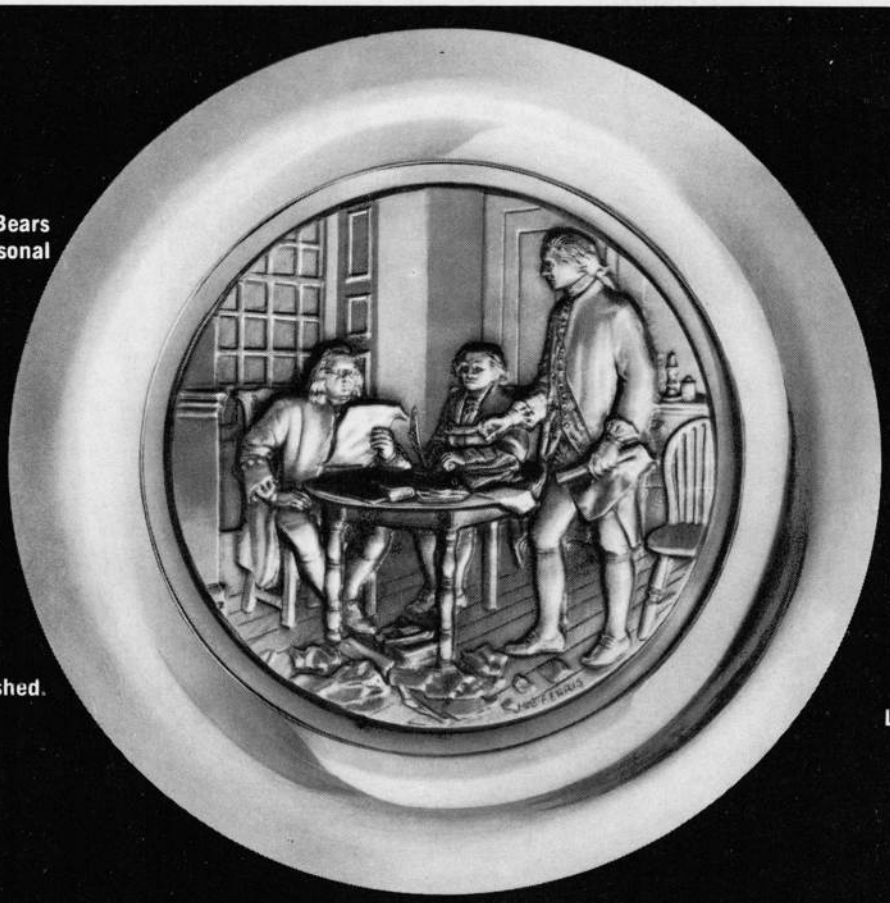
Miss L.R. of New York gave in *Blind Man's Buff* (May) a very interesting description of a grand and, no doubt, enjoyable party game for those already with sex experience. But how would a virgin react or feel about the whole thing? Would she allow the blindfold boy, whom "she did not know too well" even though he had a great physical attraction for her, to explore her naked body?

I happily recall my own first experience of a year ago at 16, when some high-school friends, after miserably teasing me, "Don't be chicken; it's never too early—try it, you'll like it!", convinced me to join their exclusive club, in which coitus was the chief requisite of the ritual. As we lay *au naturel* on the bed in the initiation chamber my boyfriend's suave efforts at foreplay excited me to the highest pitch possible of sexual desire—yet I was terribly scared and fought his entrance into me like a wild tiger. However, once the penetration, slowly but surely, with no pain, was made, I enjoyed every bit of it, especially when both of us simultaneously reached orgasm. Yes, by using the pill, I feared no sad consequences from his ejaculation. In fact, its lubrication only intensified my pleasure.

Since then, every week I most anxiously look forward to our happy togetherness and enjoy his "perfect fit" penis to the fullest contentment. Now, strange as it may seem, it's like good-to-take medicine for me, because it not only soothes my nerves, but also stimulates me to keep up my studies and attain high marks. This party game is a healthy sport to indulge in, to say the least.—*Miss E.O.D. (name and address withheld), Chicago, Ill.*

★ Each Plate Bears Owner's Personal Number.

★ Over 10 [illegible] of solid Sterling Silver.



★ Plate Rim Highly Polished.

★ Each Plate In Strictly Limited Edition.

Solid Silver Bicentennial Plate

One of America's most cherished works of art...enshrined forever in Solid Sterling Silver

It offers a unique opportunity for investment in fine art in precious metal.

Hallmarked Fourth of July 1972, this massively handsome, 8" diameter, deep relief, antique solid Sterling Silver commemorative plate is the first in a strictly limited edition of 10,000 individually numbered plates to be issued each Fourth of July through 1976.

"Drafting the Declaration of Independence," the famous painting by J. L. G. Ferris, has always held a special place in the affections of American artlovers. Now, with the impending Bicentennial of the United States, it acquires a very special significance.

That is why it has been chosen by the Wittnauer Precious Metals Guild to be the decorative centerpiece in the first of a series of deep relief, solid Sterling Silver Bicentennial Commemorative Plates.

An exquisite example of sculptural art in precious metal ...it is both an heirloom to be passed on with pride... and an investment! Sculpted from the original painting by one of America's leading artists, Robert Weinman, and minted to the prodigiously high standards of the Wittnauer Precious Metals Guild, a century-old symbol of craftsmanship, precision and value, this supremely beautiful commemorative plate is properly described as a modern art masterpiece.

FREE 14-Day Examination. This magnificent plate will be sent entirely on approval. If, for any reason, you are not delighted in the silver content and craftsmanship, simply return the plate in its reusable shipping container and owe nothing. If enclosing your check now, prompt refund is assured.

A May 10, 1972 article in the *New York Times* quoted examples of decorative plates having appreciated four, five, even eight hundred percent within a few short years of their issue. Obviously, we cannot state that these plates **will** appreciate... we sincerely believe that these superb masterpieces have a solid investment potential and that they will be much sought after by knowledgeable collectors.

THE WITTNAUER PRECIOUS METALS GUILD
Centennial Square, Larchmont, N.Y. 10538

☐ YES, Please send my Commemorative Plate, with my individual number etched on the plate. I will be billed 10 payments of $12.50 every 4 weeks, until the total cash-deferred payment price of $125 (plus shipping and handling) has been paid. (The last payment will vary.) I will be informed of the issue of each subsequent plate, and will be given the opportunity of acquiring any or all of them. Each will bear my personal serial number.

No Down Payment—No Finance Charge

☐ I prefer to pay for my plate now. I enclose my check for $125. (I understand I will be billed later for shipping, handling, and sales tax where applicable.)

☐ Mr.
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We're every bit as good
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Remember our name... Southern Host...
and save $1.25 per bottle*
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SOUTHERN HOST LIQUEUR, 100 Proof, Product of U.S.A.
SOUTHERN HOST COMPANY
Cambridge, Mass. A TFI Co.
Established 1936

A matter of inches

Perhaps those of your readers who are not generously proportioned will be interested in how I developed an organ of respectable size. Three years ago, when I was in Vietnam and aged 23, I measured three inches in the flaccid state and 5½ ins in the erect condition. Today, in the flaccid state my penis measures 5 ins and it erects to 7¼ ins. And its diameter has been increased proportionately.

I credit this penis enlargement to a device I bought in Tokyo a few weeks before I returned to the United States to obtain my discharge from the Army. It is called a linga pendulum. A synthetic rubber hourglass fits behind the head of the penis and a sizing clamp, attached to the hourglass, can be adjusted for a precise fit. Two interlocking pendulums fasten to the clamp. These are rubber and have loops at the bottom to hold locks which in turn are used to suspend weights of various amounts. One can add a number of these small weights to give the desired downward force.

The weights gently stretch the penis and at the same time help to develop and strengthen the vital erectile muscles of the organ. Immediately on awakening in the morning, I put on the equipment and wear it while showering and eating breakfast. About 45 minutes a day has done the trick for me. After three years' experience and training, my genital muscles are toned up to the point that my erections are rock hard and at 90 degrees to my body. Perhaps the linga pendulum won't do the development job for everyone, but for me the results have been most gratifying.—*George Jones (address withheld), New York City.*

When I married a little over three years ago, I knew very little about sex. I had never even seen a naked boy or man, except in paintings and statues. On our wedding night I did not think that there was anything unusual about the size of my husband's penis. Erect, it was almost as long as my middle finger. I was so uninformed about sex that I was afraid it had increased in size so much that it would cause me pain when my husband entered me for the first time. Fortunately, that did not happen because, when he was ready, we had trouble finding a position in which he could achieve entry, and he was able only to get the top of his penis into me before he reached orgasm.

This became the pattern for all of our sex sessions. For over half the time that I have been married, I did not think there was anything unusual about our sexual intercourse. At the same time, I thought it was far less enjoyable than I had expected, and my husband shared my feelings. Because of our growing dissatisfaction, we had sexual intercourse less and less, not even once a month and my husband returned to masturbation as his main sexual outlet. When we began to read publications which dealt with sex, we learned that our pattern of sexual intercourse was far from normal, and how much smaller than average my husband's penis was.

Then one day, much to my surprise, my husband bought an artificial penis (dildo). Shaped like a normal erect penis, it is exactly six inches in length. It fits over my husband's penis and is held in the normal upright position by a strap, which goes around my husband's hips. I agreed to let him use it once, but made him promise that he would not try it again if I did not like it. That night, when we went to bed, we kissed and caressed each other for a short time, as we normally do and, when I was ready for him to enter me, he strapped on the artificial penis and put some lubricant on it.

At first, I felt some discomfort but, as he began to move it back and forth inside me, I gradually started to experience feelings of pleasure that I had not had before. As my excitement grew, I encouraged my husband to increase the size and speed of the movements he was making with the artificial penis. It felt so good that I achieved a state of sexual arousal that I had never reached before. On other occasions, I had attained orgasm when my husband masturbated me during our foreplay, but this time, I was so excited that I lost control of myself. I did things that I had never done before. I moved my own hips wildly to increase the movements of the artificial penis within me. I moved my hands rapidly over my body and my husband's body, and I even caressed my own breasts and nipples. I brought my husband's head down and made him kiss my breasts and suck my nipples. My husband tells me that I called out sexual words and phrases that I would not ordinarily say out loud, and he tells me that, when I reached my orgasm I cried out so loud that he is sure the people in the apartments around us must have heard. Afterwards, I was exhausted, but made sure that my husband had a chance to take off the artificial penis and achieve his orgasm in the way that he used to.

Of course, this was not the only time that we have used the artificial penis. Now my enjoyment of sexual intercourse is even greater than the first time we used it. We have sex more often now too, sometimes once a week. That may not sound much for a young couple (I am 25, and my husband is 24) but, since our frequency of sexual intercourse had almost fallen to zero at one point, this new rate is a great improvement. —*Mrs. J.S. (name and address withheld). Arlington, Va.*

Problem preference

I'd like to tell Mack Williams (September) that I am 45 years old and have been performing cunnilingus since I was 15. I haven't had a woman turn me down yet. In my job I deal a lot with housewives and you would be surprised that some of them fix me up with their girlfriends. My motto is: "Show me a man that don't eat his wife and I will steal her away from him." There is nothing wrong with oral sex on a woman so long as she enjoys it. As Mack says, some women will follow you to hell and back if you do a good job on them. But I feel that if a guy wants a woman to suck him, he should go down on her first.—*Robert F. (name and address withheld), Farmingdale, N.Y.*

Mrs E.H.'s disclosure (July) about the way fellating other men aroused her husband has prompted me to write of my experiences. I have been married less than a year and my husband's sex activity is limited to cunnilingus. I get very turned on in bed and, though I tried telling him that I needed deep penetration, I just couldn't get this from him. So I began to have outside relations and, feeling a great deal of guilt, I finally confessed this to him. To my surprise, this excited him and he actually encouraged me to attract men to our home.

We now have a ritual which we go through about two or three times a month. Either my husband or I brings a man home. We have a few drinks during which I sit in such a position that the man can see my panties—I wear the shortest of miniskirts. After a while, my husband suddenly remembers an errand he forgot and takes the car. By this time, our guest is turned on and after a few preliminaries we retire to the bedroom.

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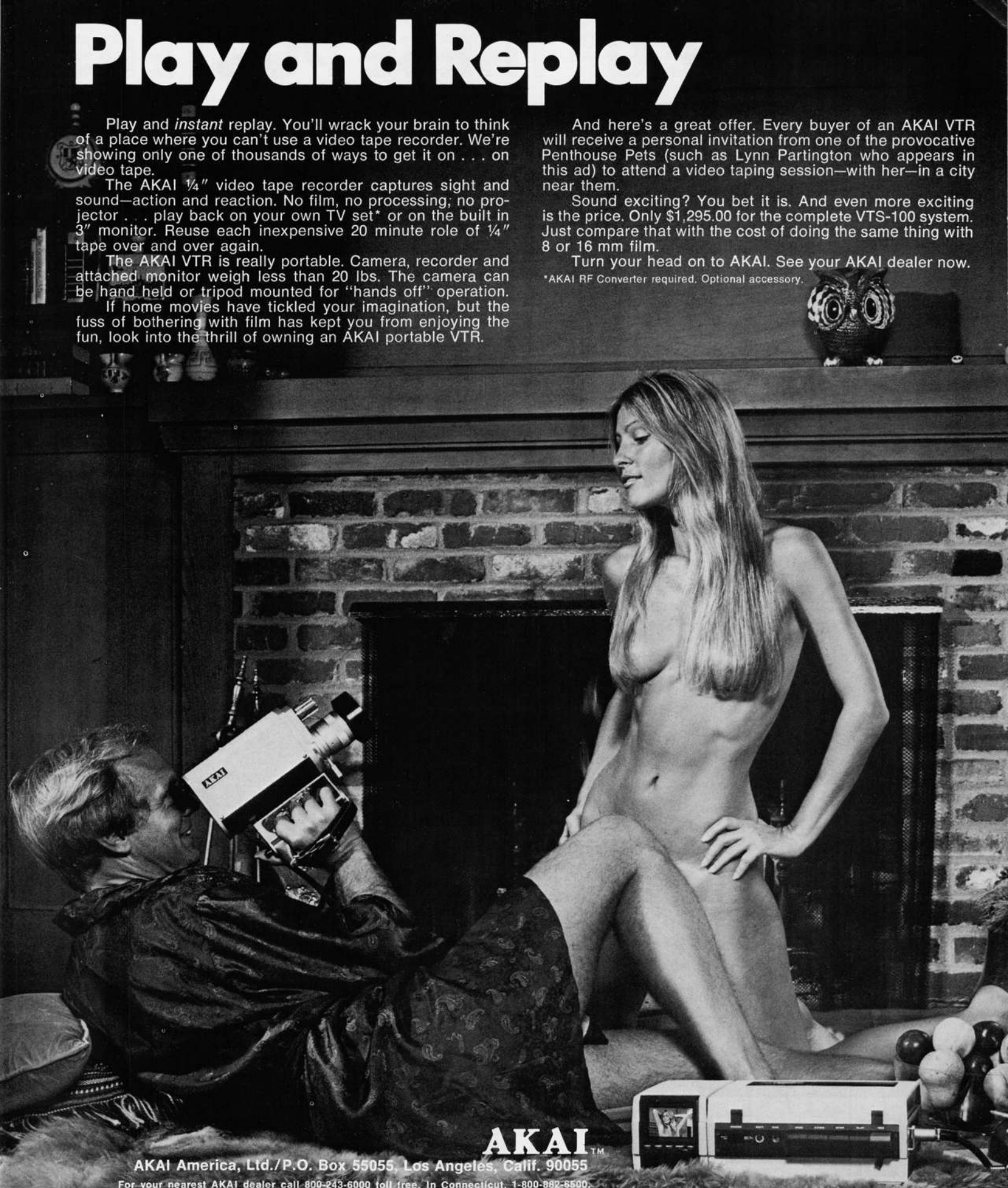

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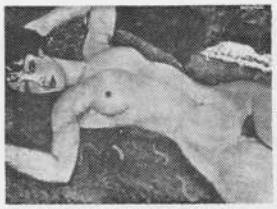

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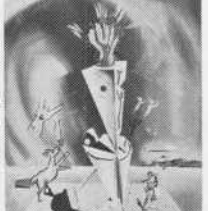

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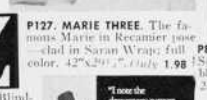

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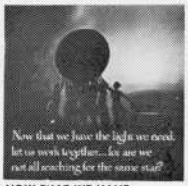

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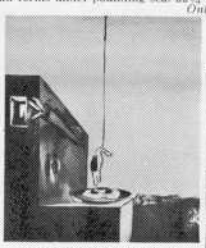

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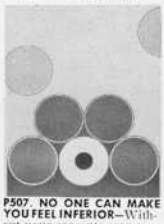

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P60	P144	P280	P550	P709	P814
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P80	P146	P333	P552	P731	P826
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P99	P173	P443	P657	P761	P882
P105	P179	P476	P658	P762	P949
P106	P190	P487	P668	P767	P966
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During our sexual intercourse, my husband usually sneaks back into the house and secretes himself in a strategic position. After the man has his orgasm I immediately make some pretext that I hear my husband coming and hurry him out of the house. Remaining in bed, I await my husband who immediately mounts me and gives me the greatest cunnilingus job ever! Though it is only in this manner that he is able to have orgasm, he is extremely pleased just to see the degree of sexual satisfaction I receive from really getting it the way he knows that I need it. Married couples should tell each other of their desires and fantasies more often—perhaps they are both thinking about the same thing!—*Mrs Marilyn T. (name and address withheld), Little Neck, N.Y.*

Hurrah for Forum! My friend (married three years) has always hated the missionary position, but his wife refused him entry from the rear so he had to go to a professional house to enjoy it. *No more.* He read a letter in Penthouse which suggested using a paddle to give painful punishment. When his wife refused as usual to be coaxed, he let her have it on her bare behind with a hairbrush. As he found the brush too thick, he changed to a paddle. Because he was very angry, in spite of her sobbing and pleading, he gave her such a severe spanking that for two days she had to sit down very carefully. They didn't have sex that night but later that week, he began entry from the rear. He didn't penetrate her completely, but at least he tried. Now, if she hesitates too long or tries to avoid getting into position, he picks up the paddle and that is all he needs to do.

He started out to punish her, but now he says it increases his erotic desires to see her lying across his knee. She now knows him to be her complete master, even when he just gives her a few paddywhacks or just playfully strokes the cheeks of her buttocks.—*Charles N. (name and address withheld), Bronx, N.Y.*

Woman's supreme gift?

Much has been written in your enlightened columns lately about women's breasts and their importance in intercourse. But let a gal who has really studied the male's response to sucking the female breast have her say! To begin with, has it ever occurred to those who look with shame and disgust on this practice that the only true approach to love that a man can experience is by way of the female breast? At the start of life, a child sucks nourishment and love from his mother's breasts as she fondly caresses him. Later, he seeks the same assurance and comfort from the female he learns to love.

Personally, I have never refused my breasts to a man who needed them. I always receive far more love than I give through this action. As a matter of fact, I make it possible for shy men to have this pleasure by encouraging them. I never wear a brassiere and I always wear a dress or skirt which buttons up the front. Nothing short of cunnilingus gives me as much pleasure as holding a man's head in my arms and watching him suck my breasts! I feel it is a woman's supreme gift to her lover.

From the time that I was 12, when my breasts first started to fill out, I have suckled my two brothers and still do when they need love. And if this be incest, then so be it! They will never know breast-hunger as long as I am around.

Perhaps as a result of so much activity, my breasts are full and round, "self-supporting" with lovely nipples which are nearly always erect and pink. Girls should remember that nothing frustrates a man so much as being refused the breast-love he wants. It would be interesting to know the man's viewpoint.—*Mrs Anne B. (name and address withheld), Upper Darby, Pa.*

Never too late

I must share with your readers the exciting, fulfilling time of my life which has just recently come into full flower. My first issue (July) of Penthouse has just been bought by my husband and read from cover to cover by myself. Letters to the editor are very revealing and Mrs E.H.'s account of how she prefers fellatio to all other forms of sex was stimulating, if rather far-out. Within the last two weeks, I have been reborn sexually, it seems, and come into my full powers as a sensuous woman. I have been married 24 years and married life had been getting duller and duller in and out of bed. The reason, as I see it now, was that I had not been expressing myself to the fullest, but holding back and letting my husband have his quickie, whenever I could not prevent him. Before, I was reluctant because I was not being satisfied—my husband was not allowing me to come to orgasm and I was repelled by intercourse. Also, we had a long period of problems with our teenagers. Now at last I have quit worrying.

Two weeks ago my husband went on an infrequent out-of-town trip and I began to daydream. I imagined myself in a sexy situation, so I turned to masturbating. This led to my buying a paperback book which turned me on even more. Then I began to write a fictionalized account of an encounter with a black man with whom I had wonderful sex. While reading and writing these stories, I titillated myself in any way I could think of. I wore myself out staying up till three and four a.m. three nights in a row.

When my husband got home, I played the sexpot role to the hilt. He responded, but was a little puzzled by the change in me. After one heavy session of sex, he had an ejaculation but the next time he had a lot of trouble staying hard and for a while became worried. Then we began the foreplay techniques described in the book, discovering hidden pleasures which we explored orally in every way possible. Your way-out readers may be surprised, but I can honestly say this is the first time in my married life I have been able to touch his penis with my mouth and to have him tongue me without being repelled to the point of actual fear. I have also learnt that the best way to let myself reach utter distraction is to take the straddle position and take his full length, then without holding back, to move up and down till I am totally spent. To prolong our act, I stop now and then to fellate him.

We have together read more books on sex methods and talked imaginatively of group sex or a threesome. He knows a black athlete that he even mentions bringing home. With our new-found freedom, we are considering joining a nudist group and may soon visit one before deciding. I'm glad we started reading Penthouse.—*Mrs D.J.S. (name and address withheld), Eugene, Ore.*

Look and learn

My husband and I get tremendous thrills gazing at your magazine's Pets when we are in bed, but I am interested in seeing male models in Penthouse as well. Like thousands of other women, I enjoy seeing the male body. I acted very innocent when my husband broached the subject even within the confines of our bedroom, but I really would enjoy looking at some other men's cocks.

The second reason for making this request is probably far more important, and I'll tell you why from my own experience. When I was 16 and shy, I had very few dates. Then my future husband came along and he started to explore my body, which no other boy had ever done. He didn't get very far at first, but later I allowed a little intimacy such as putting his hand inside my pants. One night, he took my hand and put it over the bulge in his pants. I had absolutely no idea of what to expect and I was very shocked by the enormity of it. My anxiety nearly broke us up, for I knew my vagina was very tight. He was very understanding, though, and after about a year of going steady, I let him unzip his pants. I held onto it so tightly that it bothered him but, of course, I didn't know what to do at all.

On our next parking escapade, he told me to hold it rather more lightly and stroke it. I proceeded to move my hand up and down the shaft, which didn't excite him much. He then asked me to look at it, but I refused and though he did show me how to hold onto the foreskin and use it for stroking, he was a little upset at my not wanting to look at his body. At that time, he had never actually seen my vagina open. That came shortly afterwards, though.

Finally, I got the hang of exciting him by hand and we spent three years just masturbating each other, for I was afraid of pregnancy and also his enormous cock. Today, after two children and 12 years of marriage, I think I could handle even larger organs than my husband's. His penis, incidentally, is 8ins long and $2\frac{1}{8}$ins in diameter, which is a pretty fair hunk of cock that still can hurt me in some positions.

I am sure there are thousands of girls who read Penthouse and have the same problems I once went through. But if girls could actually see what a male organ looks like, circumcised and uncircumcised and in various states of erection, they would feel much more comfortable when the time came to start exciting their boyfriends. They would also realize that men have balls, or testicles if you wish, that need to be manipulated during loveplay. I really feel that this would not be exploiting sex in any way, as the male organ is just part of a very beautiful body and it's no different from showing a woman's breasts or vagina. My husband would also like to see some Pets with open vaginas.

I can visualize my husband and myself both gazing at separate pages of your magazine with our hands very busy. Though you call yourself "The international magazine for men", judging from some of your features, such as *Readers' Erotic Fantasies,* I would say it is becoming a magazine for women as well. After all, we are slowly becoming more alive sexually with the advent of the Pill and men taking to vasectomy.—*Mrs H.C. (name and address withheld), Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.*

Helping hands

The letter *A taste for drives* (July) reminded my wife Marge and me of some of our own exploits. We'd been married five years when we spent a vacation at a well-known Gulf Coast resort. In the room next to us were a couple from Iowa, Paul and Ella, who were about our age, full of fun and quite open in their sex talk. We went out with them a lot.

One evening, after we'd returned from a nightclub, Marge told me that Paul had knocked against her in a dark part of the dance floor and had pressed his hand between her legs. Then, while they slowly danced, he put one hand between her legs and rubbed her almost to climax. When Marge warned him Ella and I might notice something, he suggested perhaps we were doing the same.

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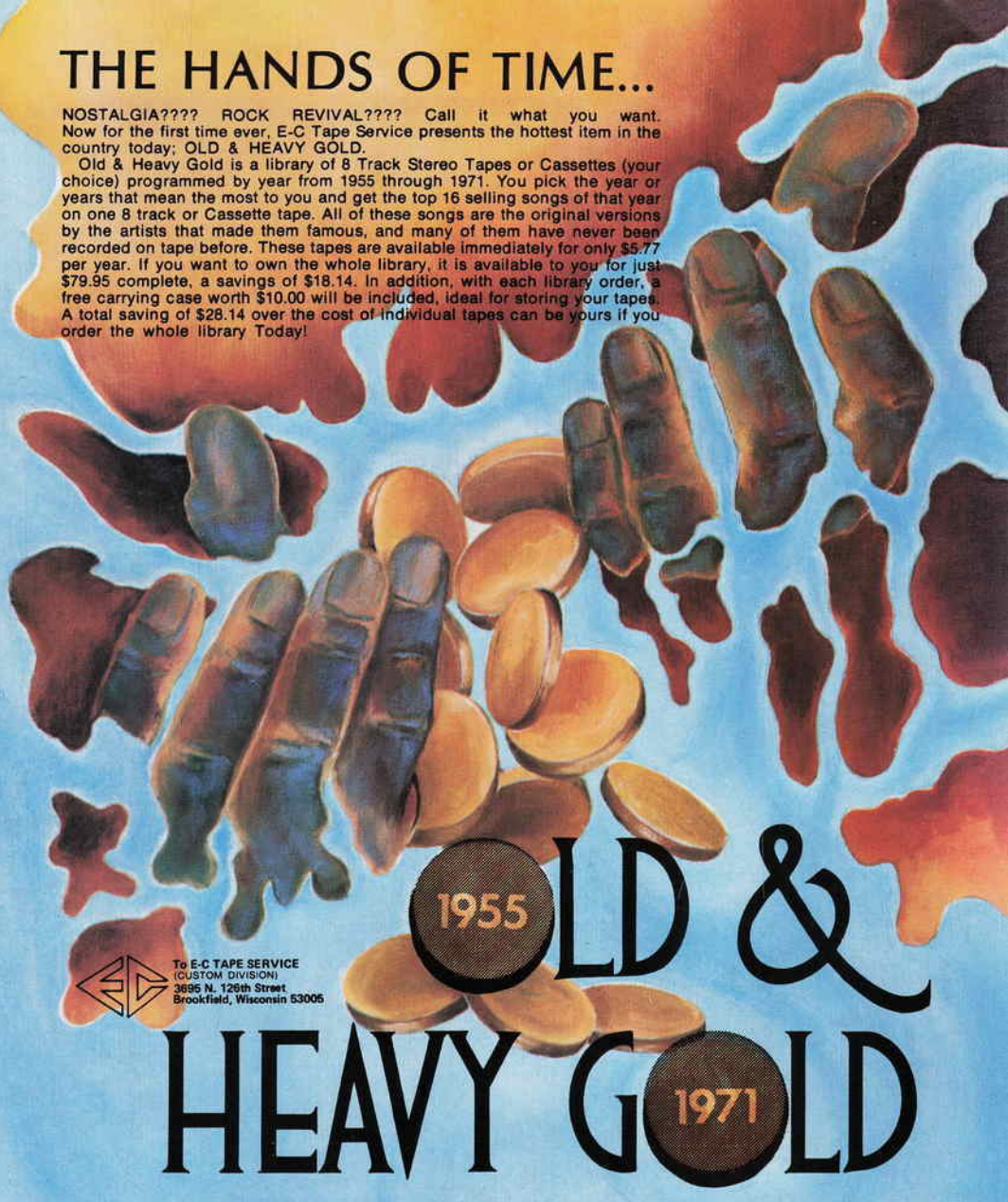

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TITLE	1955	ARTIST
1. Cherry Pink/Apple Blossom White		Perez Prado
2. Rock Around the Clock		Bill Haley
3. Autumn Leaves		Roger Williams
4. Yellow Rose of Texas		Mitch Miller
5. Love Is A Many Splendored Thing.		Four Aces
6. Moments to Remember		Four Lads
7. Ain't That A Shame		Pat Boone
8. Crazy Otto		Johnny Maddox
9. Hearts of Stone		Fontane Sisters
10. Let Me Go, Lover		Joan Weber
11. He		Al Hibbler
12. I Hear You Knockin'		Gale Storm
13. Unchained Melody		Al Hibbler
14. Till		Roger Williams
15. March from the River Kwai		Mitch Miller
16. Friendly Persuasion		Pat Boone

TITLE	1956	ARTIST
1. Heartbreak Hotel		Elvis Presley
2. I Want, I Need, I Love You		Elvis Presley
3. Hound Dog		Elvis Presley
4. Don't Be Cruel		Elvis Presley
5. Love Me Tender		Elvis Presley
6. My Prayer		The Platters
7. Only You		The Platters
8. The Great Pretender		The Platters
9. Green Door		Jim Lowe
10. Singing The Blues		Guy Mitchell
11. Poor People of Paris		Les Baxter
12. Whatever Will Be, Will Be		Doris Day
13. Canadian Sunset		Hugo Winterhalter
14. Allegheny Moon		Patti Page
15. I Almost Lost My Mind		Pat Boone
16. Memories Are Made Of This		Dean Martin

TITLE	1957	ARTIST
1. Bye, Bye Love		Everly Brothers
2. Problems		Everly Brothers
3. Love Letters In The Sand		Pat Boone
4. April Love		Pat Boone
5. Don't Forbid Me		Pat Boone
6. Loving You		Elvis Presley
7. Teddy Bear		Elvis Presley
8. All Shook Up		Elvis Presley
9. That's When Heartaches Begin		Elvis Presley
10. Little Darlin'		Diamonds
11. Searchin'		Coasters
12. Young Love		Sonny James
13. Silhouettes		Rays
14. Gone		Ferlin Husky
15. So Rare		Jimmy Dorsey
16. White Sport Coat		Marty Robbins

TITLE	1958	ARTIST
1. It's All In The Game		Tommy Edwards
2. Twilight Time		The Platters
3. All I Have To Do Is Dream		Everly Brothers
4. Bird Dog		Everly Brothers
5. Patricia		Perez Prado
6. Volare (Nel Blu Di Pinto Di Blue)		Domenico Modugno
7. Little Star		Elegants
8. Don't		Elvis Presley
9. Tom Dooley		Kingston Trio
10. Get A Job		Silhouettes
11. Purple People Eater		Sheb Wooley
12. Poor Little Fool		Ricky Nelson
13. Yakety Yak		Coasters
14. Great Balls of Fire		Jerry Lee Lewis
15. At The Hop		Danny and the Juniors
16. Peggy Sue		Buddy Holly

TITLE	1959	ARTIST
1. Mack The Knife		Bobby Darin
2. Dream Lover		Bobby Darin
3. Smoke Gets In Your Eyes		The Platters
4. El Paso		Marty Robbins
5. Stagger Lee		Lloyd Price
6. Personality		Lloyd Price
7. Donna		Ritchie Valens
8. La Bamba		Ritchie Valens
9. Charlie Brown		Coasters
10. Kansas City		Wilbert Harrison
11. Sleep Walk		Santo and Johnny
12. The Happy Organ		Dave (Baby) Cortez
13. Heartaches By The Number		Guy Mitchell
14. My Heart Is An Open Book		Carl Dobkins, Jr.
15. Venus		Frankie Avalon
16. Lonesome Town		Ricky Nelson

TITLE	1960	ARTIST
1. Theme From A Summer Place		Percy Faith
2. It's Now Or Never		Elvis Presley
3. Stuck On You		Elvis Presley
4. I'm Sorry		Brenda Lee
5. He'll Have To Go		Jim Reeves
6. Cathy's Clown		Everly Brothers
7. Running Bear		Johnny Preston
8. Last Date		Floyd Cramer
9. Save The Last Dance For Me		Drifters
10. Greenfields		Brothers Four
11. A Thousand Stars		Kathy Young
12. You Send Me		Sam Cooke
13. Wonderful World		Sam Cooke
14. Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Bikini		Brian Hyland
15. Handy Man		Jimmy Jones
16. Good Timin'		Jimmy Jones

TITLE	1961	ARTIST
1. Tossin' and Turnin'		Bobby Lewis
2. Big Bad John		Jimmy Dean
3. Exodus		Ferrante and Teicher
4. Runaway		Del Shannon
5. Runaround Sue		Dion
6. Will You Love Me Tomorrow		Shirelles
7. Travelin' Man		Ricky Nelson
8. Michael		Highwaymen
9. The Lion Sleeps Tonight		Tokens
10. Bristol Stomp		Dovells
11. Blue Moon		Marcels
12. Surrender		Elvis Presley
13. Take Good Care Of My Baby		Bobby Vee
14. Hit The Road, Jack		Ray Charles
15. Run To Him		Bobby Vee
16. Crying		Roy Orbison

TITLE	1962	ARTIST
1. I Can't Stop Loving You		Ray Charles
2. Big Girls Don't Cry		Four Seasons
3. Roses Are Red		Bobby Vinton
4. Stranger On The Shore		Acker Bilk
5. Sherry		Four Seasons
6. Johnny Angel		Shelly Fabares
7. Return To Sender		Elvis Presley
8. Soldier Boy		Shirelles
9. The Stripper		David Rose
10. Breaking Up Is Hard To Do		Neil Sedaka
11. Ramblin' Rose		Nat King Cole
12. Good Luck Charm		Elvis Presley
13. Loco-Motion		Little Eva
14. Bobby's Girl		Marcie Blane
15. Monster Mash		Bobby Pickett
16. The Wanderer		Dion

TITLE	1963	ARTIST
1. Sugar Shack		Jimmy Gilmer
2. He's So Fine		Chiffons
3. Hey, Paula		Paul and Paula
4. Blue Velvet		Bobby Vinton
5. Louie, Louie		Kingsmen
6. Sukiyaki		Kyu Sakamoto
7. My Boyfriend's Back		Angels
8. I Will Follow Him		Little Peggy March
9. Walk Like A Man		Four Seasons
10. It's My Party		Lesley Gore
11. Surf City		Jan and Dean
12. I'm Leaving It Up To You		Dale and Grace
13. Deep Purple		Nino Tempo/April Stevens
14. Rhythm Of The Rain		Cascades
15. If You Wanna Be Happy		Jimmy Soul
16. Our Day Will Come		Ruby & The Romantics

TITLE	1964	ARTIST
1. I Want To Hold Your Hand		Beatles
2. She Loves You		Beatles
3. Hard Day's Night		Beatles
4. I Feel Fine		Beatles
5. Can't Buy Me Love		Beatles
6. Love Me Do		Beatles
7. Last Kiss		J. Frank Wilson
8. Hello, Dolly!		Louis Armstrong
9. I Get Around		Beach Boys
10. Where Did Our Love Go		Supremes
11. Mr. Lonely		Bobby Vinton
12. Do Wah Diddy Diddy		Manfred Mann
13. Everybody Loves Somebody		Dean Martin
14. Chapel Of Love		Dixie Cups
15. Rag Doll		Four Seasons
16. Leader Of The Pack		Shangri-Las

TITLE	1965	ARTIST
1. Satisfaction		Rolling Stones
2. You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'		Righteous Brothers
3. Downtown		Petula Clark
4. Turn! Turn! Turn!		Byrds
5. Stop! In The Name Of Love		Supremes
6. We Can Work It Out		Beatles
7. Help!		Beatles
8. Yesterday		Beatles
9. This Diamond Ring		Gary Lewis & Playboys
10. My Girl		Temptations
11. I Got You, Babe		Sonny and Cher
12. Get Off My Cloud		Rolling Stones
13. Sounds Of Silence		Simon and Garfunkel
14. Help Me, Rhonda		Beach Boys
15. Tambourine Man		Byrds
16. Eve Of Destruction		Berry McGuire

TITLE	1966	ARTIST
1. I'm A Believer		Monkees
2. Winchester Cathedral		New Vaudeville Band
3. 96 Tears		? and the Mysterions
4. Soul and Inspiration		Righteous Brothers
5. Snoopy and the Red Baron		Royal Guardsmen
6. Monday, Monday		Mama's and Papa's
7. Good Vibrations		Beach Boys
8. Reach Out, I'll Be There		Four Tops
9. Cherish		Association
10. Good Lovin'		Young Rascals
11. Sunshine Superman		Donovan
12. Wild Thing		Troggs
13. Strangers In The Night		Frank Sinatra
14. Poor Side Of Town		Johnny Rivers
15. When A Man Loves A Woman		Percy Sledge
16. Hanky Panky		Tommy James/Shondells

TITLE	1967	ARTIST
1. Ode To Billie Joe		Bobbie Gentry
2. Daydream Believer		Monkees
3. Light My Fire		Doors
4. The Letter		Box Tops
5. Windy		Association
6. Groovin'		Young Rascals
7. Incense & Peppermints		Strawberry Alarm Clock
8. Little Bit O' Soul		Music Explosion
9. Never My Love		Association
10. Can't Take My Eyes Off You		Frankie Valli
11. Kind Of A Drag		Buckinghams
12. All You Need Is Love		Beatles
13. Woman, Woman		Gary Puckett/Union Gap
14. Ruby Tuesday		Rolling Stones
15. I Was Made To Love Her		Stevie Wonder
16. Sweet Soul Music		Arthur Conley

TITLE	1968	ARTIST
1. Hey, Jude		Beatles
2. I Heard Through The Grapevine		Marvin Gaye
3. Love Is Blue		Paul Mauriat
4. Love Child		Diana Ross/Supremes
5. Sittin' On The Dock Of The Bay		Otis Redding
6. Honey		Bobby Goldsboro
7. People Got To Be Free		Rascals
8. This Guy's In Love With You		Herb Alpert
9. Harper Valley P.T.A.		Jeannie C. Riley
10. Hello, I Love You		Doors
11. For Once In My Life		Stevie Wonder
12. Those Were The Days		Mary Hopkin
13. Little Green Apples		O. C. Smith
14. Green Tambourine		Lemon Pipers
15. Cry Like A Baby		Box Tops
16. Mrs. Robinson		Simon and Garfunkel

TITLE	1969	ARTIST
1. Sugar, Sugar		Archies
2. Aquarius/Let The Sunshine In		Fifth Dimension
3. Honky Tonk Woman		Rolling Stones
4. Everyday People		Sly & Family Stone
5. Crimson and Clover		Tommy Jones/Shondells
6. Get Back		Beatles
7. In The Year 2525		Zager and Evans
8. Leaving On A Jet Plane		Peter, Paul & Mary
9. Someday We'll Be Together		Diana Ross/Supremes
10. Crystal Blue Persuasion		Tommy James/Shondells
11. Hair		Cowsills
12. Spinning Wheel		Blood, Sweat & Tears
13. I'm Gonna Make You Love Me		Supremes & Temptations
14. A Boy Named Sue		Johnny Cash
15. Proud Mary		Creedence Clearwater
16. Green River		Creedence Clearwater

TITLE	1970	ARTIST
1. Raindrops/Fallin' On My Head		B. J. Thomas
2. Bridge Over Troubled Water		Simon and Garfunkel
3. Close To You		Carpenters
4. I Think I Love You		Partridge Family
5. My Sweet Lord		George Harrison
6. Let It Be		Beatles
7. The Tears Of A Clown		Smokey Robinson/Miracles
8. One Less Bell To Answer		Fifth Dimension
9. War		Edwin Starr
10. A-B-C		Jackson Five
11. Mama Told Me (Not to Come)		Three Dog Night
12. Make It With You		Bread
13. American Woman		Guess Who
14. We've Only Just Begun		Carpenters
15. Cracklin' Rosie		Neil Diamond
16. Everything Is Beautiful		Ray Stevens

TITLE	1971	ARTIST
1. Brown Sugar		Rolling Stones
2. Want Ads		Honey Cone
3. If		Bread
4. Sweet Hitch-Hiker		CCR
5. Uncle Albert/Admiral Halsey		McCartney
6. Country Roads		John Denver
7. How/Mend A Broken Heart		Bee Gees
8. I Am I Said		Neil Diamond
9. Walk Away		James Gang
10. Maggie May		Rod Stewart
11. Loving Her Was Easier		Kris Kristofferson
12. Old Fashioned Love Song		Three Dog Night
13. Do You Know What I Mean		Lee Michaels
14. It's Too Late		Carole King
15. Story In Your Eyes		Moody Blues
16. Wild World		Cat Stevens

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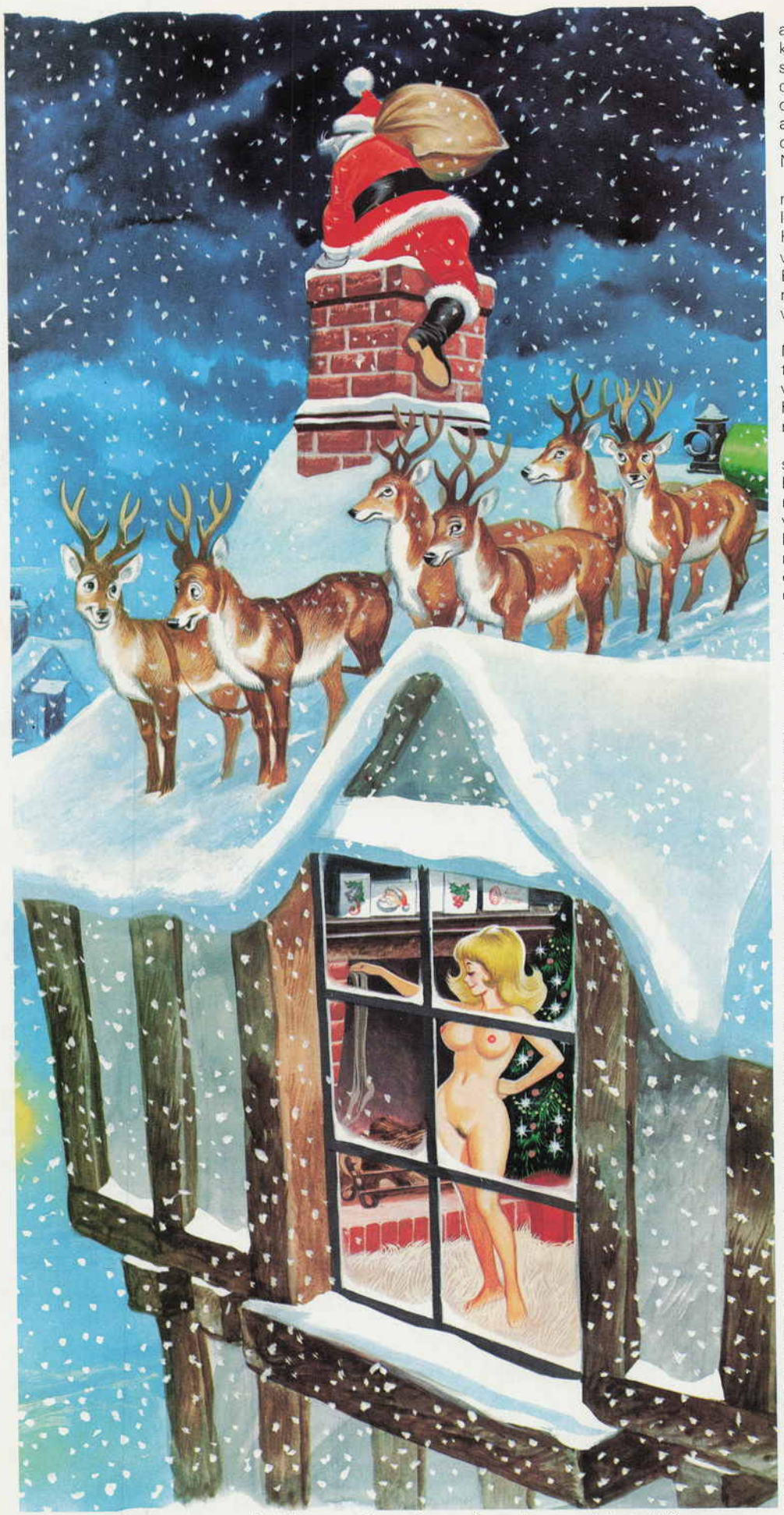

"Brace yourself, Blitzen—it's going to be a long, cold night!"

The next evening, we visited the nightclub again and I gave Ella the kind of touch-up I knew Paul was giving my wife. During the floor show, we were masturbating them. When it was over, we agreed that we should all come back to our room. But when the girls were undressed and nad showered, Paul backed out, saying he couldn't watch someone have sex with his wife. Next morning they checked out of the hotel.

About six years later, we bought a house in a new town and were moving furniture there. I looked up and saw a short, good-looking guy. He said his name was Billy, he was 19, and he was known as "Mr Fix-it" in the neighborhood. Billy asked me if he could be of help, so for the next two months, while we were decorating, he worked for me almost full-time.

I noticed he was simply overcome when Marge was around. He would get an erection that was difficult to hide. Realizing that Marge was aware of this, I kidded her that I would have to watch Billy as he might rape her. She replied that he might not have much trouble.

One afternoon Billy and I had just finished some planting when a flash flood hit. I invited him to join us for dinner. Marge had on her normal house clothes, a see-through pair of white shorts with bikini panties and a sheer blouse with no bra. During the meal, Billy never took his eyes off her and when the time came to leave the table, I noticed he had an uncontrollable erection.

I laughed at him and said that after 11 years Marge still had the same effect on me. Billy commented that Marge was the sexiest woman he had ever seen. I laughed, and asked if he could bear to see everything.

Billy almost went wild when Marge let her shortie pants drop to the floor and pulled off her blouse. I suggested that he and I pull off our clothes, and he lost no time. We were surprised at the size of his tool. I said to Marge: "He is all yours". Without a word, Marge pulled Billy down to her. She pushed his face between her legs, and as he made contact, she explained what he was to do. He learned fast—her climax was like an explosion. Marge then pulled him to his feet and bent over and milked him. That night, we asked Billy to spend his vacation with us. We had sun, sand and sex for ten days.—*D. R. W. (name and address withheld), Winston-Salem, N. Carolina.*

Fan male

I don't normally write letters to men's magazines, but I have to make an exception. You guys have got something in your pictures that I feel you should stay with indefinitely, rather than change or evolve another approach. I won't bother to psychoanalyze why the photos appeal to me, but they are a far cry, above and beyond, anything I have seen anywhere, from the lightly suggestive to the boldly explicit. This is one reader who has been converted from "the other magazine" to yours. I'm sure others will follow.—*David Pfarner, W. Amhurst, Dallas, Texas.*

As a private investigator, I don't keep any regular hours. When I do get time to relax, I like to sit down and read your magazine. I get a big kick out of all the second-rate writers who all buy and read Penthouse and then want to change it in one way or other. It seems to me your staff has proven beyond a shadow of a doubt that you are the true professionals in your field. You wouldn't have the worldwide sale you do if you didn't print and publish what the public wants. Bob Guccione did a great indoor job on Miss Maylam, in spite of what D.C. of Altadena, Calif, wrote (August).—*Tony Corbett, Portland, Ore.*

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The components in this music system have received rave reviews in both leading independent consumer magazines plus trade magazines like *Stereo Review* and *High Fidelity*. The heart of this system is the HARMAN-KARDON 630 Twin Powered AM/FM stereo receiver. Starting with Citation technology, Harman-Kardon designed the 630 as a true state of the art receiver. Its separate power supplies permit each channel to respond to the full RMS power output (45 watts RMS per channel) without being affected by the other channel. With unprecedented sensitivity and selectivity, the tuner section is on par with this super-fine instrument.

The AUDIO DYNAMICS CORP. (ADC) 303AX speaker systems have been chosen to compliment the H-K 630. Although they list for only $90 each, they won out in A/B listening tests over some very famous $250 speakers. The 303AX's have a unique two way design which allows full reproduction of deep bass, while still preserving clarity and definition in the mid-range frequencies. They're large enough to use on the floor, but light enough to be shelf mounted.

For your records, we've picked the DUAL 1218 automatic turntable and the SHURE M91ED hi-track eliptical cartridge. Dual is famous for their automatics and the 1218 is now their best buy. It can be used as either a changer or a manual turntable. The Shure M91ED is appropriate for the 1218 because it's the best of the Shure hi-track series. A handsome walnut base and a convenient hinged dust cover are included with the Dual.

Harman-Kardon 630 AM/FM Stereo Receiver	$300
Audio Dynamics Corp. 303AX's (pair)	180
Dual 1218 Automatic Turntable	155
Walnut Base WB-12	11
Hinged Dust Cover DC-4	13
Shure M91ED Deluxe Cartridge	55
Regular List Price	$714
MIDWEST'S WHOLESALE PRICE, COMPLETE	$425
Optional Walnut Case for H-K 630	$ 16

Our price of $425 for this complete system is a sound value you won't find anywhere else. For immediate shipment simply send us a cashier's check, certified check, or money order. Personal or company checks are ok, but we must wait until they clear before releasing your order. Shipment will be made freight collect and will be about 4% of the total. All units are shipped factory sealed and are covered under full manufacturers' warranties. No other warranty, expressed or implied, is extended by MIDWEST.

Remember, our prices put retail hi-fi stores and most mail order operations to shame. Substitutions are possible. Write us for your hi-fi needs and we will reply promptly.

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In the circle of perceptive and demanding men in which you move, few seasonal gifts will be appreciated as much as a subscription to Penthouse—the world's fastest-growing magazine for men. It costs only $10.00 a year (U.S. edition) or £4.80 a year (U.K. edition) to give twelve months of amusement, entertainment, piquant writing and beautiful Pets. Fill in the special coupon opposite and mail it with your money today. Make sure you get it—and give it—this Christmas.

A NEW FACE . . .

The DIGITAL watch makes hands obsolete. This Swiss-made timepiece is fashion styled with large, easy-to-read numbers. Because the case is sturdy metal, with a stainless steel back, the price is only $25. Postage and handling are included. Money back guarantee if returned within 15 days of receipt. Also comes in smaller, rectangular case.

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663 Fifth Avenue
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GOLD COLOR ☐ SILVER COLOR ☐
SMALL, RECTANGULAR STYLE ☐
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Check or Money Order Enclosed ☐
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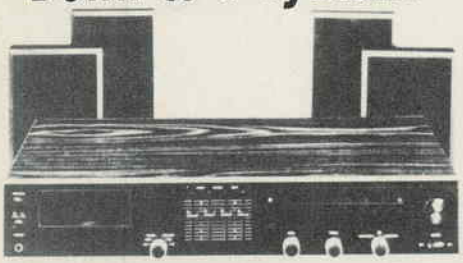
Signature _____

LAFAYETTE
has SQ 4-Channel Down to a System!



The new **SQR-40 4-Channel SQ AM/FM 8-Track Modular System**—with a built-in SQ Decoder to play SQ 4-Channel records and FM broadcasts, and a discrete 4- and 2-channel 8-track tape cartridge player! 4 separate amplifiers! Sensitive AM/FM Stereo Tuner! Plus 4 wide-range speaker systems in walnut wood cabinets! Only **$219.95**

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P.O. Box 10, Dept. 79122
Syosset, L.I., N.Y. 11791

Current affairs

I am a housewife in my early 30s. My husband and I, though happily married, have always been conscientious devotees of new forms of sexual stimuli, such as those advocated in Penthouse. Because of a few successful endeavors, suggested by the pages of Penthouse, I feel almost an obligation to share our "secret" with other readers.

A few years ago, it seemed that my insatiable appetite for sex might devour us both. It was then that Edgar, whose hobby is electronics, made his titillating discovery. Using a small transformer, Edgar attaches a tiny electrode to each of my breasts, approximately ½ inch below the nipple. He then "turns me on", simultaneously performing cunnilingus. Needless to say, the effect is that I experience intense orgasms and a pleasure previously believed unattainable. It is after this ritual that Edgar and I perform sexual union and achieve a mutual satisfaction, surpassing even our wildest hopes. But perhaps many couples may hesitate to use artificial stimuli?—*Mrs. A.R. (name and address withheld), Lewisburg, Pa.*

Not a practice to be tried by anybody who is less than expert in electrical matters. Any fault or error risks a dangerous shock.—Ed.

Crop the mop?

Just a line to advise you that I heartily agree with G. L. L. (August) that you show more of the models' genital area. Pubic hair has a way of getting into the act and spoiling the show, so why not crop the mop a bit? Also, keep the door shut as there is nothing very pretty about a wide open vagina with all the interior plumbing in plain sight.—*J.B.W. (name and address withheld), North Fort Myers, Fla.*

Hurrah for Hollander!

Having just finished reading Xaviera Hollander's revelations (September), I'm on a sexual cloud-nine. She has taken me from the depths of complacency to an all-time zenith. For the last six of my 21 years I've felt as though no one thought about sex the way I do. Though I'm a guy who has been from football locker-rooms to swank college affairs, I could never discuss sex with anyone without being laughed at or put down with "bull" stories. For the first time, through Xaviera, I've found someone who loves sex and yet wants to help people. She's all my fantasies rolled into one—and the difference is that she's real!—*J. A. (name and address withheld), Turnersville, N.J.*

Just to say how much I appreciated the Xaviera Hollander interview in Penthouse—especially her remark that she likes to suck cock. I'm a reasonably fit member of the male species who has always carried a slight guilt complex because I prefer a woman to enjoy this to sexual intercourse.—*A.M. (name and address withheld), Salcombe, Devon, England.*

Miss Hollander is a most lovely person and maybe some day I will meet a girl as sweet and understanding. I would be a very lucky man to have had the pleasure of her company.—*R.P. (name and address withheld), Los Angeles, Calif.*

I would really like to meet Miss Hollander, and go to bed with her. I think it would be a beautiful trip. She's an expert and I'm only an amateur, but I really need help.—*Dave (name and address withheld), Alexandria, Va.*

If it's possible, could you please send me an autographed picture of Miss Hollander. I have been collecting photographs of celebrities for years now. I can't believe how frank you are! You're really sensational in every way.—*Fred S., Los Angeles, Calif.*

I enjoyed Miss Hollander's interview very much. I feel she has touched on many valid points. I like her openness and lack of inhibition and am very happy that women are at last speaking out for what they want. God bless you, Miss Hollander! If people can eliminate their sexual neuroses, then maybe they can face up to their other problems.—*J. B. O., Amherst, N.Y.*

A friend of mine told me about the Interview in Penthouse, and the words were scarcely out of his mouth before I ran like a gazelle down to buy it. Does Xaviera realize how much influence she has over sexual behavior not only in this country, but in the entire world? And I'll tell you one thing: it's the American girls who have the most catching up to do.—*Vinny (name and address withheld), Sea Girt, N.J.*

I have a bone to pick with Xaviera. In her Penthouse Interview, she says that Americans are bum lays. Sometime I want to reinstate American men in her estimation.—*T.J. (name and address withheld), Oak Lawn, Ill.*

Not only did I enjoy the exclusive Interview with Xaviera Hollander but to me it had true personal feelings. It takes a real person who can say how she feels about what many people consider to be morally wrong.—*B. H. (name and address withheld), Palatine, Ill.*

Miss Hollander writes: 'Thanks for all your letters. I've been overwhelmed by the number of them. Forgive me if I don't reply to all the personal invitations, but, as promised, I'm going to do my best to answer the problems in Penthouse." Miss Hollander's first advice column starts on page 145.—Ed.

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Sable by Georges Kaplan.
Wodka Wyborowa, 80 and 100 proof, imported by Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

If you want to start out with stereo.

That something more is an entirely new way of hearing stereo. You get it when you add two extra speakers to these Panasonic stereo systems. Because they all have our exclusive Quadruplex™ Circuitry to add another dimension to stereo sound. Whether it's tapes, records, or radio.

Quadruplex™ Circuitry puts the conventional stereo signal through a special phasing process. So the rear speakers give you a slightly different sound than the front speakers. The end result is an enhanced stereo sound that's different from what you're used to hearing.

Of course, all these Home Entertainment Systems start out by being great stereos. They all have Panasonic's direct coupling. Or in technical terms, ITL-OTL-OCL. A feature that we have in our Hi-Fi components. That way the music doesn't have to go through a lot of electronic circuits that could distort the sound. Before it gets to your ears.

Start with Model SE-2075. It's a 4-piece system with 72 watts of peak power. So your favorite soprano's shrieks won't come out like sudden squeaks. It has FM/AM and FM stereo radios with features like a tuning meter. An FET tuner for bringing in faraway FM stations. And AFC to keep those stations from drifting away from you. There's a selective stereo muting system. You also get the controls you need to adjust the sound. Plus the jacks you need for extra components. And there's a 3-speed record changer. With solid-state cartridge, diamond stylus, and plexiglass dust cover.

But maybe you want tape as much as records. Then take a look

SE-2050

SE-2075

SE-4080

But end up with something more.

at our two complete stereo Home Entertainment Centers. Each comes with built-in tape, phono, and radio. Panasonic Model SE-4080 plays 8-track cartridges. And Model SE-2050, our cassette player.

Both models have FM/AM and FM stereo radios with Panasonic solid-state engineering. FET and AFC. Plus twin air-suspension speakers. Each one of the speakers houses a woofer and tweeter that should give you all the sound you want. You also get a fully automatic 4-speed record changer. With a magni-state cartridge and flip-over diamond stylus you'll flip over. And a sensitive Panasonic microphone.

The SE-4080 records and plays back 8-track stereo cartridges. There's a sound monitor system that lets you hear what the tape is recording. Plus AC bias and erase. A fast forward button. And a repeat button for fast playback. On the radio, there's a stereo eye. And a stereo-selector switch. That keeps out monaural stations.

The SE-2050 gives you a built-in stereo cassette recorder. With Auto-Stop to stop the machine at the end of the tape. Automatically. A sound monitor system. A VU meter to show you if you're recording at the right level. Plus a pre-recorded cassette to start you off.

So if you're planning to start out with a stereo. Start out with a Panasonic. With Quadruplex™ Circuitry. That way you can get something more. Now. Or later.

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HENRY MORGAN

DRAW ME DIRTY

My local paper ran this ad during the summer:

FRITZ THE CAT (X)
No one under 18 Admitted.
If it rains Tue or Wed A
Special Children's Matinee at 2.00

Now, Fritz the Cat, an animated pornographic "cartoon" has been making lots and lots of money, and Hollywood, as you perfectly well know, is a place where a moneymaker is copied over and over and when *that* runs out, they start remaking the old successes. These habits of theirs make it a cinch to predict what we can look for in the immediate future.

The Children's Matinee thing we'll discuss a little later.

"Manny, Moe, and Jill" . . . the story of three of the dirtiest canaries ever to debauch the screen. Jill, a Lesbian, takes up with a lady sparrow and we are spared no detail of the goings-on. Manny and Moe, both dirty birds, build a nest in a run-down part of the forest and turn the place into a bawdy house. For five seeds anything that flies can come in and get the full treatment—pecking, tangling with the owl, doing it to squabs, you name it.

Mike Terry

For ten seeds you can fowl the nest.

The picture ends on a fine moral note when a Raven stalks out shaking his head and quothing, "Nevermore!"

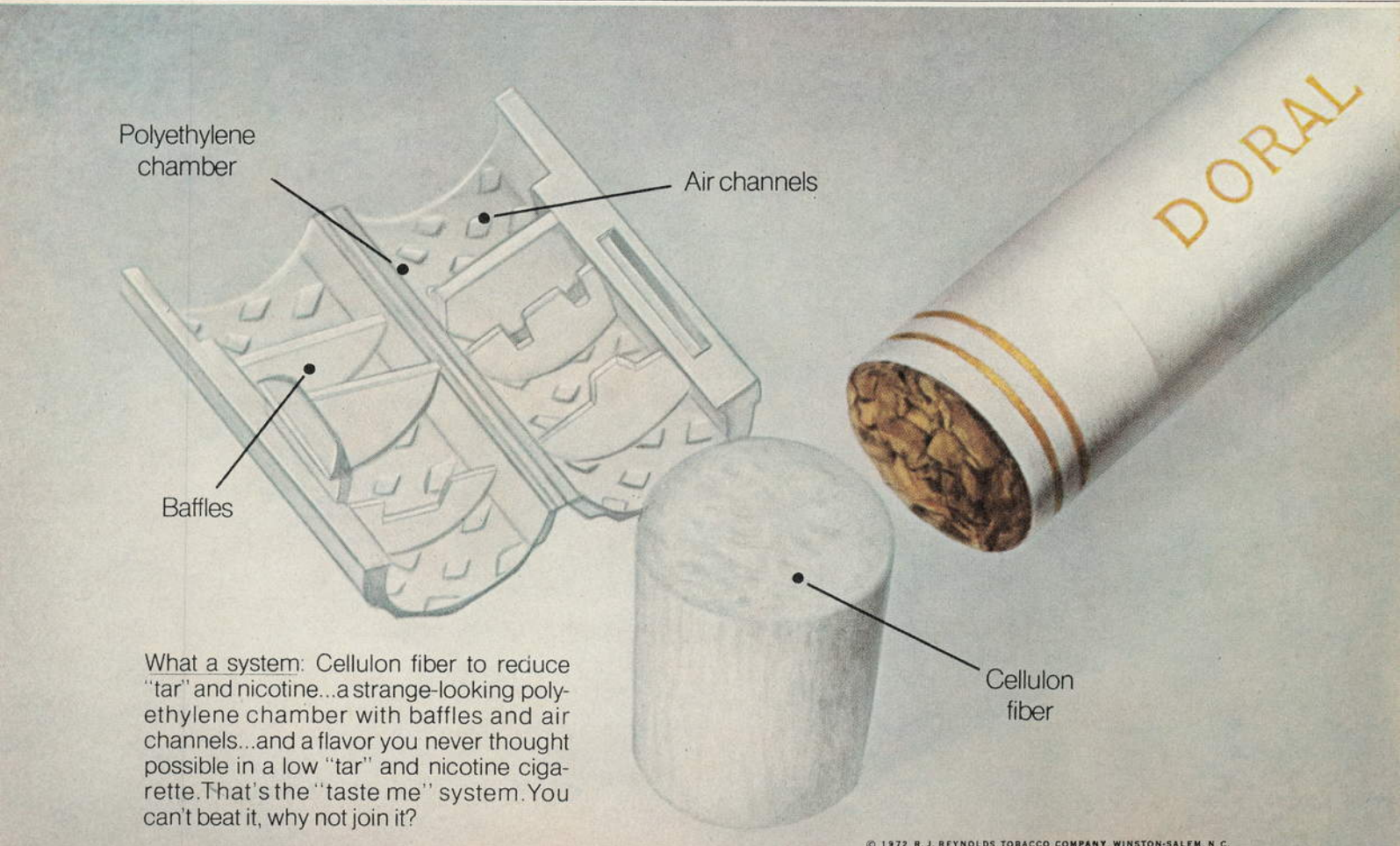
This is to be followed with a spectacular in four-dimensional sound featuring two humpbacked whales humping. There is a great sequence in which a sperm whale does his thing and nobody under 45 will be admitted.

MGM, trying for a knockout, will present a two-hour cartoon called "Gone and Blowin' in the Wind" which will feature the burning of a cat-house in Atlanta.

Disney will come up with some comical updatings of old-time favorites. "Friggin' Fantasia" for a starter. In the new version ten great composers will have their music set to match the classic bathroom jokes.

The real payoff will be for all of us fans of Mickey Mouse. It should be great fun to see "Mickey Gets the Hots for Minnie," "Mickey Balls Pluto," "Pluto Licks the Three Little Pigs," and "Bambi Does it to Dumbo".

It will be comical to see the new "Our Gang" comedies. "Our Gang Gang-Bangs," "The Terrible-Tempered Mr.



What a system: Cellulon fiber to reduce "tar" and nicotine...a strange-looking polyethylene chamber with baffles and air channels...and a flavor you never thought possible in a low "tar" and nicotine cigarette. That's the "taste me" system. You can't beat it, why not join it?

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Bangs Bangs Our Gang," and "Gangway for Our Gang that Couldn't Shoot Straight Up".

My University, Skin-Flick U., is adding courses for animators. Professor Titman has listed "Nipples 134", a course which will be graded in cup sizes, "Triple C" being the equivalent of a *summa cum laude*. "Buttocks and Bums" will be conducted by our Mr. Baddass. Mr. B. has suggested that he give two examinations in the spring, one oral, the other, naturally, anal. "Copulation 72" will be in the capable mouth of our Miss Fellatio. She teaches very rapidly . . . lickety split, in fact.

Many members of our staff will be familiar to those of you who may possibly remember their work on such classics as "Maggie and Jiggs," "Fanny Hill's Fanny," "Ten Nights in a Turkish Dump," and on many of the men's room walls.

A lot of our people are working on things suitable for the Children's Matinees that are held in many theatres across the country.

"Private Parts Peeking" is led by a nifty gal from Missouri (The "Show me" State). "Rubbing Up Against Things 890" gets ten credits. Those who complete this course successfully may go on to "Mutual Satisfaction," and, when that is done, the higher forms such as "Jiggling and Wiggling," "Funny Things to Wear in Your Pants," and "Advanced Self-Pollution".

Since Fritz the Cat, we know that pornography is fun, pornography can be a lot of laughs. There will be a whole bunch of new things we can do.

There's "Sodomy Poker". This is a game in which the participants start out naked, see, and . . . well, suppose you come up with two pairs. Then they have to start. It can be boy-girl, two and two, any way you like. This is just plain stud, you see.

To vary the game you can play Chicago,' 'Anaconda,' etc.—whatever local variants seem to be most amusing to the company. Some of your gay friends may want to play 'queens wild' and that can be fun too. Bridge can be adapted to the new morality quite simply, particularly when both sides are vulnerable.

And there's no reason why the comic strips in the newspapers can't be updated. Certainly Li'l Abner has a few good years left in him, and he's a big mother. And I'd sure like to see Mary Worth get hers. Damned old snoop.

And Pogo! Alligators and raccoons! A whole forest of cuckoo, delightful, obscene characters! Prince Valiant and the Lustful Greeks of the Misty Isles! Dagwood and Blondie Make a Kid! Tootsie and Blondie in the Sultan's Harem! Blondie, Nubile Sacrifice at the Witches' Coven!

Friends, there's no end to the possibilities, most of which could be vast improvements over what we have now. Suppose, for instance, the entire Howard Johnson chain were to be taken over by Orgy Masters, Inc. Your typical American traveler could keep reserving ahead to participate in a new gasser every night he's on the road, meeting absolute strangers and kicking it around with people he'd never have to see again.

Holy merde!

McDonalds could become a string of pot shops (so obvious an improvement it needn't be discussed.)

There's millions in this for some wide-awake young folks. Fritz the Cat T-shirts. Obscene chess sets. Dirty bumper stickers.

Where it will all end, I don't know, but why does it have to? Why can't some Gutzon Borglum of today get up there on that mountain, take down those four crazy Presidents and carve what the people really want—good old four-dimensional men and women doing things the way you like it. That would show the world what Americans can do when they put their hearts in it.

Yessir, draw me dirty.

And color me blushing.

The "taste me" system...

low "tar" & nicotine smokers swear by it.

"I swear you can really taste me."

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER, MENTHOL: 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '72.

This Christmas, make a Perseverance Pie. It takes a wee dram of Grant's 8® Scotch. And Auntie Fiona's recipe. (Send for it.)

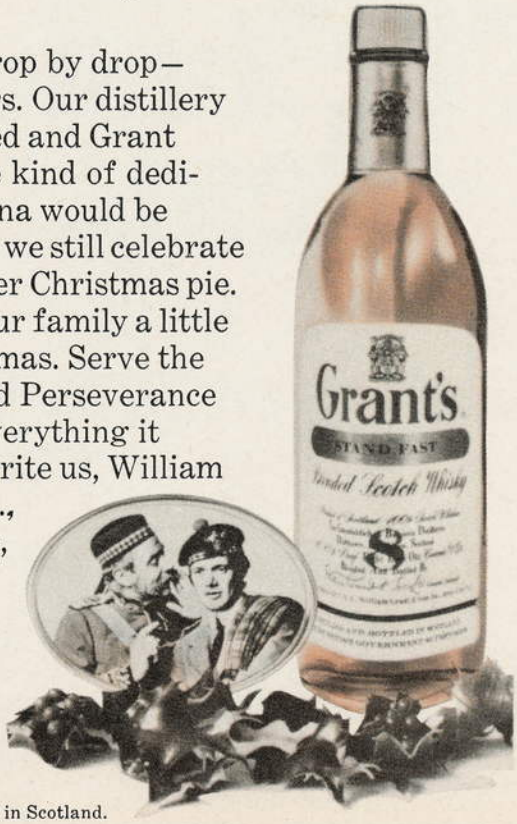
On Christmas day, 1887, after much perseverance, the first drops of Grant's Scotch ran from Major William Grant's new distillery.

It called for a celebration. And that was Auntie Fiona's job.

While all the other Grants were hard at work in the distillery, she had been working on her own masterpiece. A special Christmas pie, unlike anyone in the Highlands had ever tasted. It was a blend of fruits and spices, a surprise of beef, and a wee dram of Scotch, for good measure.

Christmas hasn't changed much in our family. Four generations later, we watch over the family Scotch—drop by drop—for eight full years. Our distillery is still Grant owned and Grant operated with the kind of dedication Auntie Fiona would be pleased with. And we still celebrate every year with her Christmas pie.

Get to know our family a little better this Christmas. Serve the treat we've named Perseverance Pie, because of everything it stands for. Just write us, William Grant & Sons, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020, and we'll send you the recipe.



Grant's 8® Scotch: share our family secret.

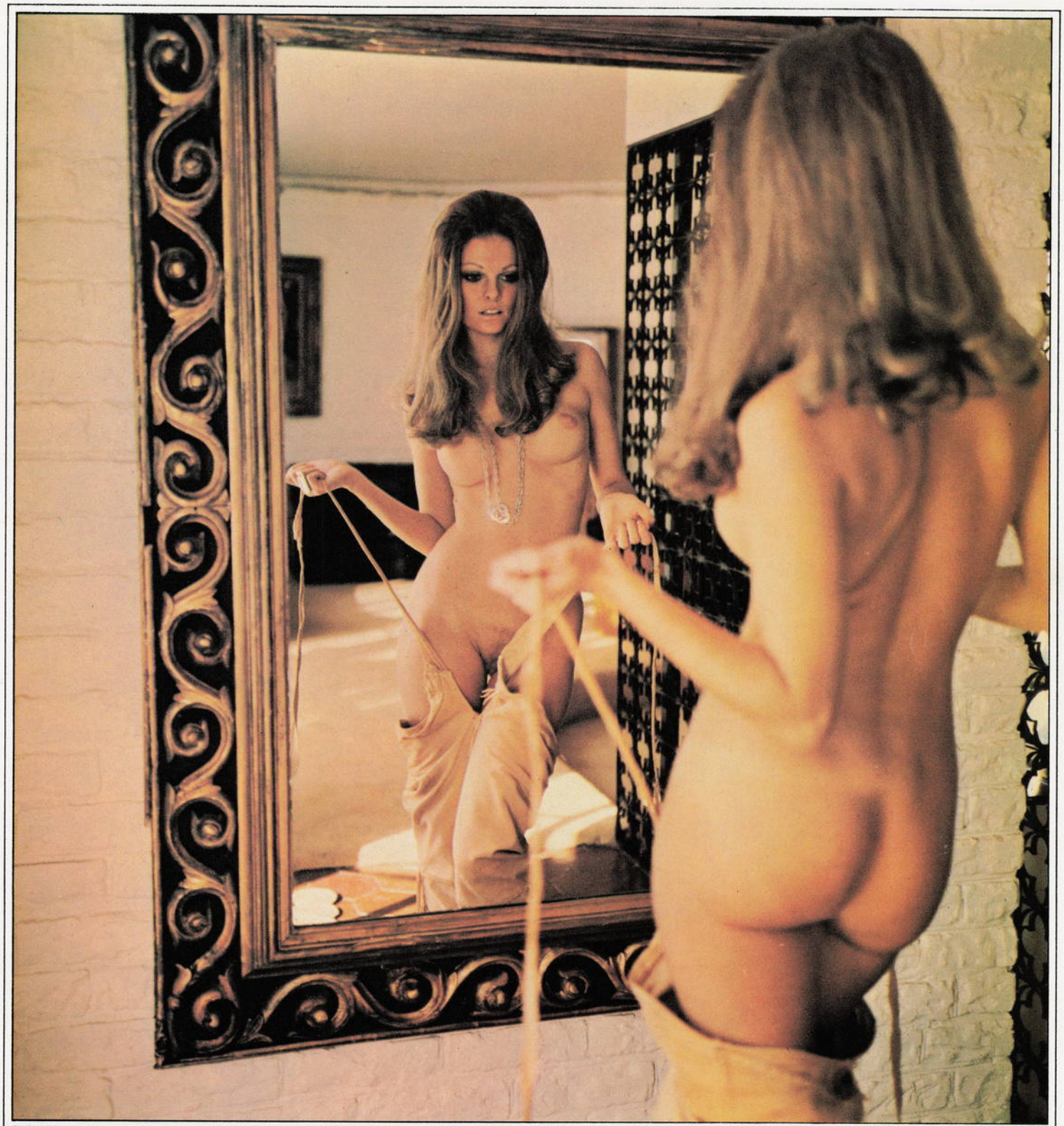
Blended Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, © 1972 William Grant & Sons, Inc., N.Y. Importers. Bottled in Scotland.

PENTHOUSE
CALENDAR

1973

'Therefore all seasons shall
be sweet to thee
Whether the summer
clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the
redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow
on the bare branch . . .'

S. T. Coleridge



JANUARY

Patricia "Cherokee" Barrett, a 23-year-old from Montana, was nicknamed after a distant Red Indian ancestor, but quit her home reservation to hunt for peace and happiness in London. Months of heap hard work at her modeling career, plus a 36-22-35 figure that brought smoke signals of admiration from both sides of the Great Water, have sent many fashionable photographers on the squaw path.

PENTHOUSE

SUN		7	14	21	28
MON	1	8	15	22	29
TUES	2	9	16	23	30
WED	3	10	17	24	31
THUR	4	11	18	25	
FRI	5	12	19	26	
SAT	6	13	20	27	

FEBRUARY

Carole Augustine is the 18-year-old daughter of a South American father and a Polish-Scottish mother, a poly-nationalism which gives her a character both fiery and fey. Visually (37-24-36), she maintains that what she knows about love could be written "on the back of a postage stamp," which just goes to prove that philately will get you nowhere.

PENTHOUSE

SUN		4	11	18	25
MON		5	12	19	26
TUES		6	13	20	27
WED		7	14	21	28
THUR	1	8	15	22	
FRI	2	9	16	23	
SAT	3	10	17	24	

MARCH

Aspiring actress Billie Deane, 20, has traveled through Europe in search of thespian experience, and now believes she is on the verge of a glittering stage career. Several producers have apparently told this 36-24-36 Canadienne that they would like to make a play for her.

PENTHOUSE

SUN		4	11	18	25
MON		5	12	19	26
TUES		6	13	20	27
WED		7	14	21	28
THUR	1	8	15	22	29
FRI	2	9	16	23	30
SAT	3	10	17	24	31

APRIL

Marianne Gordon, a 24-year-old Ayrshire, Scotland, lass, is now in New York working with the Penthouse advertising staff. She had begun to train as a teacher, but hung up cap and gown in search of more excitement and better remuneration as a Penthouse Club cocktail Pet, eventually graduating to selling space. We're sold on the way her 35-22-35 statistics fill the space above, anyway.

PENTHOUSE

SUN	1	8	15	22	29
MON	2	9	16	23	30
TUES	3	10	17	24	
WED	4	11	18	25	
THUR	5	12	19	26	
FRI	6	13	20	27	
SAT	7	14	21	28	

MAY

Secret ambition of 20-year-old Penthouse Pet Sharon Bailey is to spend one night with well-known singing and recording personality Elvis Presley. She agrees that this pop adulation might just be an affair of the charts, but even the perspicacious Mr Presley must admit that her rhythmic 36-23-36 configuration can't be beat.

PENTHOUSE

SUN		6	13	20	27
MON		7	14	21	28
TUES	1	8	15	22	29
WED	2	9	16	23	30
THUR	3	10	17	24	31
FRI	4	11	18	25	
SAT	5	12	19	26	

JUNE

Yugoslav cinema actress Nevenka Dundek is, at 21, one of the fastest-rising stars in the East, and now lives in Rome, at the center of Europe's burgeoning film industry where there is plenty of cinema scope. So busily employed is this shapely (35-24-35) Serbian starlet, that friends who want to see her anywhere but on the screen, have to see Nevenka on Sunday.

PENTHOUSE

SUN		3	10	17	24
MON		4	11	18	25
TUES		5	12	19	26
WED		6	13	20	27
THUR		7	14	21	28
FRI	1	8	15	22	29
SAT	2	9	16	23	30

JULY

Egyptology-buff Lesley Harrison, 24, works as a Pet at the London Penthouse Club, but yearns to travel amid the pyras. She believes that an encounter with her ideal travel-mate ("tall, dark and loaded") is still away off, but after her 36-25-36 made a notable impression as Pet-of-the-Month, her dream may be realized sooner than she sphinx.

PENTHOUSE

SUN	1	8	15	22	29
MON	2	9	16	23	30
TUES	3	10	17	24	31
WED	4	11	18	25	
THUR	5	12	19	26	
FRI	6	13	20	27	
SAT	7	14	21	28	

AUGUST

Country girl Marian Maylam, 25, recently returned home to London from an extended sojourn in the United States, where she formed an affinity with all things American. Now Petting at the London Penthouse Club, the magnificent (38-24-37) Marilyn has a formidable talent for Italian cuisine which makes her, one way or another, completely unspaghettible.

PENTHOUSE

SUN		5	12	19	26
MON		6	13	20	27
TUES		7	14	21	28
WED	1	8	15	22	29
THUR	2	9	16	23	30
FRI	3	10	17	24	31
SAT	4	11	18	25	

SEPTEMBER

From the Netherlands, fountainhead of cheese, gin and tulips, comes under-ambitious Maureen Renzen, one-time Miss Holland, now a would-be coffeeshop proprietor. This 22-year-old Lowlander's high-rise assets (36-22-36) proved of considerable promotional benefit during a Stateswide Penthouse publicity tour, and will undoubtedly look neat among the coffee jugs.

PENTHOUSE

SUN	2	9	16	23	30
MON	3	10	17	24	
TUES	4	11	18	25	
WED	5	12	19	26	
THUR	6	13	20	27	
FRI	7	14	21	28	
SAT 1	8	15	22	29	

OCTOBER

One-time songstress Helen Caunt (21) surrendered her score in favor of a more harmonious life as one of the Pets at the London Penthouse Club, where her melodious 36-24-36 is a feature of note. Confessing a need to be dominated by men, Helen is nonetheless appreciated by Club members as the face that shipped a thousand lunches.

PENTHOUSE

SUN		7	14	21	28
MON	1	8	15	22	29
TUES	2	9	16	23	30
WED	3	10	17	24	31
THUR	4	11	18	25	
FRI	5	12	19	26	
SAT	6	13	20	27	

NOVEMBER

A degree-bearing devotee of Elizabethan music and drama, 23-year-old Lynette Asquith joined the editorial staff of Penthouse as Girl Friday and office decoration, a colorful career which climaxed in Pet-of-the-Monthdom. Now returned to her intellectual studies, she still possesses the 37-24-36 configuration that would have made Shakespeare.

PENTHOUSE

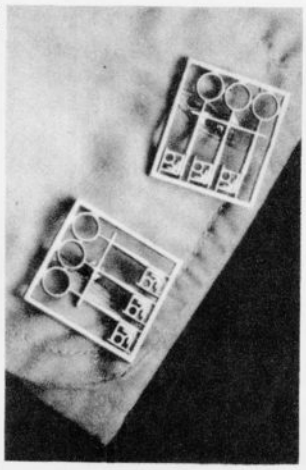
SUN		4	11	18	25
MON		5	12	19	26
TUES		6	13	20	27
WED		7	14	21	28
THUR	1	8	15	22	29
FRI	2	9	16	23	30
SAT	3	10	17	24	

DECEMBER

Big-selling attraction of last year's Christmas issue was Sale-born Lynn Partington, 24, a much-traveled model with a self-confessed penchant for "ugly-attractive" men. For a neatly-trimmed 35-21-35 like that of the more-than-likeable Lynn, it's almost worth making yourself plain.

PENTHOUSE

SUN		2	9	16	23	30
MON		3	10	17	24	31
TUES		4	11	18	25	
WED		5	12	19	26	
THUR		6	13	20	27	
FRI		7	14	21	28	
SAT	1	8	15	22	29	



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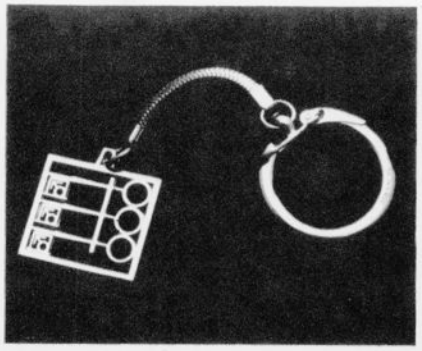

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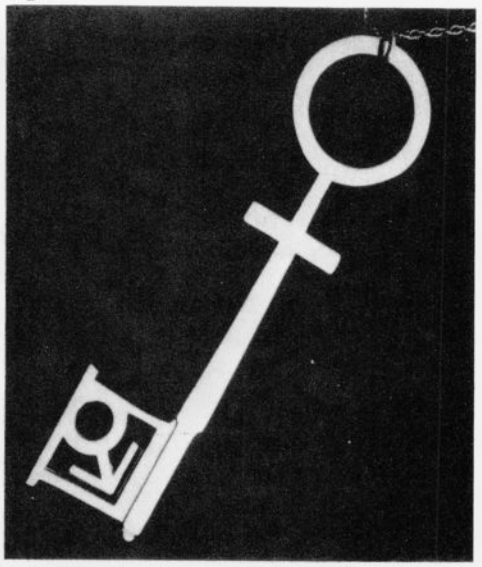

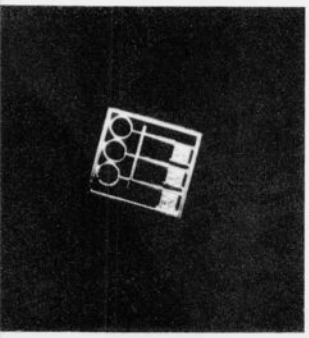

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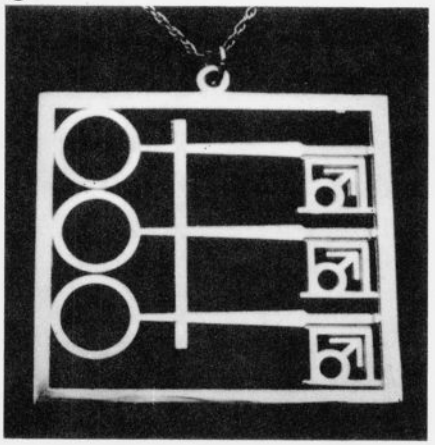

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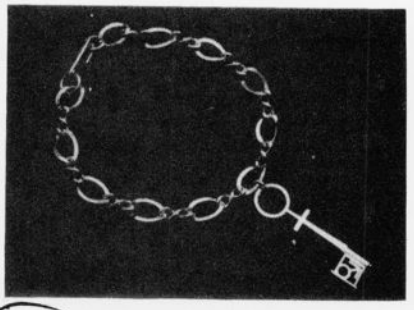

6

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Quantity	Item #	Description	Price

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

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N.Y. residents please add 7% sales tax.
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The Penthouse keymark says it all by joining together the male and female symbols in exclusive, designer-interpreted jewelry to wear and give with pride.

1. Handsome cuff links boast hinged clasp found only on the finest jewelry.
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JFG—sterling silver finished in gold—$12.50
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3. Bold key symbol, 3″ long, comes with 24″ chain.
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JTG—sterling silver finished in gold—$10.00
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5. High-fashion uni-sex pendant complete with 24″ chain.

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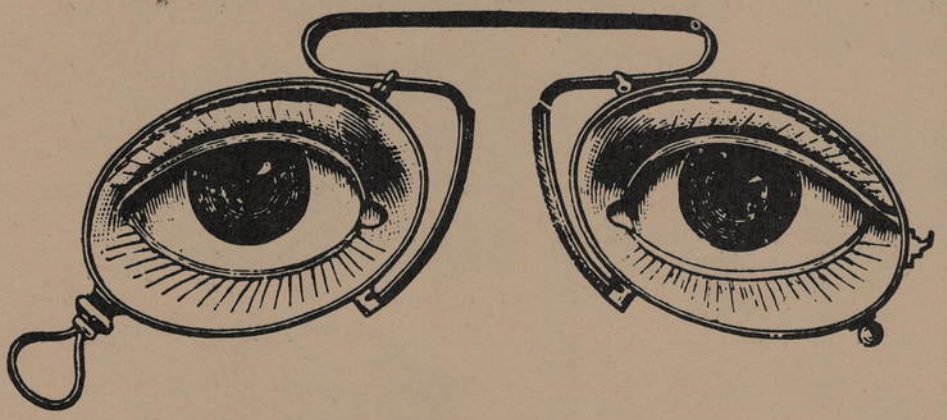
JPS—gleaming silver finish—$10.00

7/8″ size:
JCGN—silver finished in gold—$15.00
JCSN—gleaming silver—$5.00

6. Bold key symbol, 1 1/2″ long, to match his—comes with bracelet.
JKG-105—sterling silver finished in gold—$15.00
JKS-105—gleaming silver finish—$7.50

VIEW FROM THE TOP



HOLE IN THE HEAD—SQUARE-SHAPED

It's been such a long time since Ernie Fitzgerald blew the whistle on Pentagon crookedness that it was beginning to look like nobody would come along to imitate him. But now we have a new apostle of honesty, Herbert J. Frank, president of Aerosonic Corporation of Clearwater, Florida, a company that has supplied the Army and Air Force with about 90% of their airspeed indicators and more than 50% of their rate-of-climb indicators. Out of his 30 years of dealing with the Pentagon, Frank spun some of the funniest stories—largely ignored by the press—to be heard by a Congressional committee in a long time.

One of his tales, for example, was about the Pentagon's spending $20 million to perfect an altimeter that would operate under conditions that Air Force pilots haven't been faced with since they quit flying in open cockpits.

He also told a story whose moral seems to be that when Uncle Sam gets screwed, he doesn't like to do it on a small scale. Because Frank's company had fallen behind in its delivery of 800 altimeters, "the government convinced me—and I use the word 'convinced' in as nice a way as I can—that I should give them *free* all 800 instruments." In other words, the Pentagon used a technicality in the contract to blackmail Frank into supplying the government with a quarter million dollars worth of instruments, without cost.

Then it turned out that McDonnell-Douglas, manufacturers of the airplane, had made *square* holes in the instrument panel for the *round* altimeter. Crisis: A little plate had to be made that would cover the square opening and leave a hole for the instrument. So back came the Pentagon and asked Frank to design the plate. Aha! cried Frank joyfully, and his eyes sparkled with the light of economic revenge.

"We figured we were really going to *take* the government this time," says he, recalling the happy moment. "They needed the plates desperately. So we came up with a price of $15 for each plate. We were actually ashamed to ask so much, for it was a little $3 stamping plate, but we figured we were really going to take them."

Time passed and no word came from the Pentagon. Finally Frank put through a query: Didn't the government want his plates? No, replied the Pentagon procurer, they had decided to turn down his bid of $15 apiece in favor of the bid of $230 a plate from McDonnell-Douglas.—*Robert Sherill.*

SWITCHED-ON CON

At the New York World's Fair of 1964-5 there was an exhibit sponsored by America's "investor-owned, tax-paying" electric utilities—the 480 or so struggling monopolies dedicated to the task of bringing Power to the People. Inside were dozens of clever little tableaux with animated characters to demonstrate all the neat things we can do with electricity. Outside was a gigantic searchlight which, at hourly intervals, aimed skyward "the brightest light in the world"—visible, we were told, hundreds of miles away on a clear night.

Shortly after the Fair closed, on November 9, 1965, all the lesser lights in millions of homes served by the utilities went out for hundreds of miles around. Somebody had blown a fuse somewhere.

Since then, big-city blackouts have become something of an annual ritual. Especially for the investor-owned utility which had supplied the juice to light up the exhibit of the juice suppliers at the New York Fair—the one made famous throughout the land by Johnny Carson as the Big Town's "Mickey Mouse Utility", an outfit called officially the Consolidated Edison Company, but known more familiarly by its nickname, Con Ed.

These blackouts along with occasional "brownouts" and voltage reductions are made necessary by certain unforeseeable circumstances. One is the occurrence each year of a period called "summertime" during which the weather gets hotter than at other times and people turn on lots of fans and air conditioners. Another is the advent of "wintertime" when extreme cold sets these same people to madly switching on electric heaters. Also there is the effect of appliance advertising, much of it paid for by firms like Con Ed. People who succumb to these appeals by buying electric washers, dryers, refrigerators and whatnot fall prey to an unaccountable lust for power by which to run them.

At about the time the investor-owned

utilities were patting themselves on the back at the World's Fair, I was buying my kilowatt-hours from Con Ed for a shade under three cents apiece. Folks in San Francisco,Chicago and Miami were getting theirs for about two cents each. And the people in Seattle were getting kwhs of roughly the same quality for only a penny. Which should give you some idea how loyal I am to my favorite investor-owned tax-paying electric utility.

And how am I repaid for that loyalty over the years? Well, today I am charged 4.14 cents for the energy to keep my 100-watt bulb lit for ten hours. An increase of more than 25% in seven years, even though it can be produced by burning the same nine-tenths of a pound of coal or seven-hundredths of a gallon of crude oil. The cost of the coal in that time has gone up only about 10%, and the crude oil less than 7%.

Still, they seem to be having a terrible time trying to keep me supplied with power at these prices (the only things that don't ever appear to break down are the billing machines) while paying out a satisfactory return to all their goddam investor-owners. They have to keep traipsing regularly, hat-in-hand, to agencies like the state Public Service Commission, the Federal Power Commission and the Price Commission to plead for rate increases.

That costs money of course. So they have to use some of my money from the last increase to pay for the pleading for the next increase—along with those taxes they brag about paying, and the advertising they do to create more demand for power and explain the need for higher rates.

But it's all right. It's not for nothing. At least now I'm beginning to see the light.—*Fred Darwin.*

LADY OF THE HOUSE

"To let—young girl two stories, beautiful balcony, central heating, moderate rent."—Ad in *L'Alsace.*

Subject to vacant possession, of course.

HAPPENINGS

NO-GO IN PHILADELPHIA

There will be no international exposition to commemorate the 200th anniversary of the founding of the American Republic. Everybody thought there was going to be one—even the President thought there was going to be one—but everybody was wrong. It just didn't work out. The place where the exposition will not be held is a tract of empty land out beyond the end of the bus line in the Eastwick section of Philadelphia. It was cleared for urban renewal as long ago as 1958, but nothing ever got built. For neighbors, it has the Philadelphia International Airport, some oil tanks, the Southwestern Philadelphia Sewage Disposal Works, and a promontory in the Delaware River called Mud Island. Low-flying jetliners blast regularly across its skies and automobiles flash and hum along its periphery, going somewhere else. One is hard put to think of a better place not to hold a world's fair.

Ugly, desolate, polluted, a small but telling example of the collapsed good intentions and failed hopes of municipal socialism—Eastwick, Philadelphia, seems almost to have been set aside on purpose as a faultless metaphor of the decay of cities and the slow graying of the American dream. Understandably, it was hardly the city fathers' first choice. Before it was finally settled upon—more in desperation than irony—two other neighborhoods were offered the privilege of hosting America's birthday party. They refused.

The whole question of a national bicentennial has been clouded from the start with half-heartedness and uncertainty. The most innovative and imaginative proposal—involving the reconstruction of the entire surface transportation network of the East coast, individual celebrations in every major city along the way, and massive expenditures of Federal funds on dramatic public works of lasting utility—never even got off the ground. By the time Philadelphia was picked over Boston and Miami for a more traditional sort of international fair, feet had been dragging for a long time; and by the time Philadelphia finally succeeded in backing itself into the corner between the airport and the sewage works, the moment for effective action was past. There didn't seem to be any money for it, either—which, if you don't really want to do something in the first place, is as good an excuse as any.

So one peripheral benefit will now not be conferred on Philadelphia: if such a world's fair had been held there, the people who came to see it might have created the temporary impression that the city was actually inhabited. It is a curious place. On a recent sunny Saturday afternoon—shopper's weather—a cannonball fired down the length of Chestnut Street in the heart of town would have struck exactly 17 people, one of them a baffled visiting journalist. In the nearby streets and parks not a soul was to be seen, not a sound to be heard but the wind. It was like the last scene in *On the Beach.*

There was a sizeable group of people up at Independence Hall, looking at the Liberty Bell, but they were all Puerto Ricans from New York. Until they got back in their bus and went home, Independence Hall was the jumpingest place in town. It was kind of eerie. W. C. Fields was right, after all. ("I'd rather be here than in Philadelphia.") In addition to composing that famous epitaph, Fields once proposed a contest where the first prize was a week in Philadelphia with all expenses paid; the second prize was two weeks in Philadelphia with all expenses paid.

New York these days looks like a cross between a garbage dump and the bescribbled wall of a men's room, but the streets and walls of Philadelphia are as clean as a whistle. It seems like a miracle. Unfortunately, when you put all this cleanliness together with the scrubbed beauty of the old houses and the weird emptiness of the place, the feeling soon begins to grow on you that you have unwittingly been reduced in size and transported to the middle of a superbly handicrafted miniature town.

Even the slums seem dinky and contrived, with their low, flat roofs and their strange cornices tricked out with what appear to be endless rows of imitation funeral urns; it's all so damn *quaint.* If, as Frank Lloyd Wright once said, New York was designed by Cain right after he killed Abel, Philadelphia seems to have been put together by an elderly hobbyist with a painstaking eye for detail.

Back in New York, I was pondering the ill-fated bicentennial fair (and trying hard to think of something good to say about Philadelphia) in the tiny garden behind my house in Brooklyn when the man who lives next door came out with a pair of pruning shears, went to the terminal box, and calmly cut every telephone line in the block. Snip, snip, snip. Then he went back indoors again. That's New York for you. Hell of a town.—*L. J. Davis.*

SHOWS

LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT

The Emigrants (Warner Brothers and the Svensk Filmindustri) is not merely an adventure movie, though it tells its gripping story well. It's also good cinema. It tells the story as only a sound camera lovingly handled can, by exploring the texture of things, their sight, their sounds, almost their feel. A crude wooden pail, the sound of milk spurting into it from the rosy teat of a dappled cow, the worried crease of a young mother's brow . . .

The Emigrants conveys an uncannily believable impression of the life of an impoverished Swedish family in the 1870s. It also indicates that life today is still a prize to be fought for and won. If it was so hard for these folks, one wonders why we in the 1970s should find it any easier.

Max von Sydow plays the striving, passionate father of the family, Liv Ullman the mother, and together they anguish through epic tribulations. Their crops fail, lightning destroys their barn, their only plowshare breaks, the wife gets pregnant again and again. Finally, one of their starving young

children stuffs herself with grain and dies when the grain starts to swell inside her.

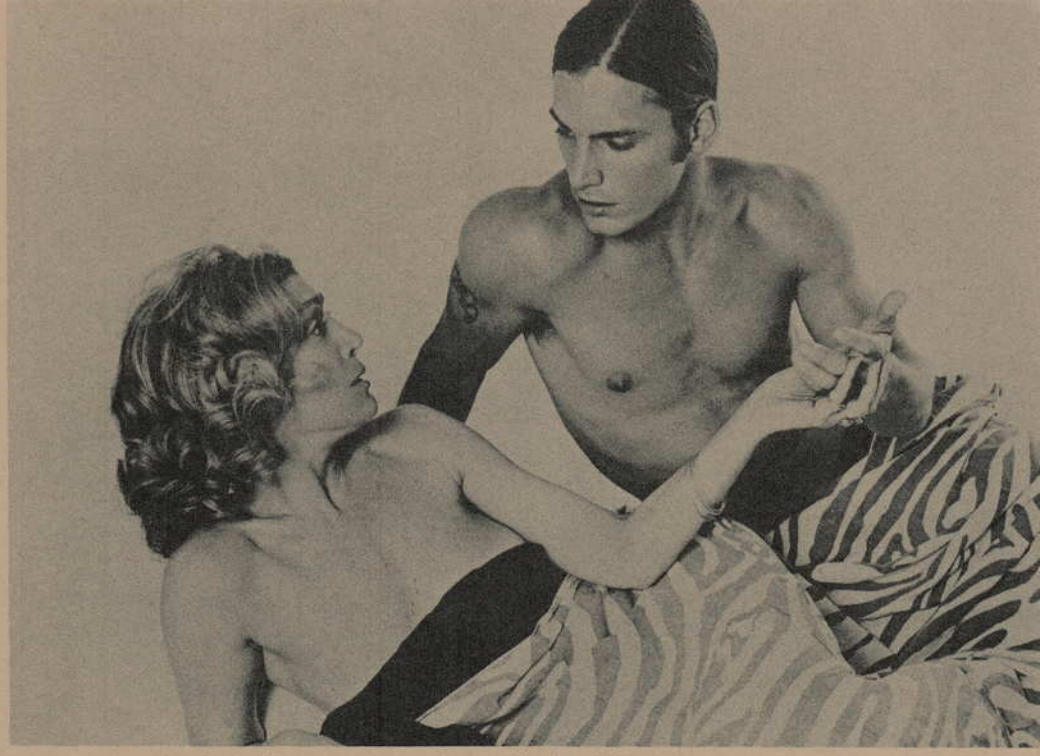
The family cannot tolerate any more. They've heard of America and, though struck with terror at the thought of this plunge into the unknown, they have no choice. They decide to emigrate to the United States.

With only the belongings they can carry on their backs, they set out for the Swedish sea coast, never before having traveled farther than the distance to church. The big square-rigged schooner comes into port; it scares them. The 10-week journey kills some of their party and the rest are almost overcome by the odor of their own excrement, seasickness and lice by the time they finally reach the new land.

But that is not the end. They now face a cross-country journey in a fearsome, puffing iron horse to the Mississippi river. They do not know where they are going but they cannot ask anyone, for they do not speak English. Arrival at the river does not signify the end of the ordeal. They board a paddle steamer for a 1,500-mile trip upstream to Minnesota and finally trek for three days on foot through a wilderness to good land. It is here that von Sydow blazes his mark and claim on a giant oak.

Writers Bengt Forslund and Jan Troell (Troell was also the director and cinematographer) probably didn't intend this picture (and a sequel already in the can called *The Settlers*) as a polemic against all the assorted cry-babies in any number of assorted modern revolutions. But it is.

This one family faces gigantic obstacles and overcomes them with heroic courage. Most of the modern "movements" are fighting straw dogs; most of the be-ins, sit-ins and nude-ins are nothing but trivial theater, bait for the boys in the television news crews. Pretty unreal stuff compared to *The Emigrants.—Robert Blair Kaiser.*



Warhol's Heat: *reminder of an earlier (and funnier) movie.*

THE HEAT'S ON

By chance an old friend dropped by the night I was due at a screening of *Heat*, the latest film by Paul Morrissey and Andy Warhol. She had modeled for me 15 years back, and I remember her saying one day: "Guess what a friend of mine uses for models—Campbell soup cans." A couple of years later this commercial artist became famous, but at that time painting canned goods instead of objects of recognized aesthetic portent was his secret amusement.

"We used to take ferry rides to Staten Island for a nickel," she told me, "or we'd walk across the George Washington Bridge to New Jersey where there was a place that sold green ice cream. At Christmas his mother made Polish Christmas trees out of paper, and hung them from the ceilings where his 17 Siamese cats, all named Sam, couldn't get at them."

I thought of the young Warhol being then, as later, the leader. "No," said my old friend, "he wasn't the leader, but he was always thinking of something that was fun. I could tell you loads of Warhol stories."

The trouble with *Heat* is that it isn't a great deal of fun. Like *Trash* it was directed and filmed by Paul Morrissey, but *Trash was* a lot of fun. It started good and, thanks to Holly Woodlawn, it built to a crashing laugh crescendo. It was in the best Warhol tradition; the film was a put-on, a satire on certain pretensions of the going scene, but with the characters themselves portrayed as sincere, though absurd. Warhol's genius lies in selecting characters who have inner authenticity but exterior absurdity.

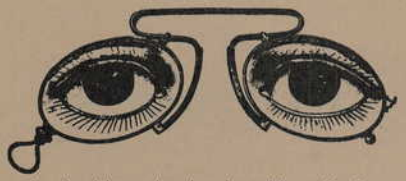
In *Heat* the magic isn't there, with one exception. Only Andrea Feldman, who portrays the distraught saturnine daughter of the film's nominal heroine, seems to act with an intensity that is drawn from a core of personal reality. And she committed suicide last August.—*Walter Gutman.*

Troell's Emigrants: *reminder of earlier (and more heroic) Americans.*

THE SPITTING IMAGE

Images (Columbia) won the best actress award at Cannes for actress Susannah York. It should have won an award too for director Robert Altman, for at no time in the history of the cinema has anyone ever done quite so thorough a job of exploring a woman's fantasy life.

Miss York plays the wife of a photographer (René Auberjonois) who is inclined to wear gloves all the time in the house, swear a lot and ignore her precisely when she needs him most. But she loves him, or wants to. It is a desire complicated by the untimely intrusions of two old lovers, both of them French.



As she kisses her husband he all of a sudden metamorphoses into lover René. She screams with terror. Naturally, husband cannot understand. He must surely think she is a bit schizo, but he is one of the all-time great non-communicators, and shrugs it off.

The young couple journey to their lovely home in the country (actually shot in an Irish forest near a breathtaking lake), but that's no escape. René "follows" her there. Not only that, but lover Marcel shows up too—in the flesh. He's a friend of husband and brings his teenaged daughter along to stare as he grabs a bit of surreptitious tit (Miss York's) and whispers in her ear: "Let's go down to the boathouse and fuck." She avoids him as best she can.

And it gets much more complicated before it's through, with the gentle Miss York stabbing Marcel and shooting René. When husband comes home, he is pretty mad about the walls full of bb pellets. "Jesus Christ", he wails, "it looks like somebody was skeet shooting in the living room." Has she gone beyond the bounds, unable to distinguish fantasy from reality? It seems so for a time, but that turns out to be a fantasy, too.

Meanwhile, tra la! she has killed those madding thoughts. She gets in her Jaguar, zips up the mountain homeward bound, only to encounter her own alter ego on the side of the road. She promptly zaps her too, ramming her off the mountain and down a rocky waterfall. Only, it turns out that that wasn't who she put paid to at all.

This is too much of a message picture not to have a message. What is Altman trying to say? Modern psychiatric wisdom advocates a frank facing up to one's fantasies. We all have fantasies, the shrinks are saying to one and all these days, especially to their women patients. Let's enjoy 'em, even share 'em with our real lovers. Probably Altman intends nothing more or less than this and is putting a popular cinematic imprimatur on the whole idea.—*Robert Blair Kaiser.*

Images: *marriage plus memories.*

WORDS

MONKEY BUSINESS

Business is business. Every American knows that. Consequently, when we set out to export our ideals to a screwed-up place like Southeast Asia, we always pick out from the local bedlam the voice of sanity, the man who knows what we know: that business is business.

O.K., he's a gangster, but at least every gangster is a businessman, even if every businessman is not a gangster. In Southeast Asia, however, business turns out to be heroin. Preoccupied with anti-Communism, our government has persistently and knowingly abetted those Southeast Asians, from heads of state to poppy farmers, whose business is supplying heroin to American addicts. At least, that's the way it looks in a book called *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia* by Alfred W. McCoy, a Yale doctoral candidate who had the help of two other doctoral candidates, Cathleen B. Read and Leonard P. Adams II (Harper & Row, $10.95).

Their chilling conclusion is: "The American people will have to choose between supporting doggedly anti-Communist governments in Southeast Asia or getting heroin out of their high schools." This may sound wildly oversimplified, but it isn't lightly concluded; the book is anything but oversimplified. Its elaborately documented, but quite readable, 450 pages contain not only a full history of the opium trade in the area, but also a world view of the modern heroin scourge, naming names in Marseilles, Hong Kong, New York, and Florida—even telling how to make the stuff.

The chief heroin route of the 1960s from Turkey to Marseilles to New York has declined, and now 70% of all raw opium originates in Southeast Asia, and more and more is being processed into heroin in the area.

The most bizarre feature of the business is that a third of the world's opium supply is controlled by an army of Chinese Nationalists who still fly the colors of Chiang Kai-shek. Long supported by the CIA, they now support themselves nicely by moving opium out of the Burmese mountains.

Says their commandant, "We have to continue to fight the evil of Communism, and to fight you must have an army, and an army must have guns, and to buy guns you must have money. In these mountains the only money is opium."

There speaks the true businessman.

SHORT AND SWEET

"The short story is dead," literary agents tell their authors. Well, the market may be sluggish, but the format is evidently alive and kicking in the hands of some of the most exciting writers around, who find it the perfect vehicle for ideas and entertainment. There is a pleasure in a book of stories, untainted with the oppressive feeling that you must read to the last page, which even a good novel can give you. And there is no better way to comprehend the range and thrust of a writer's understanding than reading a collection of his stories.

Perhaps the most impressive range of understanding in this season's surprisingly rich crop is Donald Barthelme's. Barthelme, whose last collection *City Life* was hailed as confirming the maturity of a major talent, continues in his latest collection *Sadness* (Farrar, Straus, $5.95) to extend his uncanny grasp of the way world views shift in meaning. For example, in a gently entertaining story "The Sandman" a lover sets out to correct the view of his beloved held by her psychiatrist, and reveals to us our half-felt sense that the psychoanalyst is a priest of a religion that has failed. Widely shared and unexpressed feelings about more traditionally religious ideals are similarly realized in "The Temptation of St. Anthony" in which the saint's temptations, far from being the bizarre hallucinations Flaubert provided him with, are the easy temptations of living an ordinary life. Whatever world-picture Barthelme deals with, he always entertains.

Another writer who never fails to entertain is Penelope Gilliatt. However widely she spreads her talent, it is never thin. Her script for the film *Sunday Bloody Sunday* won awards, her film criticism stirs arguments of unexpected passion, and her novels are enthusiastically reviewed. Her stories may be expected to be clever and skillful and a little bizarre. They are. But surprisingly they are not "slick". She has an unsentimental tenderness for her characters that makes them likable. Even a robot in her new collection *Nobody's Business* (Viking, $6.95) is someone you want to know, as he engages in a bumbling personality conflict with his inventor.

RECOMMENDED READING

Murgatreud's Empire by Bamber Gascoigne (Viking, $5.95). Deliciously funny satire about a super-salesman among the pygmies.

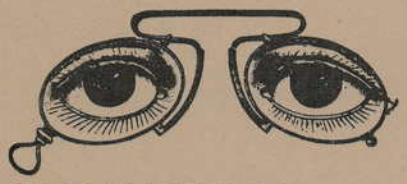
Sunday Driver by Brock Yates (Farrar, Straus, $7.95). For car-racing buffs. Yates, a long-time automotive editor who spent a season in top competition, brings you inside the race world more effectively than any other writer.

The Natural Mind: Another Way of Looking at Drugs and the Higher Consciousness by Andrew Weil (Houghton, $5.95). Brilliant analysis of the deep meaning of mind-altering drugs, which Weil says are "with us to stay".—*Norman Hoss.*

GUCCIONE

VITAL STATISTICS

IM AFRAID MARRIAGE IS OUT OF THE QUESTION, ROGER
WHY? WHAT DID I DO?
OH, IT ISNT YOUR FAULT EXACTLY
BUT ILL MAKE IT UP TO YOU
IM AFRAID WEVE PASSED THAT STAGE, ROGER
NAME IT !! ANYTHING.... ILL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY
ID RATHER NOT DISCUSS IT
IS IT ME, PERSONALLY ?? IS IT MY MOTHER... SHE DOESNT HAVE TO LIVE WITH US... IS IT MY JOB.... MY PAST... MY FUTURE... MY POLITICAL CONVICTIONS ?
LETS JUST FORGET THE WHOLE THING
....MY RACE, MY COLOUR, MY CREED MY COMPLEXION, HEIGHT, WEIGHT, AGE, POSTURE? WHAT IS IT !! MY CAR, DEODORANT, T.V., HI FI, MY HOUSE, FRIENDS, SCHOOL, HABITS, MY ETHNIC BACKROUND, MY HAIR, EYES, NOSE, THROAT, TEETH.....
IT'S NONE OF THOSE THINGS, ROGER
BUT I DONT HAVE ANYTHING ELSE !
GUCCIONE



SOUNDS

The good hurt

It may only be Valerie Simpson's second album (*Valerie Simpson*, Tamla T 317L) but listen. This (sing it) Could Be The Start (a little more spirit now) Of Something Big. Not only can she sing, drawing on styles as various as Diana Ross's breathy sensuality and Mavis Staples' vibrant gospel-edged shout to build an intensity all her own; with Nick Ashford, she also writes and produces some of the best pop music around. She's the composer, Ashford the lyricist for many of Motown's most compelling love songs. The best known were created for the label's most successful sweetheart team, Marvin Gaye and Tammi Terrell ("Ain't No Mountain High Enough", "You're All I Need to Get By", "Ain't Nothing Like the Real Thing"), or for Diana Ross, with whom they've worked as producer-songwriters since her departure from the Supremes.

"It's hard to think of yourself when there are established names right there at your disposal" Valerie says, but in between their work with these and other Motown artistes like Martha & the Vandellas, Smokey Robinson & the Miracles, the Four Tops and Gladys Knight & the Pips, she and Nick have been putting a few choice songs aside for their own use. *Valerie Simpson* is the second collection of hoarded treasures (her first album, *Exposed*, was released last year) and a stunning one.

As with most of their work, the emphasis is on love and its joys and pains, from the explosive exuberance of "Fix It Alright" or "Keep It Coming" to the more delicate irony and bitterness of "Could Have Been Sweeter" or "Silly, Wasn't I". But even a song like the last, (which opens, "I believed in you/thought what you said was true./It didn't occur to me/it was a lie./Ha ha ha/silly, wasn't I?") has an irrepressible brightness that runs just below the surface, coloring the self-mockery and disillusion of the words with a flow of warmth. It is as if the composer were commenting on the mood of the lyricist (Nick) and consoling him with the understanding of her music. This subtle exchange between the two gives even the saddest Ashford-Simpson song a quality she describes as "the good hurt", an irresistible bittersweetness.

Though love songs predominate, the album's showpiece is a two-part state-of-the-world song called "Genius" which closes the set. Part one of this ironical catalogue of man's accomplishments is sung with a rich blend of anger and sorrow, and the only accompaniment, save for the softest underlining of violins toward the end, is Valerie's piano playing. The song in this state is bare and just a little awkward; the lyrics are not quite up to the heaviness of the treatment. But part two gives a glimpse of Ashford-Simpson genius at work. The lyrics have been pared down and sharpened up and what subtlety was lost in the first version is more than regained, but more importantly, the whole tone of the song has been changed by a marvellously textured arrangement of electric guitar and piano, congas and horns, the electricity wah-wahing and reverberating lightly along the song's spine. Ashford and Simpson have taken the two part song and used it to frame a fine piece of art.

There is always something extraordinary about a writer singing her own songs (witness Carole King), and Valerie Simpson opens up her material with an intimacy and grace only she could bring to it. Projected albums include a solo debut for Nick Ashford and another album together. There are also plans to release a live recording of one of the team's rare concert appearances this past summer at Lincoln Center. Meanwhile, Valerie Simpson and *Valerie Simpson* are just too good to miss.—*Vince Aletti.*

Brother love

Pack up the babies and grab the old ladies
Everyone goes, cause everyone knows
Brother Love shows . . .

Neil Diamond struts on stage like a '50s Brooklyn hipster cut from the same cloth as *West Side Story*. While his band plays neo-African rhythms on a varied set of rhythm instruments (guitars, bass, piano, half a dozen kinds of drums) he swaggers to his guitar in tight, jet black pants, guaranteed to titillate. As he steps to the microphone to sing, Diamond is wrapped in a halo of light, the severe features of his face accented by the wreath of dark, curly hair that falls to his shoulders.

He doesn't look like a rock and roll star, and maybe he is not. But when Neil Diamond

PENTHOUSE ALBUM ALL-TIMERS: 100 WAXINGS THAT'LL NEVER WANE

If you rush for the john every time "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" comes on the radio, this is your list. Here, strictly for pop aficionados, is the Penthouse Hot 100 All Time Grooviest Goodies, a roster of the most memorable LP sounds of the last 15 years. Compiled by a plethora of experts, the Hot 100 is an authoritative guide to those golden oldies of yesteryear that still sound just as good today. Few people have all these records, most people have some of them. It would cost $559.87 plus tax to buy them all, according to the national record shop chain Discount Records, so hang up a big stocking on Christmas Eve.

1. *Allman Brothers Band Live At Fillmore East* (Capricorn).
2. *Joan Baez In Concert,* Vols I & II (Vanguard).
3. *Best of the Animals* (MGM).
4. *The Band* (Capitol).
5. *The Beach Boys' Greatest Hits,* Vols I-III (Capitol).
6. *Pet Sounds*/Beach Boys (Brother/Reprise).
7. *Rubber Soul*/Beatles (Capitol).
8. *Revolver*/Beatles (Capitol).
9. *Sergeant Pepper*/Beatles (Capitol).
10. *Truth*/Jeff Beck Group (Epic).
11. *Trout Mask Replica*/Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band (Reprise).
12. *Best of the BeeGees* (Atco).
13. *Chuck Berry's Golden Decade* (Chess).
14. *James Brown Live At The Apollo* (King).
15. *Retrospective*/Buffalo Springfield (Atco).
16. *Paul Butterfield Blues Band* (Elektra).
17. *The Byrds' Greatest Hits* (Columbia).
18. *Johnny Cash at Folsom Prison* (Columbia).
19. *Bayou County*/ Creedence Clearwater Revival (Fantasy).
20. *The Ray Charles Story* (Four Records) (Atlantic).
21. *Derek and the Dominos*/Eric Clapton (Atlantic).
22. *The Coasters' Greatest Hits* (Atco).
23. *Ascension*/John Coltrane (Impulse).
24. *Fresh Cream*/Cream (Atco).
25. *This is Sam Cooke* (RCA).
26. *Green River*/CCR (Fantasy).
27. *Crosby, Stills & Nash* (Atlantic).
28. *I Feel Like I'm Fixin' To Die*/ Country Joe and The Fish (Vanguard).
29. *Sketches of Spain*/Miles Davis (Columbia).
30. *Detroit*/Featuring Mitch Ryder (Paramount).
31. *The Best of Neil Diamond* (Bang).
32. *The Legendary Masters Series*/ Fats Domino (United Artists).
33. *The Doors* (Electra).
34. *The Drifters' Greatest Recordings* (Atco).
35. *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan* (Columbia).
36. *Highway 61 Revisited*/Bob Dylan (Columbia).
37. *Blonde on Blonde*/Bob Dylan (Columbia).
38. *Pictures At An Exhibition*/Emerson Lake & Palmer (Atlantic).
39. *First Take*/Roberta Flack (Atlantic).
40. *Kiln House*/Fleetwood Mac (Epic).
41. *The Four Tops' Greatest Hits*

Simpson: *angry—but not really*

opens his mouth to sing, he commands the stage.

Room gets suddenly still
And when you'd almost bet you could
hear yourself sweat
He walks in
Eyes black as coal
And when he lifts his face
Every ear in the place
Is on him.
Startin' soft and slow
Like a small earthquake
And when he lets go
Half the valley shakes . . .

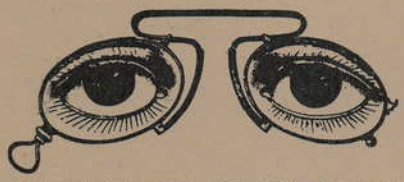
If Neil Diamond didn't know that "Brother Love's Travelin' Salvation Show"—which is surely the biggest hit among the dozen or so he's had—described himself perfectly when it was written, he does now. When he sings it, he is transfigured.

He possesses a sense of drama which is both soap opera and classic tragedy at the same time. Each of his songs reflects it, from the rhythmic sensibility of his mid-'60s rock hits to his increasingly "pop" songs of recent years. Each song—"Cherry Cherry", "Kentucky Woman", "Solitary Man" from the earlier period, "Song Sung Blue", "Holly Holy", "Brother Love", "Cracklin' Rosie" from the latter—is so overstated that if his performance slipped a bit, Diamond would be ludicrous.

He has made a bundle in the six years since he recorded "Cherry Cherry"—a rock Lolita with a "Twist & Shout" backbeat—mostly from the publishing of his songs. He signed a

Diamond: *ludicrous—but not quite*

(Motown).
42. *Aretha Franklin Gold* (Atlantic).
43. *Superhits*/Marvin Gaye (Tamla).
44. *The Gospel Sound,* Vols I & II (Columbia).
45. *Workingman's Dead*/Grateful Dead (Warner Bros).
46. *Are You Experienced*/Jimi Hendrix Experience (Reprise).
47. *Live at Monterey*/Jimi Hendrix & Otis Redding (Reprise).
48. *A Rock & Roll Collection*/Buddy Holly (Decca).
49. *Chester Burnett (also known as Howlin' Wolf)* (Chess).
50. *Jackson Five's Greatest Hits* (Motown).
51. *Jefferson Airplane Takes Off* (RCA).
52. *Surrealistic Pillow*/Jefferson Airplane (RCA)
53. *Cheap Thrills*/Janis Joplin with Big Brother & The Holding Company (Columbia).
54. *Pearl*/Janis Joplin (Columbia).
55. *Live at the Regal*/B.B. King (ABC).
56. *The Kinks' Greatest Hits* (Reprise).
57. *Led Zeppelin II* (Atlantic).
58. *Original Golden Hits,* Vols I & II/ Jerry Lee Lewis.
59. *The Best of the Lovin' Spoonful* (Kama Sutra).
60. *Grooviest 17 Original Hits*/Little Richard (Specialty).
61. *Kick Out The Jams*/MC5 (Elektra).
62. *Miracles: From the Beginning*/ The Miracles (Tamla).
63. *Blue*/Joni Mitchell (Reprise).
64. *Moby Grape* (Columbia).
65. *Days of Future Passed*/Moody Blues.
66. *Astral Weeks*/Van Morrison (Warner Bs).
67. *12 Songs*/Randy Newman (Reprise).
68. *Nilsson Schmilsson* (RCA).
69. *Umma Gumma*/Pink Floyd (Capitol).
70. *50 Golden Award Hits,* Vol I (three records) Elvis Presley (RCA).
71. *Salty Dog*/Procul Harum (A & M).
72. *Best of Otis Redding* (Atco).
73. *Aftermath*/Rolling Stones (London).
74. *Between the Buttons*/Rolling Stones (London).
75. *Let It Bleed*/Rolling Stones (London).
76. *Hot Rocks* (two-record hits sampler)/ Rolling Stones (London).
77. *Leon Russell* (Shelter).
78. *Abraxas*/Santana (Columbia).
79. *Paul Simon* (Columbia).
80. *Bookends*/Simon & Garfunkel (Columbia).
81. *Bridge Over Troubled Water*/Simon & Garfunkel (Columbia).
82. *Sly and the Family Stone's Greatest Hits* (Epic).
83. *Every Picture Tells A Story*/Rod Stewart (Mercury).
84. *Supremes' Greatest Hits* (Motown).
85. *The Natch'l Blues*/Taj Mahal (Columbia).
86. *Temptations' Greatest Hits* (Gordy).
87. *Them* featuring Van Morrison (London).
88. *Traffic* (United Artists). (N.B. Their second album.)
89. *River Deep, Mountain High*/Ike & Tina Turner (A & M).
90. *Martha & the Vandellas' Greatest Hits* (Gordy).
91. *Loaded*/The Velvet Underground (Cotillion).
92. *Greatest Hits*/Dionne Warwick (Scepter).
93. *Best of Dinah Washington* (Roulette).
94. *McKinley Morganfield* (also known as Muddy Waters) (Chess).
95. *Tommy*/The Who (Decca).
96. *Who's Next*/The Who (Decca).
97. *Hank Williams' Greatest Hits,* Vols I-III (MGM).
98. *The Yardbirds' Greatest Hits* (Epic).
99. *After the Gold Rush*/Neil Young (Reprise).
100. *Fragile*/Yes (Atlantic).



contract late last year with Columbia for several million more—this despite the fact that his Uni contract had two years to run. Yet he is ready to throw it all away, to move to the south of France and write African-influenced classical music. It is a move steeped in naivete, but Diamond—perhaps he alone in popular music—might be able to pull it off.

He has already written one of rock's very few successful orchestral pieces, "The African Trilogy" (the second side of his *Tap Root Manuscript* LP). "Trilogy" works, because it concentrates on the roots of the r'n'b and gospel tradition in which Diamond has nurtured his songs—highly percussive, choral, relying more on drums and voice than strings and horns.

Another of his songs, "Holly Holy," evokes the almost Jesuitical fervor of his delivery:

Call the sun in the dead of night
And the sun gonna rise in the sky
Touch a man who can't walk upright
And the cave man, he gonna fly.

If Neil Diamond can really convince his audience he is able to work this sort of magic (and the signs are he can) whether or not he is a genius doesn't matter. Like Jesus Christ prior to being dubbed super-star, he won't have to bother with such silly questions as that. He'll just get it on and get it over with.—*Dave Marsh.*

Nilsson: *bad taste, good spirit*

The Son also rises

Harry Nilsson can do anything. That's his strength. There is no such thing as a "Nilsson sound". Harry does it all—blues, calypso, country, hard rock (a recent manifestation, which really only began with his last album), ballads, love songs, schmaltz. He can be sweet and oh-so-smooth; he can kick the jams out of a bank safe. He can croon and scream; he wails and he moans. He supplicates. Begs and blasts. And, yes, he crawls on his belly like a reptile.

Harry's seventh album, *Son of Schmilsson*, is a sequel to his sixth, the fantastically popular *Nilsson Schmilsson*. The same ingredients are present in both, but this time there's a more than slightly perverse twist. Nilsson, the character Harry has created for himself, is more playful on *Son* than he has been since his hand-crafted TV cartoon show and album, *The Point*. On *Son of Schmilsson*, Nilsson becomes Dracula. Harry is obese, his pop stardom full blown.

"Without You", which cried from every radio and record store last winter, sold a million copies of *Nilsson Schmilsson*. It also gave Harry the second hit he'd been looking for since "Everybody's Talkin'", the theme song from *Midnight Cowboy*. (Ironically, neither song was written by Harry, who first earned his reputation as a songwriter. The former was written by a member of Apple's Badfinger and one of the Beatles' former road managers; the latter by Fred Neil.)

Son of Schmilsson, like its forerunner, is a thematic album, in the tradition of *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. Cuts run together, a reprise of a song from side one turns up on side two, loose associations are apparent from one cut to the next. There's even the compulsory rendition of an old hit: "Let the Good Times Roll" on *Schmilsson*, "At My Front Door" on *Son*.

Perhaps the most distinctive track on the new album is "You're Breaking My Heart". You could call it a blues. Try this as a first line: "You're breakin' my heart/You're tearin' it apart/So fuck you . . ." It's kinda blunt. Harry also throws his hat into rock's bad taste movement with "I'd Rather Be Dead". It's about the virtues of being stiff, as opposed to being senile. The back-up vocals are supplied by a senior citizens choir. A pretty, multi-melodied song ends the album. "The Most Beautiful World In the World" finds coy Harry crooning: "Tell her she's beautiful, roll the world over and give her a kiss . . . and a feel."

Harry can do anything, as we said. The question *Son of Schmilsson* asks is, can he get away with it?—*Mike Shain.*

PRESSING IMPRESSIONS

Never A Dull Moment—Rod Stewart (Mercury). Not as good as his last, merely because it does not contain a single song so striking and powerful as "Maggie May", his multi-million seller of last summer. But the new album does contain everything Rod can do well, and in abundance. Particularly brilliant are his interpretations of Dylan's "Mama You Been On My Mind", his own "True Blue" and "You Wear It Well", and the Etta James r'n'b ballad, "I'd Rather Be Blind". Lyrically, musically and in every other way, one of the finest albums of the year.

St. Dominic's Preview—Van Morrison (Warner Bros). There are few weak moments here, and the first of two ten-minute songs, "Listen to the Lions", finally begins to unravel the astounding web Morrison wove with *Astral Weeks* in 1969. There is, as well, the patented Van Morrison scatting and soul singing. A masterwork from a master.

Long John Silver—Jefferson Airplane (Grunt). The Airplane, it seems, live in a wonderful fantasy world, peopled with both science fiction and religious icons. They ought to—theirs was the first recorded music to come out of psychedelicized San Francisco. *Long John Silver*, their second release on their own label, is not as good as their earlier work, but it matches the success of *Bark*, their last one, and if you liked that, you'll enjoy this one too.

Rock & Roll Resurrection—Ronnie Hawkins (Monument). This album has been described (in *Creem*) as "Willie and the Handjob" and that about sums it up. It's coarse, crude and tough. Hawkins, the man who discovered The Band (they were the Hawks when Bob Dylan found them, taking their name from half of his), always makes good records. He's been doing it for nearly 20 years and there's no reason to stop now. He hasn't.

THEM, featuring Van Morrison, lead singer (Parrot). A brilliant repackaging of what must surely be the most evocative albums of the mid-'60s, *Them* and *Them Again*. Contains "Gloria", without which no rock party of the last ten years has been able to survive and a myriad of other classic gems which spotlight Van Morrison at his most primitive and vital.

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ROCK IS SEX

by Sam Sutherland

That music turns out to be all about just what Mom and Dad always feared it might be

Photographs by E. Landy (Magnum) / Bob Gruen

Bowie (opposite), Turner (left), Joplin (below), Hendrix (bottom)

Take one: long fingers, strong and smoothly tracing long, trembling, rhythmic lines along the shaft, the meter steady as each fingertip dances lightly against the surface.

Her body is strong, dark. The lips are broad, curling slightly away from her teeth as she brushes her mouth against the tip. Taut neck gleams in the dim light, shimmers of shadow rolling across her skin damp with sweat. Husky, half-growling, she moans with each stroke, talking, half-singing, always on the edge of a lonely, animal cry.

"I want you to . . ." The pause is long, full and she moans softly once again, wordless demands. Finally: "Give it to me."

To no one's surprise, the tension builds. Intensity of each finger along the shaft, the forefinger lifted slightly away from the surface, nail gleaming. Her mouth still flashes from pain to pleasure as her body tightens, head rolls slightly back, eyes closed, still pumping.

Tail-end of the surge, and she tightens one hand convulsively around the shaft and rips off the tip in one long slashing motion.

Right on the beat.

It's not a bird, it's a microphone stand, and she draws back, growling into the mike, body rippling in the lights as the band sets up a blinding flare of bright

chords and her husband's guitar snarls cruelly behind her.

The woman is Annie Bullock, a/k/a/ Tina Turner. The song is Otis Redding's "I've Been Loving You Too Long," pared down to primal possibilities by Tina and her husband, Ike.

Mrs. Turner fondles microphones frequently, in many American cities and towns, wielding that shaft like a divining rod in search of an erotic response from thousands of paying customers. She is not the only woman who strives for that effect, but she is easily the best.

Take two: He's a few pounds heavier, the chest and arms thicker from working out at home, lifting weights, practicing karate. A strapping dude-prince, he simply appears stronger than ever, vaulting across the stage with a surprising grace that in no way challenges his intense, grass-roots macho.

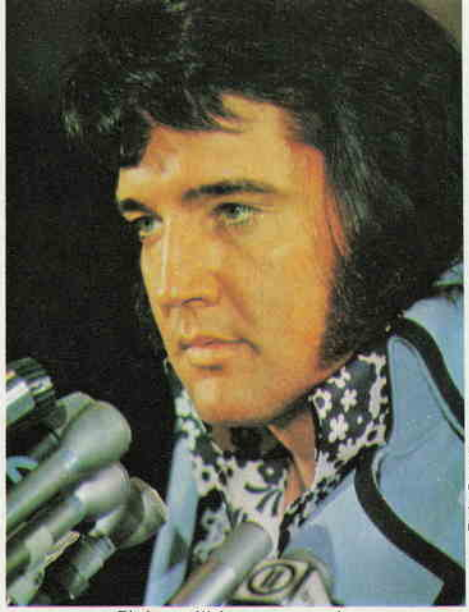
The hair's longer, darker, the sideburns no longer thin but now spreading darkly down to the edge of his jaw. And his costume: the suit's a real charmer, evoking that same sense of shit-kicker elegance one normally reserves for Roy Rogers. White boots, white jumpsuit open to the waist and properly tight against all those muscles; trousers and jacket both accented with chevrons of hammered brass (or is it gold?) that are only slightly less butch than the studs on a biker's leather; finally, the long, trailing scarf, one of several he'll wear tonight, and that massive belt with its broad gold panels linked together and gleaming like a marquee above the place where the bulge is supposed to be.

Somehow, the idea of Elvis Presley at 37 ought to be vaguely embarrassing, especially in light of our supposed preoccupation with the Youth Culture. But Elvis *isn't* taking it too far, he's still strong and fast and just as intense, and he smiles easily, slightly detached yet hardly ironic.

The concert has been paced like the Normandy invasion, and the man gains ground with substantially greater ease. Some of the older tunes, the funky ones, along with "The Impossible Dream," some recent country hits, a broad wash of schmaltz cutting across a few of the backing arrangements.

But the women in the stands still respond, and not all of them are suburban housewives trying to recapture the brief, fitful sexual liberation they presumably enjoyed when Elvis first emerged in the mid-'50s. And everybody, man and woman, middle-aged and adolescent, is responding, the cynics suspending their contempt to be frankly engrossed in the man's movement.

At the edge of the stage, his mere presence evokes screams at least as shrill as the old days. And when he circles to the back, to confront the people seated behind the band, the roar



Bob Gruen

Elvis: still in command.

is impressive indeed.

It's Madison Square Garden in 1972, and Elvis Presley is in command, cape furling away from his shoulders to expose a flame-red lining, scarf floating behind him to create the proper Dawn Patrol mystique.

What has drawn 20,000 people here tonight is a cultural phenomenon that first became symbolized as "The Pelvis," and tonight's performance in no way belies the title: when he moves it, the audience trembles with a power that would reflect a strong reading on the Richter scale.

Who knows? Maybe, for once, life really does begin at 40.

Take three: Bathed in veils of colored light, he is slender, angular, but the features are soft and luminous, upright and damn near angelic save for the eyes. Delicately shadowed, the lashes long and separate and darkly perfect against the skin, accenting eyes that gleam with complex pleasure. His pale, bright hair is short, the even bangs echoing the symmetry of his metallic, brocaded jumpsuit and the long, laced boots.

When this spaceman makes music, there is a particularly imposing moment when he slings his pelvis, shuttles his hips, and gradually kneels before his lead guitarist, moving his mouth closer to the man's guitar. And the two men simulate electrified fellatio, then copulation, with the humor of the gesture coexisting with a sincere appreciation for the possibilities of mixed doubles.

The spaceman is Ziggy Stardust, is David Bowie, is a young English artist in his third or fourth musical incarnation. And the alien surrealism of the image, along with the sexual complexity that runs through his music and underlies that performing technique, are the basis of an elaborate, intensive and expensive merchandising campaign by the Radio Corporation of America, the same people who brought you Caruso and Perry Como.

Of course, they brought you Elvis, too. And they succeeded handsomely in merchandising sexual possibilities that were perhaps more startling in the '50s than Bowie's dry-humping seems today.

There are, then, a lot of people trying very hard to make David Bowie the same kind of household word.

You'll be able to buy him just about anywhere.

So, in the early 1970s, it has come to pass that rock'n'roll appears to have revealed itself as precisely what Mom and Dad feared it might be: Sex.

Not entirely. But the sweet, strong taste of sexuality is at the core of rock. That jungle tattoo, the spark that leaps across the synapse, triggering that Old Black Magic that even Mom and Dad really love so well, even if they do restrain it mightily. And, if music isn't always the food of love, it is at least a staple in contemporary life styles that incorporate sexual freedom.

Stylistically, rock owes its energy to rhythm-and-blues, and, building from this base, contemporary music has focused increasingly on sheer primal rhythm. The working relationship between lead melodic voices and the rhythm section anchors the music to the sound interplay of bass and drums. And that pulse, honed to a deft attack, troubled with the slashing textures of an electric sonic vocabulary, moves straight for the viscera at full throttle, abandoning the delicacy of earlier pop romanticism for an explicitly sexual urgency.

As for the preceding series of vignettes, a progression is intentional: Tina Turner embodies the keenest edge of black sexuality, an aggressive sexual awareness expressed through rhythm & blues, the source for rock'n'roll that is now being examined through fresh eyes by rock audiences.

Elvis is the magical connection, one of a handful of performers whose primitive but earnest acceptance of r & b provided the world with rock'n'roll. And rock'n'roll, perhaps even more than the blues, suggests a man's world where sexual fulfillment is a prime goal.

Leading us, in turn, to Bowie and what may well be a key sexual element to the Man of the Future. Bisexuality has become attractive to many, and Bowie's musical and visual personality has been tailored to emphasize that element.

Explicit sexuality isn't the most conspicuous single force in contemporary music. But when it comes, it comes with a power and directness that is staggering.

Rhythm & blues offered a tough, vital reflection of social reality for the black man, and that reality naturally incorporated his sexual priorities. That urgency was blunted by early white

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

JIM BEAM

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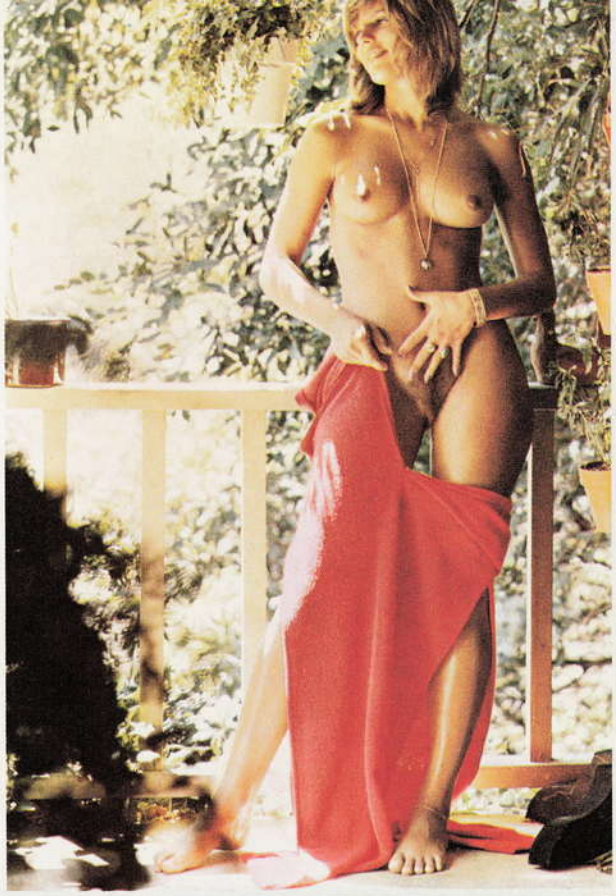
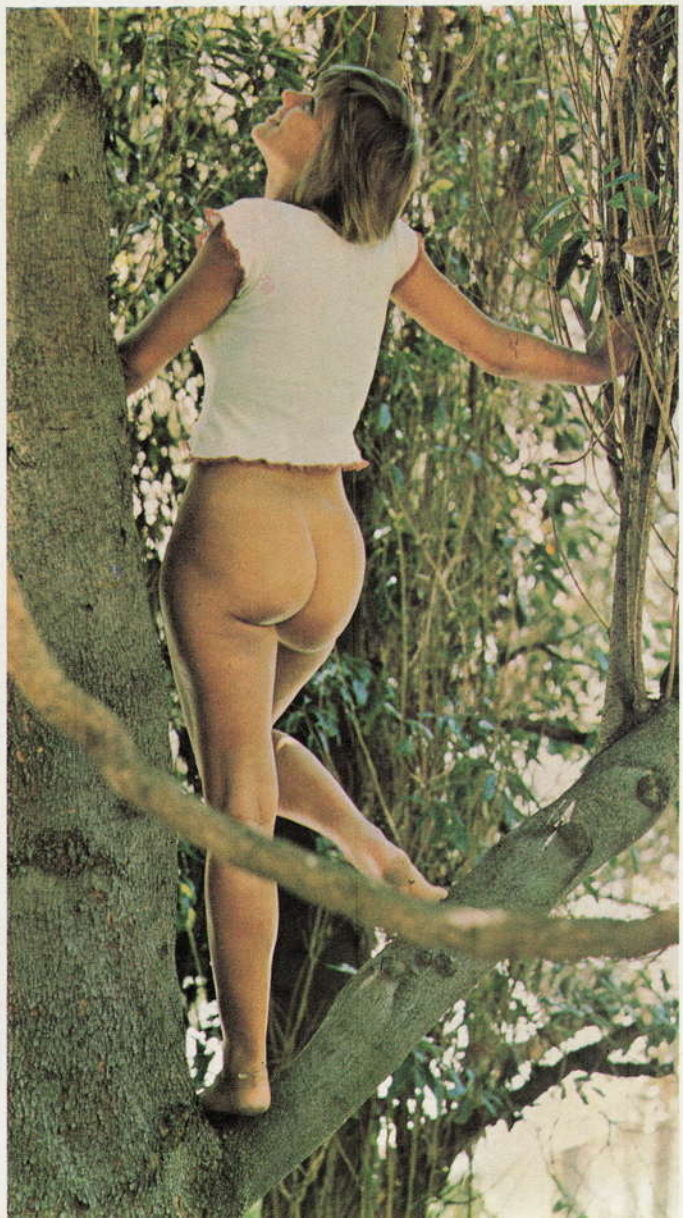
Dutch Treat

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JOHNNY CASTANO

With that unnerving lack of possessiveness that characterizes her Dutch hippie compatriots, the Provos, Diana van Derenter is an ardent subscriber to the concept of "share and share alike". The Provos, you may recall, disturbed both police, public and insurance companies by painting 30 bicycles white and announcing that anyone in Amsterdam who felt like it could use them. "I don't mean that anyone who feels like it can use *me*," says the 20-year-old Mejuffrouw van Deventer, "but I believe in letting people share my friendship, and my time, and not getting uptight about life." The delectable Diana, whose metric statistics convert into a noticeable 36-24-36, is a fashion designer whose work has taken her to England and the U.S. in search of commissions. "I prefer to design sexy clothes," she avers. "Not always see-through blouses and dresses, but tight pants and thin materials that give a subtle suggestion of the body underneath. I like showing a woman's nipples through shiny silk, or her navel through taut cotton. It means you see just as much as you would if she were naked, only with a different texture. Instead of a *flesh* nipple, you see a nipple of shot silk. That's what fashion can do to be erotic and interesting. In other words,



fashion can help a girl to share what she's got." Diana's fashionable philosophy is bringing her a high degree of commercial success, and to celebrate what she calls "a triumph of sex over style", she posed for this pictorial which is a share that's really worth taking stock of.



ROCK IS SEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

imitations of r & b songs that were bleached appropriately to permit their exposure to mainstream America in the early '50s. Hank Ballard, Johnny Otis, Joe Turner, Muddy Waters, Chuck Berry, and countless other blues artistes found their music ravaged in the name of, among other things, profit and decency. Only Berry, Bo Diddley, and a few others succeeded in being heard during the early years of rock'n'roll, while Elvis, Buddy Holly, and Eddie Cochran provided the most potent white music. And that music was still almost infantile in comparison.

Now, however, we find contemporary rock surpassing even the raunch of the ripest club versions of black r & b cookers. Those earlier songs may have been graphic in linguistic terms, but they remained concerned with the most basic of sexual experiences.

Where the blues developed a style of sexual realism, contemporary electric music has moved into realms of sexual experience, real and surreal, that were inconceivable in the back seat of a '53 DeSoto.

Rock is now a platform for nearly all the violent, tender possibilities of sex. Rock generates those ideas with extraordinary variety, ranging from mere narrative commentary to simple, urgent command: sex as central creative metaphor, sex as political action, sex as sensual imperative. Even sex as barbiturate, local anaesthetic, hallucinogen, spiritual language, godhead.

Popular music is the most vital, sensitive barometer of social change. As popular culture in an age when communications technology has provided remarkable possibilities for electronic communion, the impact of music has been central to the life-styles of the last generation. And it has yet to reveal its full effect on the next one.

If sexual liberation has become a tired phrase, it is precisely because the idea has lost its novelty. Rock 'n' roll liberated everyone.

"Why don't you all f-f-fade away?"
—Pete Townshend

Rhythm & blues begat rock 'n' roll, if somewhat accidentally. But rock 'n' roll was supplanted by early '60s pop music styles that were often nearly reactionary in their portrait of Teenism, a dread disease that involved obsessive materialism and, in many instances, relative sexlessness.

Post-war affluence apparently demanded the cleanest of social slates for those who desired acceptance, and sexual behavior was repressed as a theme for pop culture. In England, economic austerity tipped the balance somewhat differently: where American grease had failed to totally transform adolescent lifestyles, the stylish futurism of Mod society, while short-lived itself, was instrumental in the development of revitalized rock styles that would soon appear globally.

The Who evolved initially as a Mod band, attempting to provide an image and style that would capture the bright, abstract elements of the Mod lifestyle. Their music dealt with anarchy, with a sense of bitter alienation that formed the British counterpart to the inarticulate angst of '50s America. The Who were far subtler, however, and sexual behavior was a key detail in much of their earliest music, which examined sexual roles in terms of transvestism, autoeroticism and incest.

"I'm a Boy" described the sexual confusion of an unwilling transvestite, a boy forced to dress like his sisters by a mother apparently obsessed with female roles or, in the very least, with simple conformity. The protagonist wants to assert his manhood in acts of childish rebellion that are violent, masochistic, highly anal.

"Marianne With The Shaky Hands": what they done to a man Pete Townshend clearly understood. That song was the Who at its most deadpan, a lovely vignette of early, intense sexual experience. The hero may dance all night with the dainty ones, but Marianne will provide the real release with strong technique and less than subtle fingers.

Townshend's ability to elaborate on sexual themes through fantasy was perhaps best revealed in "Pictures of Lily," some rather tart shots of the old girl that solved His Childhood Problem. That being the sleeplessness of adolescent sexual awareness. The pictures work fine, for a while. But, when the hero falls in love with Lily, his father has to tell him that Lily died in 1929, which certainly suggests trauma.

Townshend's choice of masturbatory fantasy as coy melodrama is handled with dry skill, but his early work projects sex as elusive, a source of frustration that, when realized, somehow emerges only through lonely, aberrant acts. Townshend's awareness of sexual themes, and his underlying morality, would later be broadened to examine homosexuality, sadism and religious ecstasy in "Tommy," where Uncle Ernie, Cousin Kevin and even Sally Simpson displayed varieties of sexual response.

The Who's music was really the death knell of Mod society, which collapsed even as that band began releasing its first singles. Yet the sexual behavior of both audience and artiste became more vivid as English pop music captured an international audience. And at least one English band offered a far more direct awareness of sexuality in its music.

The Rolling Stones had immersed themselves in rhythm & blues as students. Like many of their contem-

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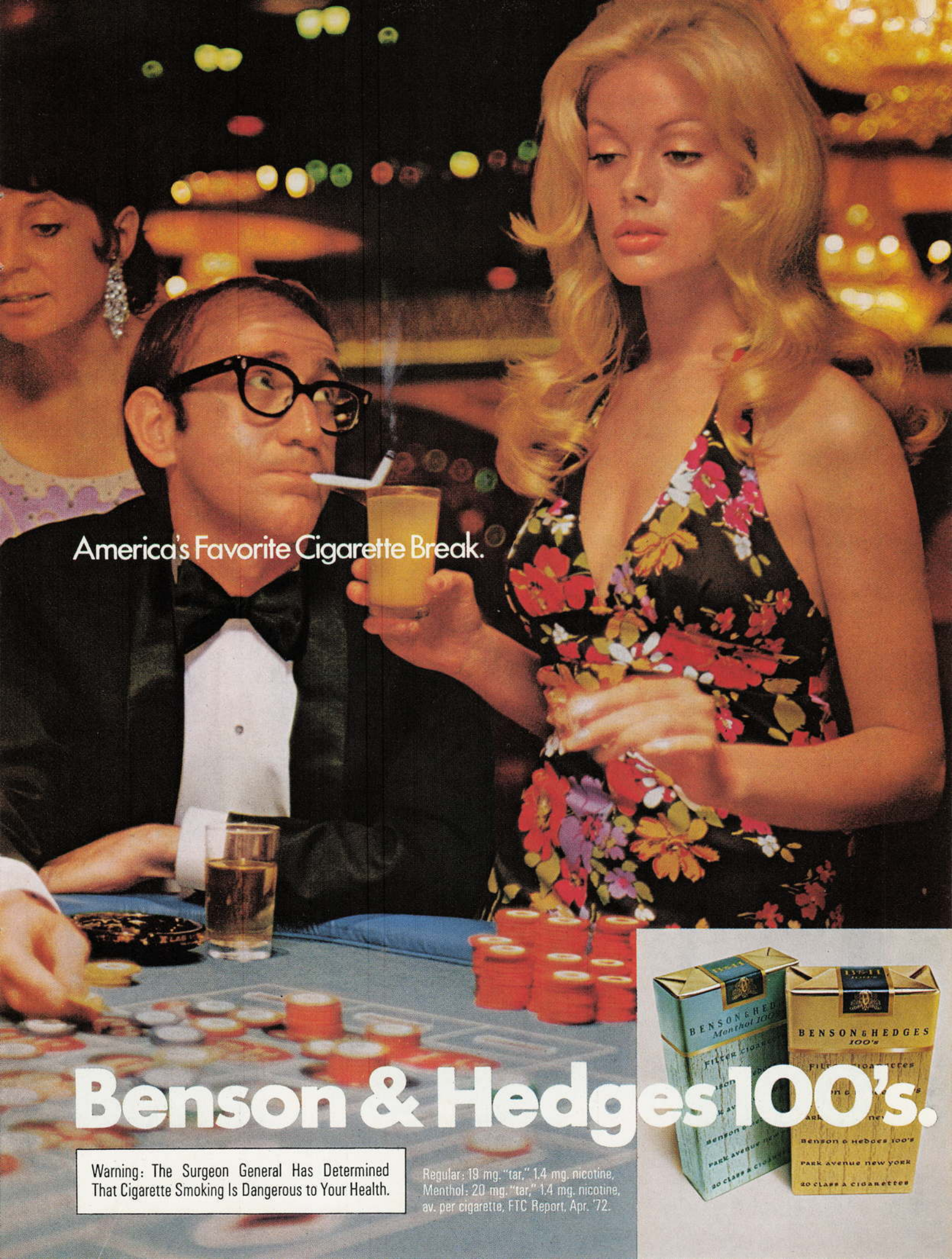
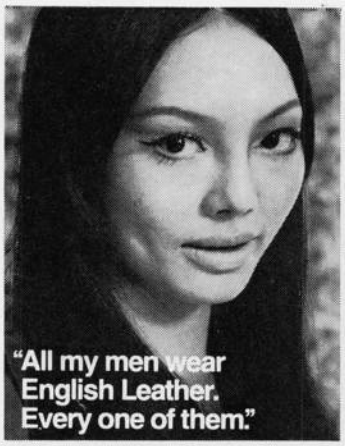
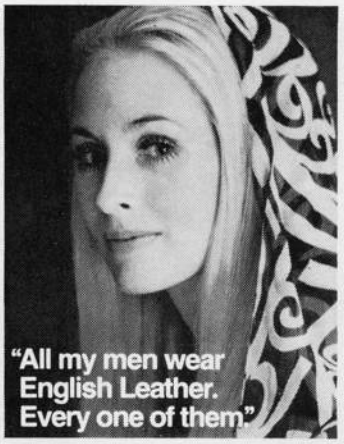
"Excuse me, could you direct me to some spotty vegetation?"

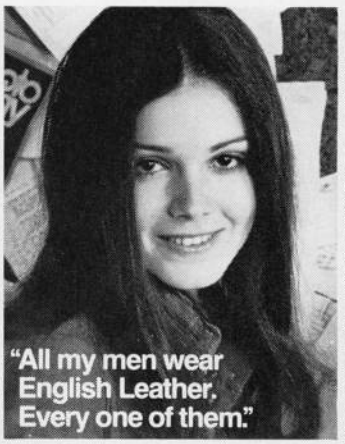


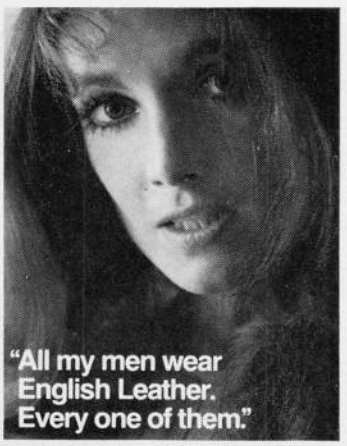
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

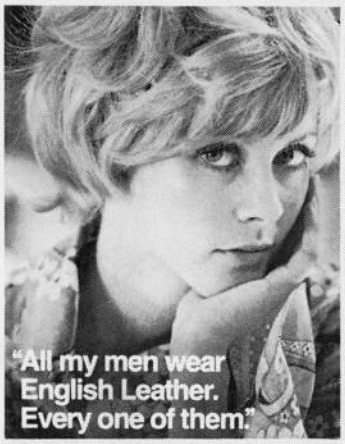
Regular: 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine, Menthol: 20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Apr. '72.



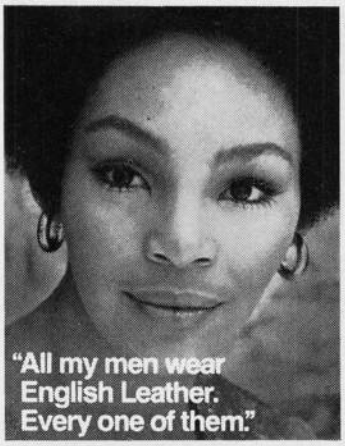


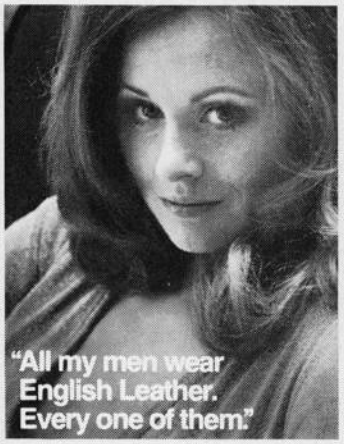




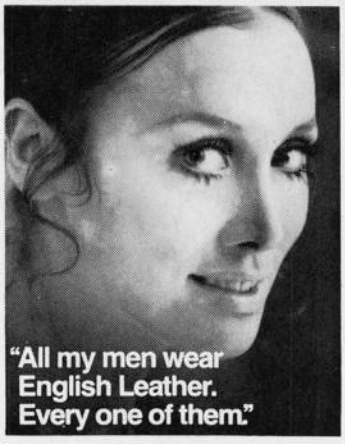


ENGLISH LEATHER COLOGNE, $3.50





LIME AFTER SHAVE, $2.50



GIFT SETS, $3.00 TO $10.00

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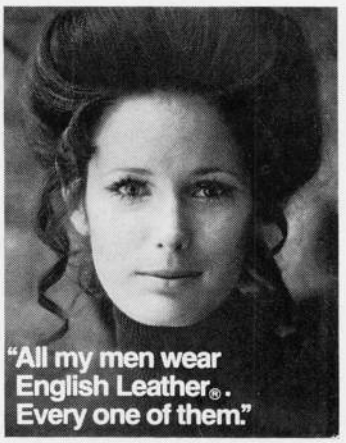

THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE

Conversations with Carlos Castaneda

Illustration by Roger Hane

by John Wallace

In the summer of 1960 Carlos Castaneda sat with a friend in a Greyhound bus terminal in a hot dusty Arizona border town. An unknown and unrecognized 25-year-old graduate student in anthropology at UCLA, Carlos had gone to the Southwest to gather information about medicinal plants used by the local Indians. Waiting in the bus terminal he met the most remarkable human being that he would ever encounter, an event that was to bring him fame and fortune, and shatter all his beliefs about the nature of reality.

The man was a wrinkled, darkened, old Yaqui Indian with a reputation for expertise in the matter of medicinal plants. Carlos struck up a conversation with him about peyote. That conversation was to last for 12 years and culminate in several books that would capture the imaginations of people all over the world. The first of these was *The Teachings of Don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge.* It met with instant success and critical acclaim. The second, *A Separate Reality,* found a large and enthusiastic audience eager to learn more about the ideas of Carlos Castaneda

Carlos, as it turned out, had stumbled on one of the few remaining practitioners of the nearly forgotten art of Yaqui sorcery. The man was don Juan Matus, medicine man, curer, sorcerer, warrior, *brujo*. Not that Carlos was to find this out immediately. It was nearly a year before don Juan took him into his confidence and began explaining the nature of the Yaqui way of knowledge.

In actuality, Carlos was tricked into his apprenticeship with don Juan. As he has explained, nobody gets to be a sorcerer by choosing to be one. The sorcerer must trick the unsuspecting person into accepting an apprenticeship. In Carlos' case, don Juan frightened him by telling him that a woman sorceress by the name of La Catalina was after his life. He appealed to Carlos for help and in this fashion slyly drew the young anthropologist into a world of weird and unexplainable phenomena, of incredible mind-shattering psychotropic drug experiences, of eerie psychological powers, evil forces, spirits, and mysterious ritual.

There is nothing in Carlos' background to suggest that he was destined for such adventures. Born in Sao Paulo, Brazil on Christmas day of 1935, he was raised in the traditions surrounding the family of a South American intellectual. His father was a university professor. Educated in Buenos Aires, Carlos came to the United States as a young man to seek further education at UCLA. He became a naturalized citizen in 1959, and is now in the final stages of completing a Ph.D. in anthropology at UCLA. Although he has spent most of his life in academic circles, Carlos is suspicious of conventional academics. "My father," he has told me, "like most academic intellectuals, never corroborates anything." Truth, to Carlos Castaneda, seems to be something that grows out of direct experience, something that can be verified in the everyday happenings of one's life. He seems distrustful of the abstractions typical of academics. In order for Carlos to accept something as truth, he must see it working in his own life and in the lives of others.

Perhaps this is why his writings have been so well accepted by others. Carlos sticks very close to his actual experiences in his apprenticeship with don Juan. People can relate to his simple accounts of his travels and adventures through the world of Yaqui sorcery. Other reasons for the success of Carlos' work are widespread interest in psychedelic experience, and, more important, the fact that people in technologically advanced societies seem desperately to want to believe that alternative realities are possible for them. Still another factor is Carlos' obvious involvement in the Yaqui way. Violating the fundamental rules of detachment and objectivity characteristic of modern academic anthropology, Carlos gets right in there with don Juan, letting his experiences take him where they will. In short, Carlos not only studies the Yaqui way, he believes it with all his heart. While academic anthropologists may find his adventures with don Juan impossible to believe, Carlos has no doubts. He trusts his experiences. He has lived them.

Carlos believes don Juan when he tells him that he is a crow and that, in time, Carlos will be a crow too. Carlos believes that sorcerers can assume the forms of many creatures, birds, dogs, coyotes, and so forth. He believes that he can now hold conversations with animals, that sorcerers can perform astonishing acts like climbing vertical waterfalls by wrapping tentacle-like fibers that protrude from their abdomens around rocks and other means of support, and that sorcerers can, at will, change the world about them in seemingly miraculous ways. He believes that spirits of all kinds are ever present about us. He has seen *allies.*

In the system of Yaqui sorcery, allies are "spirits," "forces," "powers," other than human agents that the sorcerer seeks to harness and put to use in his own life. Carlos says: "allies are really nothing to be afraid of. They are forces. Just forces. Neither for nor against." But then he seems to contradict himself: "But look out when you are alone in the sticks in the dark. It is not safe. You must be very sure of what you are doing. Especially at the edge of steep precipices where the ally will pop out in front of you suddenly. These falls you hear about—these are no accidents."

Carlos is filled with advice on how to deal with the allies. "One should never gaze directly at an ally. Otherwise, it will be all over for you. Kaput." It is best to scan the ally quickly with rapid movements of the eyes, never allowing one's vision to come to rest directly on it. Carlos told me of coming across an ally in a parking lot on the UCLA campus. It had assumed a form rather like a shining crystal. It was on the pavement near the front wheel of his car. Carlos said that he refused to acknowledge its presence. He simply eased into his car and drove rapidly away. On another occasion, he encountered an ally in the form of a student as he made his way to the commons for a quick snack before class. "Until you are ready to deal with the ally," Carlos warns, "ignore it."

When Carlos talks of allies, he sometimes jokes about them outrageously, and seems to make fun of the whole business. But one senses that the joking is rather like whistling in the dark. There are times when Carlos' *terror* is unmistakable. One does not need much imagination to sense the horror that lurks in a reality populated by spirits that can assume any shape and "pop out at you" on the edge of precipices and other dangerous places. How frightening it must be to be completely uncertain about the people who come into one's life by chance. If you believe in allies as Carlos does, what eerie thoughts must flash through your mind when a stranger comes to your door or stops you on the street to ask directions.

There are times when Carlos' uneasiness is evident. I have watched his eyes when he is surrounded by the large groups of admirers who follow him about campus. He seems constantly to be scanning the persons about him, his attitude alert and watchful. He has rarely appeared to me to be relaxed and at ease in the company of others.

I understand Carlos' apprehension as I too was afforded a quick glimpse into the world of allies. In fact, it was one of these that caused me to seek Carlos out. Though I was thoroughly fascinated by his writings and found them filled with a haunting beauty and rich perception one does not normally encounter in the writings of academic anthropologists, it was an experience with what I thought was an ally that took me to Carlos. Since Carlos was teaching at the university where I teach, it was an easy enough matter to locate him. I drew a sketch of the ally I had seen and went to his undergraduate class at the University of California at Irvine. My first meeting with Carlos was last spring. And it proved to be a very weird meeting.

I went to the place where Carlos was to be lecturing, but when I got there he was nowhere to be seen. The huge hall was overflowing with students but Carlos wasn't there. A female anthropologist was lecturing in place of Carlos. I asked if any of the students around me had seen him that day. Nobody had. I scanned the lecture hall but I really didn't know what he looked like. The only description I had to go on was that of a friend, who said: "Carlos looks like a Cuban waiter. You can't miss him." Unfortunately, everybody looked like Cuban waiters that day except the ladies. I gave it up and leaving the lecture hall headed across campus to my car. On the way, I thought: "OK, this is proof. You are not to get together with Carlos Castaneda. It wasn't meant to be. You've had a clear message. Get

in your car and split." As I reached for my car door, an *image* came into my mind seemingly out of nowhere. I saw a chubby, little, dark-haired man dressed in a conservatively cut, brown suit leaning back in a chair against a post on the deck of a coffee shop clear across campus. He was in conversation with a student.

I walked back across campus, through the coffee shop and out onto the deck. As in the image that flashed through my mind, perfect down to the last detail, I saw the scene that I've just described. I took a seat to the right of the man and the student and watched them out of the corner of my eye. I became aware that the man was watching *me* out of the corner of *his* eye. The student left after a few moments. The man in the chair turned toward me full face and broke into a welcoming grin. I walked over to him and said: "You're Carlos Castaneda, right?"

He said: "Yes. Sit down. Sit down."

I said: "I knew you'd be here."

"That's good," said Carlos.

Carlos was pleased to find that I was a member of the faculty of social sciences. However, he seemed a bit ambiguous when he said, "a psychologist, huh?" I quickly glossed over that identification since I wasn't sure which way Carlos turned when it came to psychologists. But he seemed to warm up to me quickly. He said, "You are interested in *seeing?*" I said: "Yes Carlos, I am. I mean I think I've already started." I showed Carlos the sketch of the ally I had drawn. Carlos gasped and said very seriously: "Oh my, it's one of those weird things!"

"What weird things?", I asked.

"It's an ally," Carlos said slowly. "Yes, it has the feeling."

I told him where and how I came to see it. Carlos listened sympathetically. He said: "I can teach you what to do when this happens."

I said: "I ignored it."

"Good," said Carlos. "You did the right thing. Don't look at it. Ignore it. But you must come to see me. We will have a nice lunch. Maybe some Mexican food. We'll have a good lunch."

"Carlos," I said, "I'm really not seeking anything. I have had a spiritual benefactor for five years now."

"Five years," said Carlos. "*Si.*" He studied me closely.

"Power has a way of finding power," he said. I laughed. Carlos laughed too. He said: "I feel finished inside these days. Empty. There is no more. There is no more for me to do. Do you know what I mean?"

I said, "Yes," even though I wasn't sure. "I feel finished too," I said, wondering what I actually meant.

"Anyway, John, we'll go for a nice lunch. Where is your office? I'll come see you." I gave him my office number and phone. We agreed to meet for lunch.

I went home. My wife Ruth said: "Did you meet Carlos?" Ruth was enrolled in Carlos' graduate seminar and was well informed about yaqui sorcery.

"The sorcerer's world is one of weird and unexplainable phenomena, of incredible mind-shattering psychotropic drug experiences, of eerie psychological powers, evil forces, spirits, and mysterious ritual."

I said: "Yeah I did. Anyway, he wants me to be a sorcerer."

"Get out of here, you idiot," she laughed. "You and your silly fantasies. Honestly, John, sometimes I think you really are totally freaked out." She stopped and considered me carefully. "John," she said slowly and deliberately, "are you really *serious?*"

"Well maybe I am," I said. "Maybe that's really what I ought to do. Go to Mexico with Carlos and be a sorcerer's apprentice."

"Good Lord," said Ruth. She thought about it for a few minutes and then: "And what do you expect me to do while you're running around Mexico being a sorcerer with Carlos?"

"Oh, it wouldn't be too long. Maybe a month or two. I'd just go down there with Carlos and kind of get into it for just a little while to see what it's all about. Maybe I could even get to meet don Juan."

"He won't take you to see don Juan," she said. "Carlos says that he is not allowed to tell anybody where don Juan lives. It's an absolute law of Yaqui sorcery."

"Well, maybe I can meet him when he comes to L.A. to visit Carlos," I said.

"Don Juan won't go near L.A.," said Ruth. "Carlos was going to bring him to L.A. once. They were in the car about 50 miles from town when don Juan said, 'Stop the car. Turn around. I'm not going in *there*. Too many evil spirits.' The vibrations of L.A. freaked him out!"

"You're putting me on," I said.

"Ask Carlos, yourself," she said. "That's what he told us in class today. Carlos turned the car around and they drove back to Mexico."

Anyway, for some reason or another, I was suddenly fascinated with Yaqui sorcery, don Juan, and Carlos. I rushed up to campus the next day for my appointment with Carlos. Since he had a reputation for dressing conservatively and, moreover, looking a bit askance at unconventional dress, I got myself all duded up in a sportscoat and tie like I wear when I have to go to traffic court. I waited around my office and around Carlos' office from 11 in the morning until one in the afternoon. Carlos didn't show for the luncheon. I called his teaching assistant, Rosemary Lee. "Carlos split for Mexico this morning," Rosemary said. "He's got to see don Juan immediately. I don't know what it's about. There are some questions he's got to have answers for right away. Anyway, don't worry about his missing lunch with you. He does it all the time. He never shows up when he says he's going to."

I went out to lunch with Ron Sukenick, a novelist friend of mine whom I found waiting outside Carlos' door. Ron said: "How come you have a luncheon appointment with Carlos? I have a luncheon appointment with Carlos."

"Forget it Ron," I said. "Nobody's got an

appointment with Carlos. He split for Mexico. He had to ask don Juan something."

On the way back from lunch, I bumped into Carlos on the elevator. I nearly jumped out of my shoes. "Carlos," I shouted. "I thought you were in Mexico." Carlos said, "I am in Mexico", or maybe he said, "I was in Mexico," or maybe even, "I was going but didn't." The thought flashed crazily through my head, "maybe he's in Mexico *and* in the elevator." I was so astonished that I didn't know what to say so I said, "Gee Carlos, I'm sorry I missed you for lunch."

Carlos said: "I waited in my office with the door open from 11 o'clock until well after one." I stared at Carlos in utter disbelief. I had been to his office five times checking to see if he was ready to go to lunch. The door was closed and I'm certain that my loud banging would have aroused even a sleeping ally. Carlos continued, "But we *must* talk, John. We have much to talk about."

"OK, Carlos," I said. "But I really do need to talk with you and soon. Some weird stuff is beginning to happen. If it's OK with you, I'll just start coming to your graduate seminar."

"But of course, John," Carlos said. "By all means. Come to the graduate seminar. We'll have plenty of time to talk."

I went to Carlos' graduate seminar for the remainder of the year and listened to what Carlos had to say. And Carlos had a lot to say.

"My apprenticeship is ended," Carlos began. "There is nothing more that don Juan can teach me anymore. I have all the units of description that the sorcerer needs to proceed by myself. Don Juan, you see, was concerned with giving me another description of the world, another way of seeing, another reality. But I must do it by myself now."

I knew that Carlos had paid his last visit to don Juan in May of 1971. He seemed to consider that visit the last of his apprenticeship. At that time, some truly astonishing things had happened to him. He arrived at don Juan's house to find him in the company of his friend, don Genaro, another Yaqui sorcerer. Don Genaro immediately confronted Carlos with an incredible action. Laughing so hard that he almost went into convulsions, don Genaro lay on his belly on the floor and began moving his arms with a swimming motion. Carlos was amazed to see don Genaro begin to move and glide about the room on his belly as though he were actually on a large skate board with wheels! Don Genaro laughed uproariously as he moved quickly and smoothly about the floor around and about don Juan and Carlos. When confronted with the incongruous antics of don Genaro in the past, Carlos had attempted to explain them away. This time, he held his rational impulses in check and simply stared dumbfounded at don Genaro gliding smoothly about the floor. Carlos considered this an important event since he was convinced that if he resisted the attempt to explain away don Genaro's act, he would "come to see."

With don Genaro's "swimming" over, don Juan told Carlos about the "cubic centimeter of chance". Every person, sorcerer or not, has a cubic centimeter of chance that will "pop out before his eyes" when least expected. The average man is ignorant of this. But not the warrior who is ever alert and waiting. Call it what you will, "luck," "good fortune," whatever, the fact remains that it will pop out before you "like a stick" inviting you to "pluck it". Carlos stresses this attitude of waiting. The sorcerer waits for the rabbit to come to him on the hunt. He waits for the rattlesnake to pop out of his hole. He waits for the women that he will need for protection to come to him. The sorcerer or *Brujo*, as Carlos says, must be alert and ready to capitalize on the cubic centimeter of chance.

Don Juan also told Carlos that don Genaro would make his car disappear. Don Genaro said that he could do it and, in fact, he had already done so. The three of them walked out of the house to examine Carlos' car. Carlos was dumbfounded to find that the car was nowhere to be seen, yet don Genaro had never left don Juan's house. He searched the area where he had left it in total disbelief, growing more disoriented by the moment. Don Genaro and don Juan clowned outrageously. Laughing heartily, don Genaro poked around under rocks as though he expected to find the car under one of them. He and don Juan teamed up to move a large boulder with a stick, leading Carlos to believe that the car would be there. Finally, don Genaro made a kite of his hat and, having tied a long string to it, ran down the hill flying the kite-hat behind him. Carlos said that don Juan told him to watch the kite and not to take his eyes from it. Precisely at the spot where the kite fell to the ground, Carlos' car appeared. Carlos said he raced to the car to examine it in detail. He heard don Juan shouting behind him. "Don't stare at the car, goddamnit! Stop the World!"

It is both easy and difficult to convey precisely what don Juan meant. If the person you are trying to explain it to senses that his reality is not the only possible reality and that all realities are merely *descriptions*, then it is easy. But if the other person shies away from the possibility of multiple realities and hence, multiple descriptions of the world, then it is difficult. In truth, the notion of stopping the world is *the* central idea in the sorcerer's system of beliefs. Carlos himself says: "I used to think that the psychotropic drugs were the important part. I no longer believe that. They were only an aid. Don Juan told me that everything he taught me was a means for stopping the world."

Whether we realize it or not, each of us carries about with us a description of the world. We constantly interpret the world in terms of this description. It is this flow of interpretations that must be interrupted if we are to grasp the nature of a separate reality. A technique for "stopping the world," then, is any set of circumstances so alien to this flow of interpretations in our heads that it literally stops this world of description. And when we have succeeded in stopping the world or more correctly, our everyday description of it, then we are in the position to finally *see* it. "In order to see the world," says Carlos, "we must first stop doing it." He means, of course, we must stop doing our description of the world.

Carlos says that the most important activity one can learn is called *not-doing*. To "not-do" another person, for example, is to refuse to employ the usual description of them. It is then according to Carlos that we will really *see* them. Don Juan says that when you stop doing other people, you will finally see them as they really are. Underneath it all, everybody looks exactly the same. They look like luminous eggs.

As don Juan explained to Carlos, all of don Genaro's actions—swimming about the floor and making the car disappear—were his way of forcing Carlos to stop the world and see. These acts were so alien to Carlos' normal description of the world, he was forced to stop doing his description. Don Juan told him that he thought Carlos had finally succeeded. Beginning with don Genaro's incredible act of swimming, Carlos was now able to *see*. There was nothing more that he could teach Carlos.

There was a curious air of suspended disbelief in the graduate seminar room. The students *wanted* to believe these and the other incredible accounts that Carlos gave of his adventures with don Juan but they seemed embarrassed in their believing. There was a lot of tense laughter. They often tried to come up with rational explanations for what had happened. Several psychiatrists who came regularly to the seminar talked about "projection," "known actions of certain psychoactive drugs," and even the "ascending reticular activating system of the brain stem". Carlos said, "perhaps," and "that's interesting," and so forth, and then went on to talk about hunting rattlesnakes with don Juan, talking with coyotes and other interesting things.

Carlos told of how he encountered a "bilingual coyote". When Carlos asked, "How are you, little coyote?" the coyote answered "I'm all right, and you?" Carlos said that the coyote was bilingual because it also said such things as "Que bueno," mixing up English subjects and verbs with Spanish conjunctions and exclamations. Carlos said, "It is unthinkable that I would talk to a coyote. Inconceivable. But obviously it is possible. It is even possible to talk to a *chicano* coyote, one that is bilingual." He laughed at that and watched the class with obvious humor.

Carlos continued: "The world is nothing more than the descriptions that have been pounded into our heads since we have been children. Don Juan gave me a different description of the world. I accepted his description and once I changed from my description, I changed my perceptions. I could

CONTINUED ON PAGE 139

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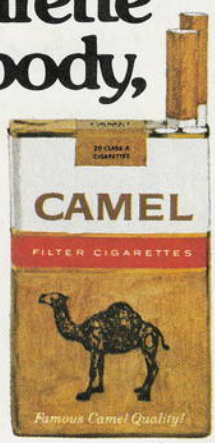

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When Michael woke up on the beach he was wrapped in a green army blanket and he could hear the lap of surf. "On the beach," he thought, but coming or going he did not know. Nor how he had got there, except for a vague memory of a night-time auto ride over water rippling with moonbeams broken by the silhouettes of tall palm trees and low white motels. The sun was in his eyes, which hurt from dryness and signalled warnings of general dehydration. "Water," he thought. "Water everywhere." He sucked his teeth, suspecting bad breath. Michael wished he had a Coke, and the wish took away his energy and put him back to sleep.

Ten months ago he had been sent home from Vietnam in a blue canvas restraining jacket with his arms tied across his chest and a blank expression on his face. The jacket was more or less a formality since, before being put on the plane for Seattle, he had been pumped full of enough intravenous tranquilizing agents to keep him in turnip-like repose for several days. Michael had tried to murder his platoon sergeant. It was several hours after coming in from patrol one day. The sergeant was sitting under a tree writing a letter when Michael ran at him with a large rock in his hands and tried to smash his head.

THE RETURN OF ONE SOLDIER

Acid's supposed to be good for sex, isn't it?" he asked. "Oh baby," the girl told him, "it's the best" . . .

Fiction by William Kloman

"Miller," he said. "I've come to kill you."

Sergeant Miller looked up. "Yeah, well," he said. "That's a lot of bullshit." He dropped his notebook and hurled himself at Michael, smashing him into a stack of ammunition crates. Then he punched him in the face until he was unconscious. The murder attempt was a serious misjudgment on Michael's part, for Miller outweighed him by 50 pounds and was much stronger too.

The source of Michael's agitation lay some 12 miles up a jungle trail from a village known as Blue Duck 4, where Miller had relayed orders to Michael's fire team to destroy several mud and straw huts suspected of harboring Viet Cong sympathizers. One of the huts turned out to be occupied by an old Vietnamese lady who reminded Michael of his grandmother in St. Louis. When he saw the old woman running about with her hair and clothes on fire, but curiously not screaming, he decided that Miller would have to die.

If only the sergeant had showed some form of remorse, or even taken responsibility for making an unfortunate mistake in the line of duty, but he had not. On the way back from patrol, Michael took the matter up with him.

"We should have checked the hooches. Right, Sarge?"

"Orders was to burn 'em, not check 'em," Miller said.

ILLUSTRATION BY GRAHAM McCALLUM

"We wouldn't have killed the old woman."
"I didn't see no old woman," Miller replied.
Michael felt a shaft of anger go through him.
"Bullshit," he said.
Miller looked straight ahead.
"I didn't see no old woman," he said.
So Michael tried to kill Miller and was sent home in a bag.

The treatment at a private hospital near St. Louis seemed to drive his obsession with the problem of Miller and the burning grandmother deeper into his mind rather than alleviate it. Emerging from electro-shock therapy, Michael sometimes thought he and Miller were the same person and wondered if his assault had not in fact been a poorly remembered suicide attempt. Other times Michael imagined that he, Miller, and the old Vietnamese woman were contemporary incarnations of the Holy Trinity—the woman with the flaming hair the Holy Spirit who burns with the light of perfect knowledge. Michael never mentioned his fantasies in the chaotic post-shock therapy sessions in which his fellow patients spilled orange juice on their laps and struggled to recall their names. He was able to show enough surface improvement to qualify for release after 10 months of treatment, but inside his head the confusion grew ever more severe.

Michael woke up again to find the dryness in his mouth much worse. He rose, shook out his blanket—which he folded and laid carefully beneath a palm tree—and padded toward a small wooden coffee shop, where a plump blonde waitress was laying out place settings for the breakfast trade. He ordered scrambled eggs, and sat looking out of a window at the ocean. He saw a thin, well-tanned girl of about his own age crossing the beach in the direction of the coffee shop. Her long brown hair floated softly behind her as she walked. The girl entered the shop, came directly to his table, and stood smiling down at him. Her hair touched her buttocks when she stood still.

"I was watching you sleep out there," she said, pointing to the beach.

"Okay," Michael said. "Do you want to sit down and have some coffee or something?"

"I've got a motel room just down the street," she said, lowering herself gently onto a chair. "We could go there and you could use my shower."

"That would be nice," Michael said.

"But I have to tell you something first," the girl said. "When I first saw you on the beach, I saw the light shining all around you."

A forkfull of egg hung suspended on its way to Michael's mouth.

"You what?" he said.

"I saw the light shining all around you. That's a very positive sign," the girl replied. "The only other time that's ever happened to me was when I saw Mick Jagger in a parking lot in Los Angeles."

Michael had put a quarter in the Re-Laxer Magic Dream Bed, and his mind drifted away when it began to hum and vibrate. For a moment he imagined he was strapped to the hospital treatment table. The girl from the coffee shop had slipped his jeans down to his knees, and was now somewhere below his waist breathing heavily through her nose.

Known as Speedball Annie, she had lately been evicted from the home of a middle-aged science fiction writer who kept his walled adobe house filled with bizarre house guests. They stayed for free in exchange for such services as rolling joints, cooking meals, and when occasion demanded, balling the host—sometimes singly, sometimes in groups. Annie's eviction made room for a bisexual black flamenco dancer who turned out to have better drug connections.

Annie took off her swimsuit and wrapped herself in a gold motel towel, which she wore like a sarong. She sat with her legs crossed, slowly brushing her hair in front of a mirror. Michael thought that with her tan and her sarong she looked like a Polynesian beauty.

Though very popular in high school, Michael had never had sex with a girl his own age. When he was 16 he lost his virginity to a 35-year-old friend of his parents who lived on a farm in Southern Maryland where he had been sent to spend the summer. On his first try he had come almost immediately. The woman, drunk, grabbed a pair of rose shears and threatened to cut off his penis if he took it out before she told him to: "You do it right, boy, or you'll never do it again." Michael had jumped out of the bedroom window and run off dragging his pants in the dust behind him. The episode soured him on sex for a long time. In Saigon, he had occasionally made it with 12-year-old whores, but only when he was either drunk or stoned.

"You didn't even get a hard-on," Annie said. She was still brushing her hair. "A thing like that can be very demoralizing to a girl. You're not a fag or something, are you?"

Michael pulled off his jeans and sweat shirt, which he had not had off for the four days it took him to hitchhike from St. Louis to Key West.

"I guess I'm not really into it right now," he said. "I'd kind of like to take a shower and get some of this sand out of my hair."

"That's cool," Annie said. "There's a towel in the bathroom."

"I don't want you to think you don't turn me on," he said. "You're really very pretty. I've just been trying to sort some things out in my head. It's not about you."

Annie shrugged her shoulders. "Don't even think about it," she said. "You don't have to ball me if it's such a big hang-up. I'll live."

"It's not like that!" Michael said. "I'd really like to make you. Just give me time to take a shower and we can fuck all you want. I mean it."

"You're really very sweet," Annie said. "I think fate must have brought us together."

"I know you might think it's kind of unusual for a person just out of the lock-up and all not to be horny, but my peter's gotten me into such bad fixes I try not to think about it much. I try to underplay its importance in my life-style, if you know what I mean."

"You didn't escape from prison or anything like that?"

"No. Not prison," Michael said. "But I was in this hospital for crazy people. They tortured me for about 10 months, then they let me go."

"Wow," Annie said. "I was in the crazy house too. For excessive sexual activity as a child." It was true. It had been either that or prosecution on public indecency charges. There had been too many Saturday afternoons spent crouched in the telephone booth of the Arcadia movie house in Boston, while she performed oral favours for young men from the local high school.

"She wrapped herself in a gold motel towel and sat brushing her hair. "I was in the crazy house too," she said. "For excessive sexual activity as a child."

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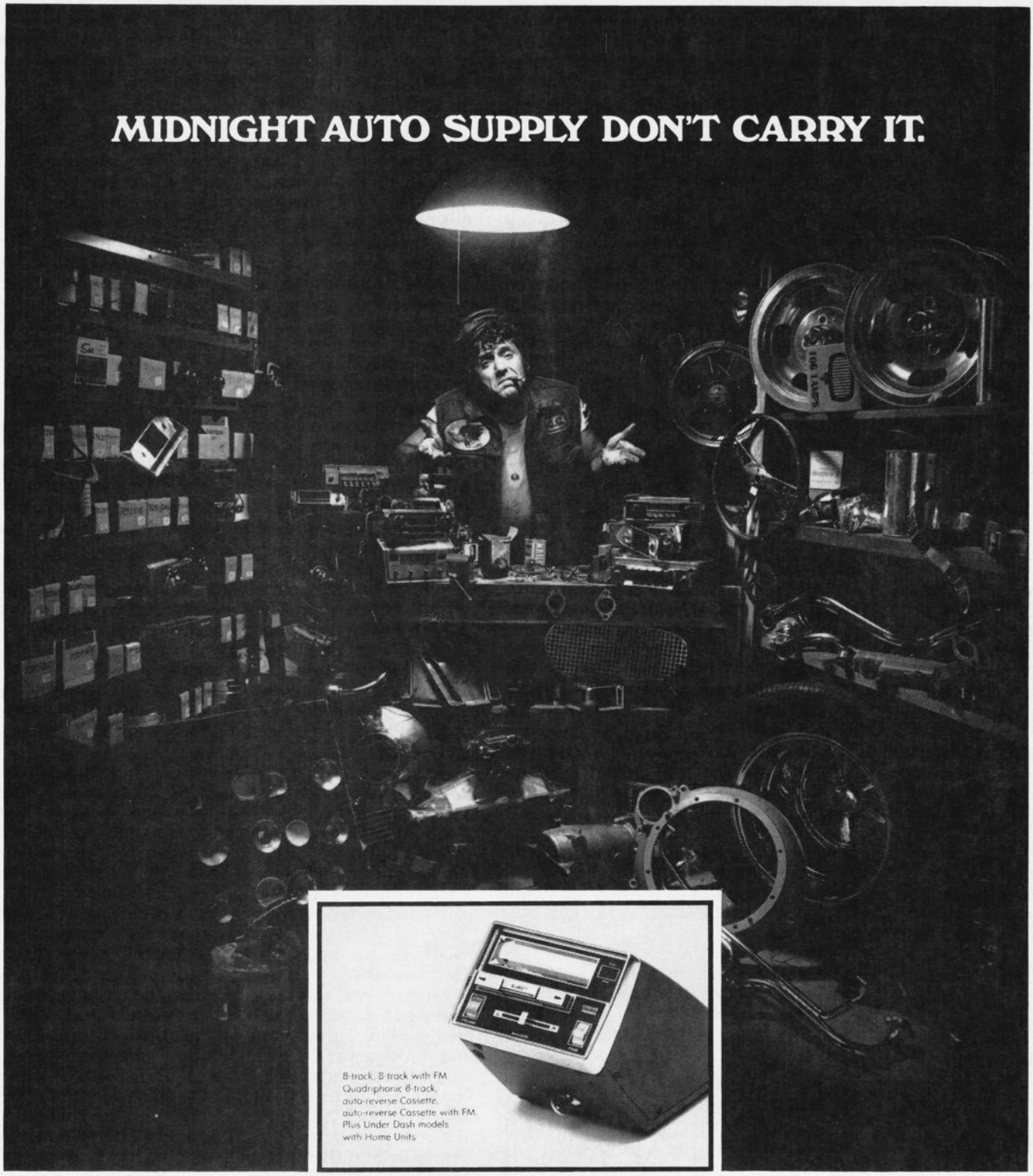
MIDNIGHT AUTO SUPPLY DON'T CARRY IT.



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Annie gave a little squeal of delight. She ran across the room and hugged Michael, nuzzling her face in his armpit.

"Oh, Michael," she said. "You're just what I've always wanted. You're sweet and kind and you have a great body, and you're practically a virgin, I bet."

Michael felt his juices starting to pump. He thought Annie's hair smelled like lotus blossoms, though he had never smelled lotus blossoms before. Annie kissed him on the chest, then went and rummaged through her suitcase. She pulled out a clear glass jar with a lot of pills of different colors and sizes in it.

"Let me tell you something, Michael," she said. "When we have sex I'm going to take one of these pills. It's something I've been saving for a time just like this. I've got one for you too, if you think you'd like it. It's pure LSD, and all I can tell you about it is it will be a completely out-of-sight experience if you've never done it before."

Michael liked getting stoned, but he had never taken any psychedelics before.

"Acid's supposed to be good for sex, isn't it?" he said.

"Oh baby," Annie said. "It's the best."

Michael took a tiny orange tablet from Annie's hand and put it in his mouth. "Why not? he thought. The whole place is practically designed for sex. An air-conditioned motel room with a big bed and clean sheets, and a chick here and everything. The ocean.

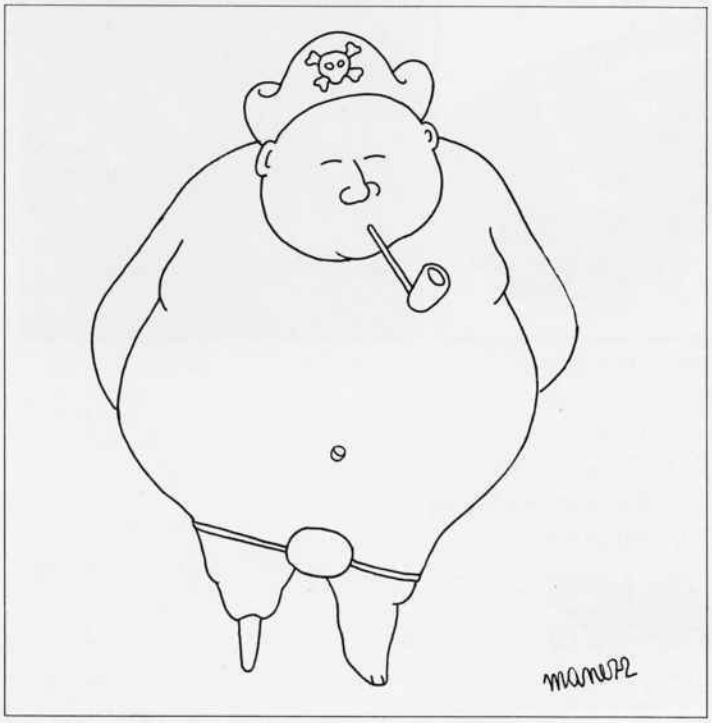
"Kiss me, Mike," Annie said.

Michael kissed her.

"Now go take your shower."

By the time Michael had dried himself after a long soak in the tub the acid had begun to take effect. When he reached for a monogrammed water glass the glass seemed to jump back to avoid his grasp. As he stared at it its contours seemed to undulate. He struggled to focus his eyes, locking the glass in place long enough to scoop it up with a short spastic swipe. As he reached for the cold water spigot, Michael caught a glimpse of a reflection in the mirror, only it wasn't anything he had ever seen before. A thirsty canine face glowered at him from the mirror. A long salmon colored tongue lolled dryly from its evil whiskered chops.

"Can't look there," he thought. "Look at the sink. Something familiar." For an instant the sink was pebbled and mossy like a miniature mountain stream. As the water fell from the tap the pebbles smoothed out to the original white porcelain finish. He hurriedly filled the glass with water and splashed it at the mirror. The wolf went away.



Annie was waiting for him on the bed. Her hair waved softly in the current from the air-conditioner. The floating strands seemed to end in fire. Michael grabbed her by the shoulders, making her exhale her breath in a sharp little woof, then he pressed his mouth so roughly against hers that her eyes bulged at the suddenness of her new friend's passion.

"Mike," she said breathlessly. "You're hurting me."

He started to release his grip on the girl, giving way to a moment of embarrassment at his own unexpected behavior, but Annie quickly grabbed him by the waist.

"Put your tongue in my mouth, baby," she said. "Stick it all the way down my throat and choke me with it." She fell backwards across the bed, pulling him with her and trying to maneuver him on top of her own naked form. He balanced precariously in the air above her for an instant, supported only by his knees, then fell lightly on her, kissing her passionately.

"God damn, you do that good," Michael said.

"Oh, Mike," she said. "Put it in me and fuck me."

The girl's face became a web of spinning diamonds. Her eyes receded into an emerald river. The room around them blazed with neon birds and flowers that changed color as Michael watched. For an instant he thought he saw the frightened brown eyes of a Saigon child whore observing him from the bottom of a pool of water. Then nothing but space lay beneath him.

"Floating," he thought. "Falling."

Images flashed across Michael's mind in a swift series of bright explosions: yellow-white sunbursts, leafy metallic patterns veined in phosphorescent reds, a blue-black void pierced by tiny points of light.

"You're so funny, Mike", Annie said. "You're just so jolly and lovable I don't know what to do. I'm having so much fun I hope Harry never comes back. He thinks I'm a nympho anyway, but he just doesn't know what a drag he can be sometimes."

A six-foot tall Mickey Mouse was nuzzling Annie's throat with a rubbery white snout. She grabbed his round black vinyl ears and shook them. The ears went limp, and she shrieked with joy. She began to feel giddy as Mickey, rolling off her Minnie Mouse belly, began to bounce higher and higher, bounding from ceiling to wall to floor. "Mickey!" she called through cupped hands, her voice nasal like an animated cartoon. "Stop that silly bouncing and come down here this instant and *do* it to me!" She was thrashing about wildly on the bed. "Mickey! Mickey!" she screamed. "Oh God, we're lost!"

Michael was standing naked on the motel balcony. Below him was a swimming pool and a carefully landscaped tropical garden. Pink lights shone on the trunks of several palm trees, though it was still early afternoon. There was no one in sight, and Michael didn't think about his nakedness. He was too involved with trying to force the landscape to keep its form. The motel and the garden dissolved into fragments of light, as if a crystal hammer had struck and shattered concrete reality into a million floating parts. A flash of sexual desire rushed through his thighs and genitals. "Remember this, remember this," he gasped as his body faded into a million luminescent particles, showering sparks of yellow and vermillion through a white void. Somewhere his heart was beating, and it spoke to him in a cavernous whisper. "Remember," it said.

Abruptly the scene changed and Michael was lying on a bed in a brightly lighted room. The room was bare except for the bed. Michael turned on his side and saw his body reflected in a long mirror. The mirror dissolved but the other Michael remained, smiling and reaching out to him.

"It's all right," Michael said. He felt as if he were unlocking the deepest mystery of man's life on earth.

"Forever?" Michael's double asked.

"Yes," he said. Michael's heart was pounding in his ears.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

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He knew he was willing to spend eternity loving this creature that was himself and yet was separate from him. Nothing else made sense. They wouldn't touch for a while yet, and then there would be a timeless ecstasy.

Annie had managed to walk Michael back inside, and was rubbing his temples with a cold washcloth. He had been growling and moaning on the balcony, which Annie was afraid would attract the management. The motel room was in Horrible Harry's name. She didn't know Harry's last name, but everybody called him Horrible Harry, and the image of being horrible seemed to please him. Harry was an AWOL Green Beret and claimed to own a profitable string of bars in Saigon and to have big-time drug connections in Tangier and Marseille. They were due to fly to Bogota together to buy cocaine. He had left Annie in his motel room and driven to Miami to get her a passport from another Green Beret who was an expert forger. He was due back by dinnertime.

If he found Michael passed out in his bed there would probably be a bad scene and Annie would get thrown out and miss her chance to see Colombia. She worked on Michael, massaging his temples. The veins there had become taut like dual piano wires. His mind circled lazily, trying to orient itself. He remembered remembering Annie and the motel room when the garden had shattered into light fragments. Michael could only smile at the crazy spiral his mind was in. He thought perhaps the drug had blown his mind for good.

"Michael," Annie called softly.

"It will take me years to tell her what happened," he thought. "It doesn't matter. God brought her back."

"Mike," she said. "I hate to rush you but you're going to have to get out of here."

"What's happening?" he asked.

"I should have told you before, but I have a kind of a previous commitment that's really important to me." She handed over his jeans, indicating that he should put them on.

"Wow!" he said, "Just like that."

"Oh dear," Annie said. "You've got to understand the way things are with me. This isn't my motel room. It belongs to a friend of mine named Horrible Harry, who is an ex-Green Beret with business interests in Saigon and I promised to go to Bogota with him tomorrow."

"You what?" Michael said. Somehow he had not thought his relationship with Annie would have a time limit on it.

"Bogota," Annie repeated. "The capital of Colombia. Don't be hard on me, Mike. What we had was really great, but plans are plans."

Michael remembered leaving his army blanket on the beach and that, at least, gave him somewhere to go. He got dressed without looking at Annie again and left the motel.

From what he had heard about LSD in Vietnam, he guessed that some kind of amphetamine was mixed with it in the pill Annie had given him. As he walked his visual perspective shifted violently. It was as if he were looking through a powerful zoom lens which kept changing focus so that things which seemed far away suddenly rushed at him. Afraid he would lose his balance, he boosted himself onto a grey stone wall and sat there trying to collect his wits.

A tour bus pulled up to the curb and began to discharge passengers. The tourists walked slowly in his direction. They were no longer separate people, but a single liquid organism oozing and flowing toward him and threatening to absorb him into itself. A door opened in the human river and Michael went through it. He found himself gliding swiftly along into a tunnel of wind that filled his lungs and blew cold air into his eyes and ears. The walls of his skull seemed like a thin parchment shell bobbing helplessly in a ventilated void.

Somehow Michael managed to find the beach where he had left his blanket that morning. Sitting beside his blanket under a palm tree, he stared blankly out to sea. The ocean, which had once seemed to him the vast uncharted Other—the limitless abyss that never failed to soothe his mind in time of trouble—now seemed a teardrop, or at best a pond in which floated debris that men built houses on.

Michael thought of the woman who had threatened to castrate him five years ago in Maryland. He saw her lumbering down the grey gravel shoulder of the state road, where a truckload of field hands buzzed her, leaving dust and catcalls in their wake. The image faded away. The farm boys became foot-soldiers in Caesar's army. With their swords they were hacking through the bodies of German villagers who were defending themselves with awkward leather shields. Blood spurted from severed limbs. The death-agony of the tribesmen became a shrill siren which raced across the sky where it was joined by other speeding columns of sound: churchbells, the violins of a Mozart symphony, the roaring engines of race-cars. The voices of nursery-school children began counting numbers. Michael looked at his hands. "Ten fingers," he thought." Seven digits plus the area code." His hands were glowing a soft green. "The hands of a killer."

The scenario of Michael's life seemed suddenly clear to him. "There are only three," he said. "The father, the lover, and the killer. I am the one who says to other forms of creation, 'Thou shalt not be.' That is my function. I can kill a dozen different ways and I don't even mind doing it. God damn, I did a lot of stuff in Nam. I was in on a lot of real shit scenes."

The words of a nursery rhyme ran through Michael's mind:

Deedle deedle dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his shoosies on.
One sock off and one sock on,
Deedle deedle dumpling, my son John.

Michael wrapped his blanket around his shoulders and sat rocking himself back and forth in the sand. He would go back to the motel, he decided, and Annie would hold him in her arms. Maybe she would sing "Deedle Deedle Dumpling" for him. He couldn't remember why he had left her to begin with. If it was just a matter of retrieving the blanket, it wasn't all that important. He began running toward the motel. As the blanket flapped behind him it seemed to him for a moment that he was being followed by an airborne beast of prey. He imagined himself flying, and when he reached the motel garden he landed on its pebble walkway with a thud, as if he had jumped there from the sky.

He took the steps to Annie's room three at a time, chanting to himself as he climbed: "One sock off. One sock on. One sock off. . . ." He threw open the door, and from inside the room a bright ball of silver light hurled itself at his eyes. In his absence the walls had grown concave, like the inside of a peasant hooch, and covered with Christmas tinsel. Sergeant Miller lay on the floor laughing while an old oriental hag with long white hair made love to him, passionately biting at his body and digging long dirty fingernails into his flesh.

"What a rotten game," Michael said. "What a filthy rotten game."

Miller was on his feet.

"Harry!" the old woman screamed. "It's a kid I talked to on the beach. I don't know how he found me here."

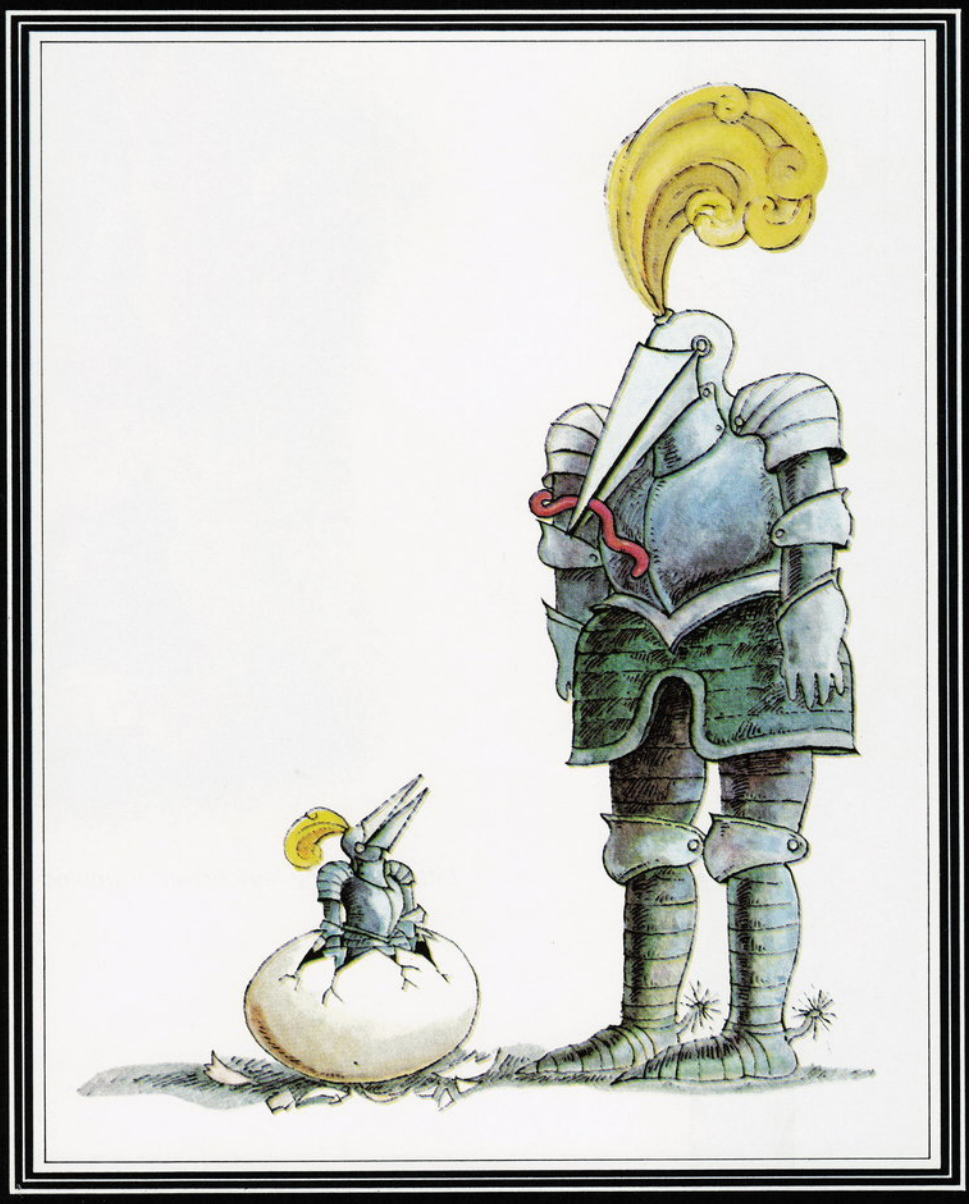
"Get your ass out of here, sonny," Miller said. "I don't know who you are but me and Annie don't want you here."

There was a brief moment of unholy struggle as the forms of Annie and some naked stranger tried to replace Miller and the hag.

"He doesn't seem to understand English," Michael heard a man's voice say, then from somewhere far away a fist slammed into his face, and another connected with his belly, doubling him over in agony before he could think of how to defend himself.

"Harry!" a woman's voice cried, "don't mess his face." Then the door banged shut behind him.

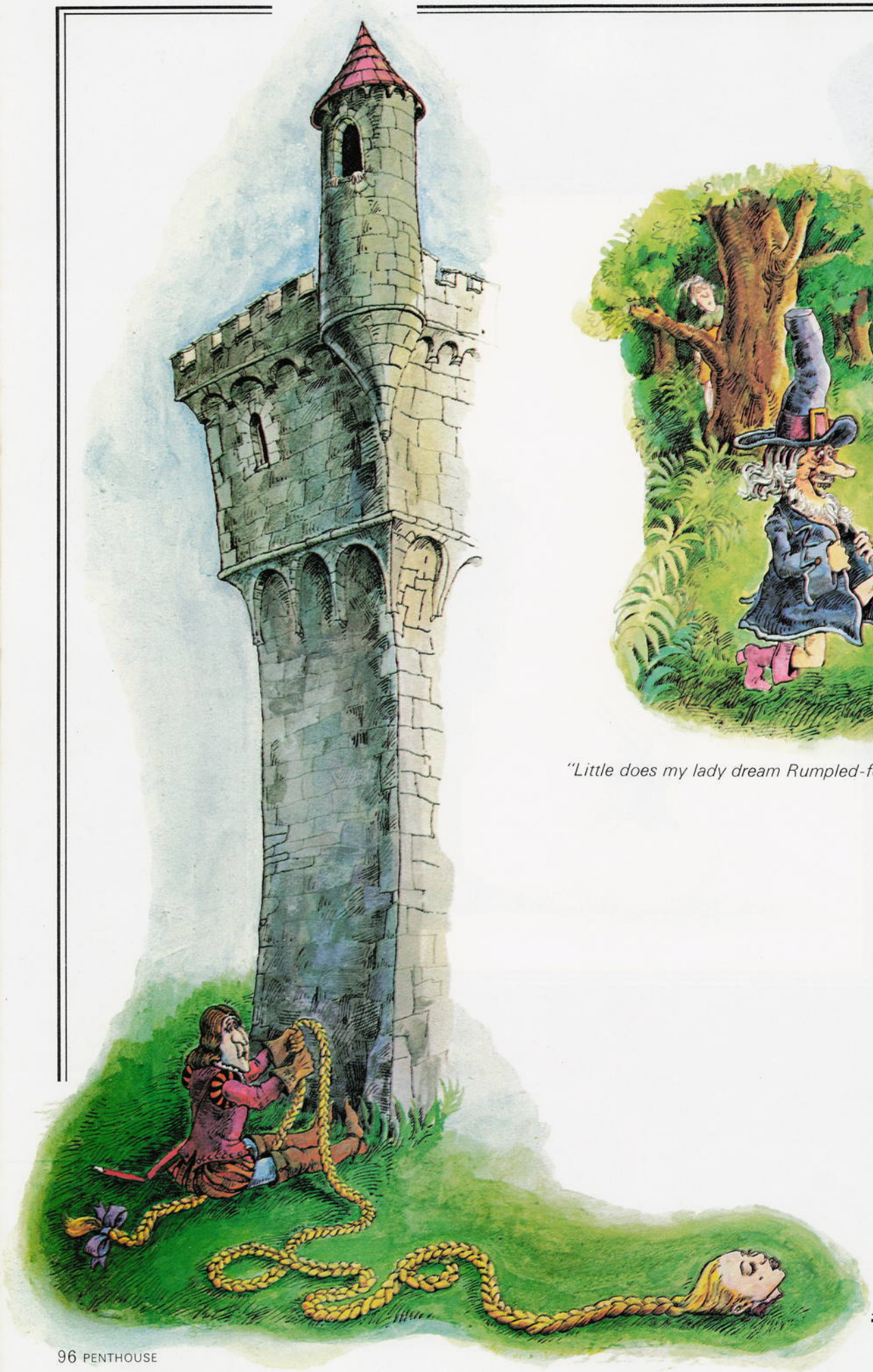
Bolt locks clicked into place and Michael was back on the motel balcony. Emerald vegetation billowed and heaved two floors below. Some sticky substance on Michael's hands began to harden into a brilliant crust of ruby-colored crystals. Michael could see tiny pinpoints of light like distant stars punctuating the space which sucked him toward its center.



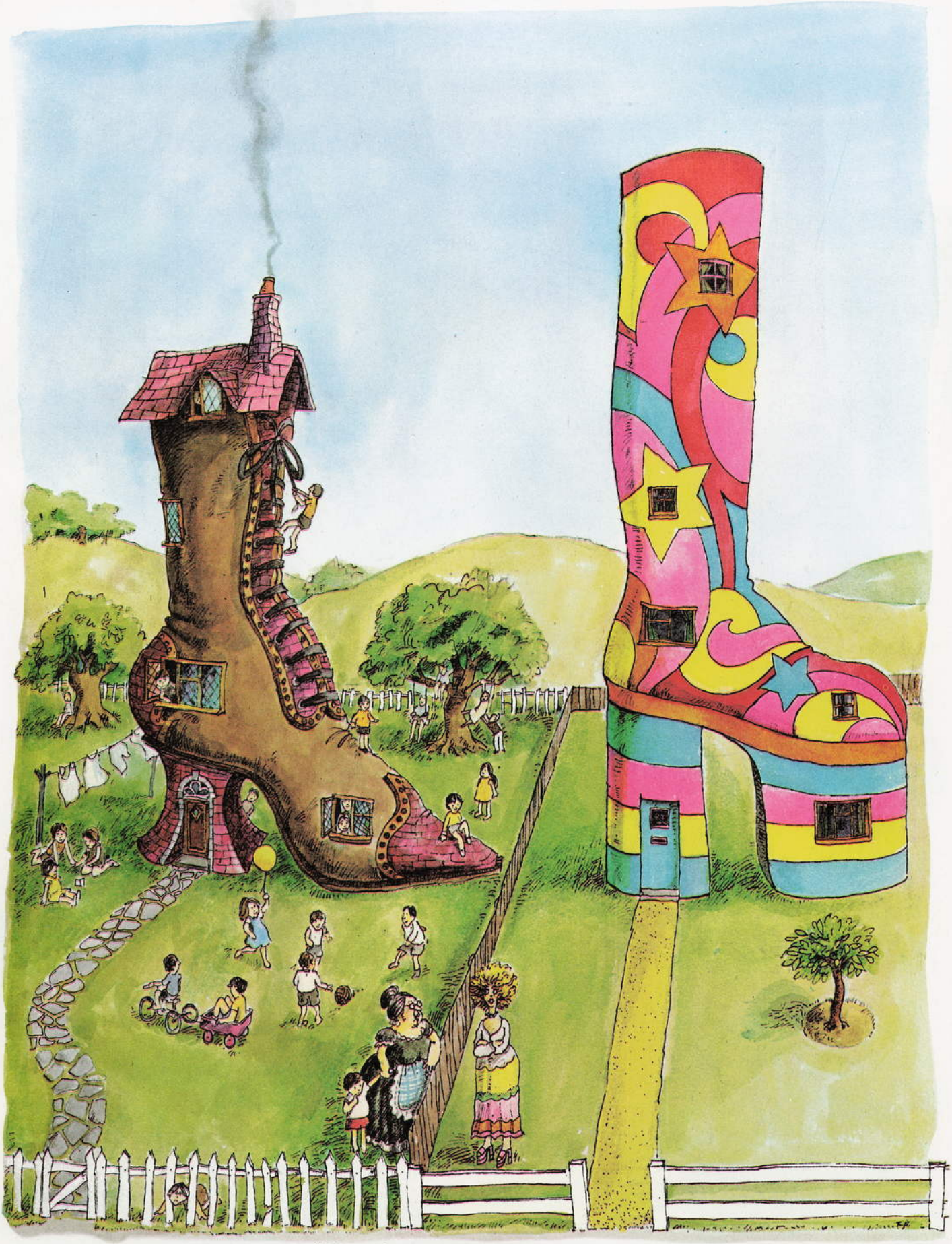
SCARY-FAIRY

New twists for old tales told round the Yule log

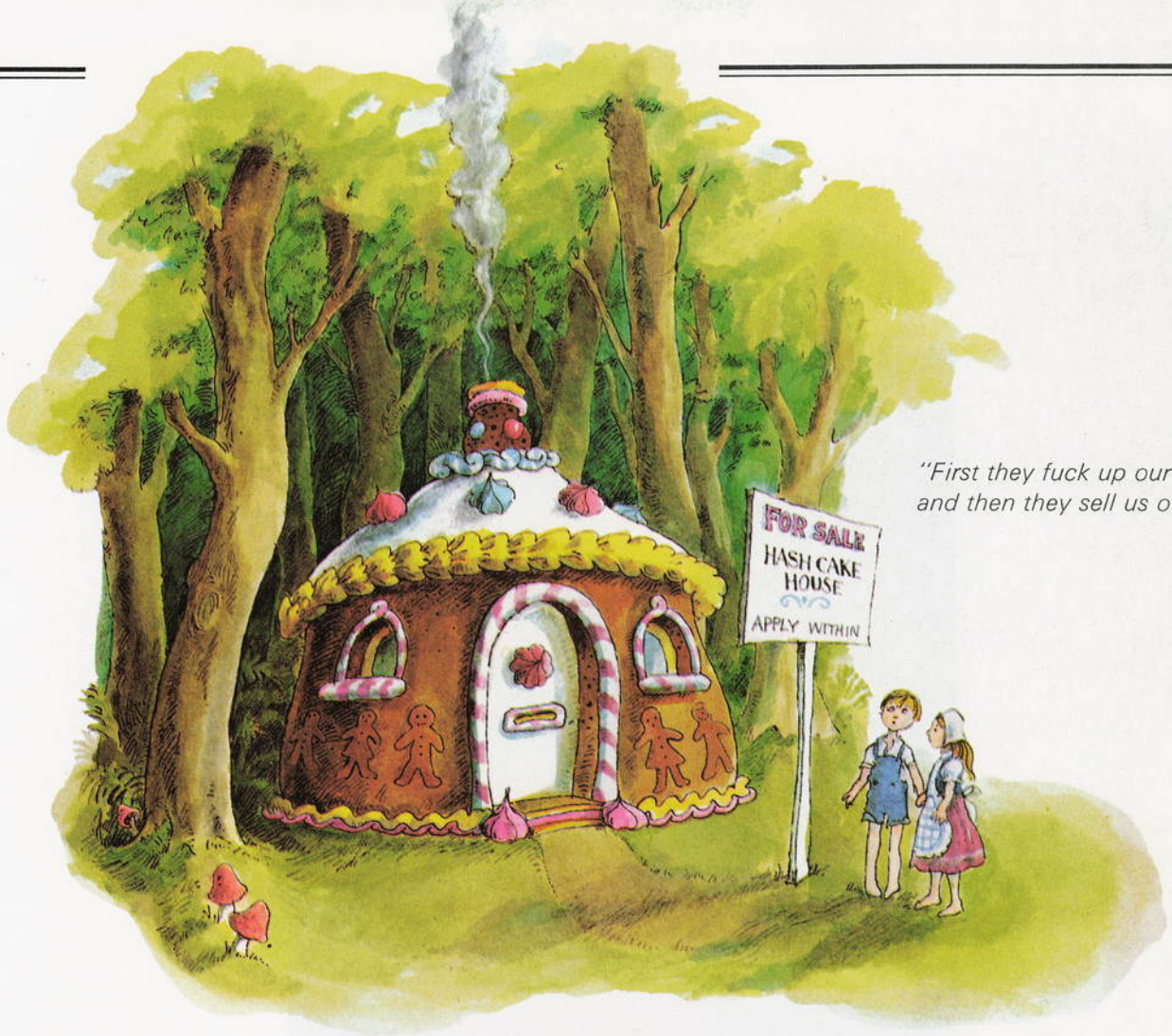
Cartoons by Tony Escott



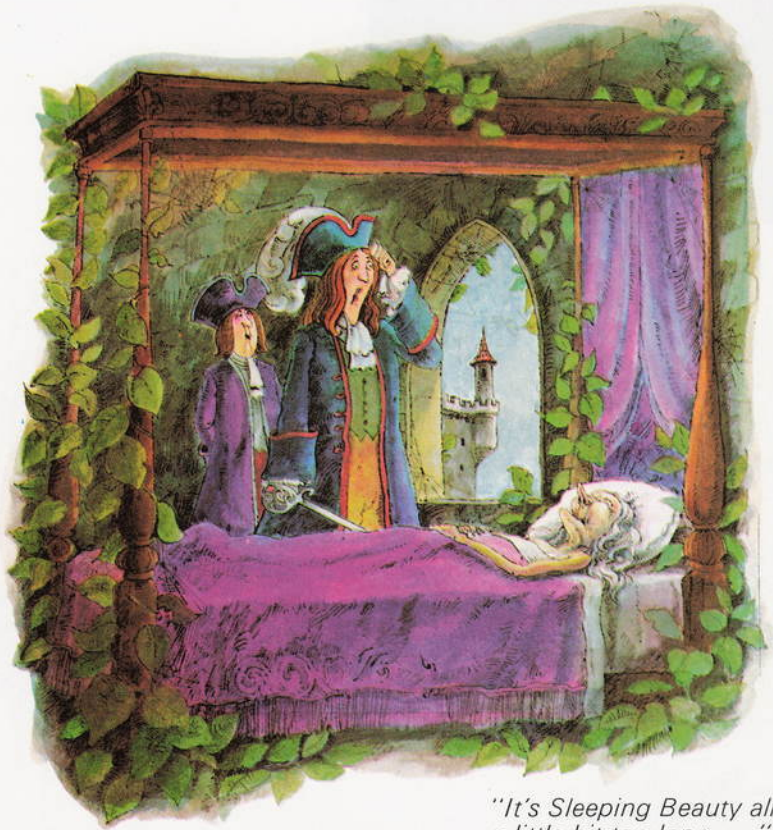
"Little does my lady dream Rumpled-fore-skin is my name."



"They tell me you take some kind of a pill . . .

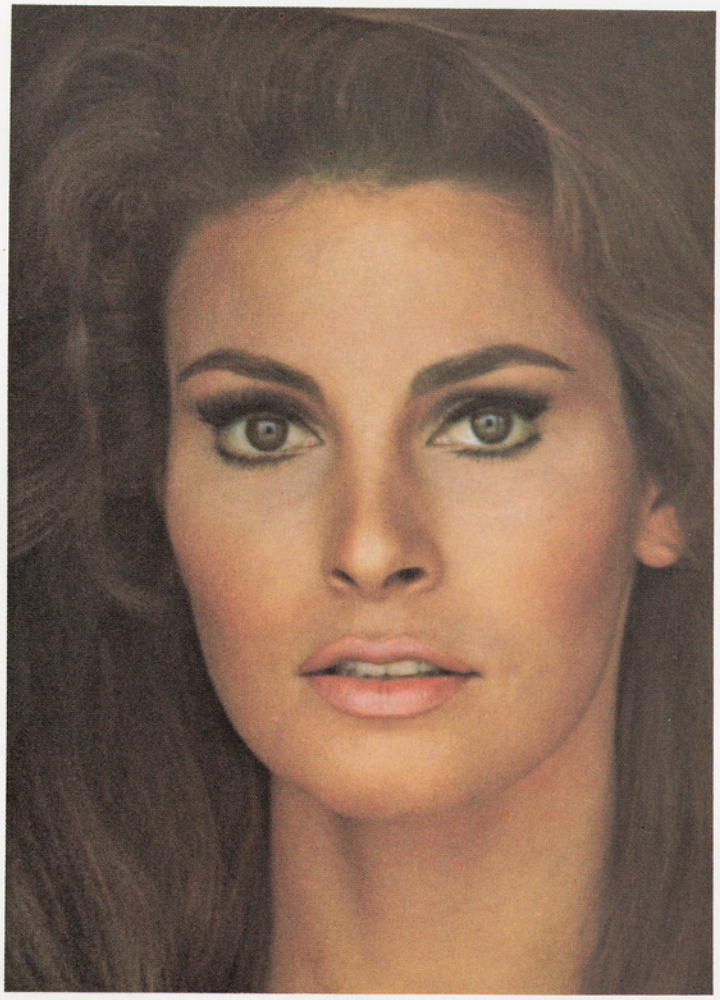


"First they fuck up our heads and then they sell us out."



"It's Sleeping Beauty alright, but she's been sleeping just a little bit too long . . ."

"On behalf of His Royal Highness, the Prince, we are here, madam, on a mission



Terry O'Neill

RAQUEL WELCH

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

With two husbands and two divorces behind her, Raquel Welch, reigning sex goddess of our era, is living the life of a single woman for the first time since she was a teenager. This was the girl who not long ago was proclaiming that she felt sorry for women without husbands ("Every woman needs a man to back her up . . . I like a masterful man to tell me where the ceiling is."). Now, keyed up and breathing fire and tapping her long blood-red fingernails, she was saying: "I won't make excuses to any man any more, and I'm free to do what only *I* want to do . . . I like to wake up in bed alone and think I'm self-sufficient enough to get through the day without Mr X boxing me in and telling me what to do." For the first talk session she was alone in her Beverly Hills house, dressed in a gold sweater and skintight slacks with long free flowing hair, and Indian jewelry around her neck and narrow waist. She had agreed to talk about her love life, but began reconsidering. She put on her fretful little frown that forecasts trouble. "I'm a very private person," she warned, looking away. "If my personal life is all that the public cares about then I would really be a freak and I just wouldn't sit here and talk about it." Silence. Then, after much throat clearing, she sighed. "OK. I've never really discussed all this since my marriage broke up. It might even be good therapy for me—like lying on the analyst's couch." So for five afternoons she talked while the tape recorder whirred—and it was impossible to avoid noticing that when she flipped through a script she was referring to, the pages kept catching lightly as they passed her bosom. As she sat, the object of the secret thoughts of men all over the world, there was an irony in the fact that a creature of such allure should be disturbed by emotional troubles at all. There was also a flavor of incongruity about the after-school visits from Damon, 12, and daughter Tahnee, 10, children of her first marriage, who dropped in daily for a chat with Mom. They live with her in the solid stone-and-wood colonial house on a street off Benedict Canyon. It is one of those little dots on the maps of movie stars' homes that lure busloads of tourists to stop and

stare. Raquel has two security guards checking her house day and night. She is now divorced from her second husband, manager-producer Patrick Curtis. It was he who made the family movie deals that turned Raquel, since 1962, from a struggling model-starlet into a tawny superwoman, a fantasy creature with defiance in her smouldering eyes but, apparently, misery in her heart. Still, along with the misery came a fortune, some bad movies, and the undisputed title of champion sex goddess. All the time, though, she kept repeating privately and publicly that she had worked all her life preparing to be a "good actress" and wanted nothing more than to "win the respect of my peers". She means it. But no one—especially her husbands—listened to her. Now she is out from under and seeking to prove herself as an actress.

The first time out on her own she produced and starred in *Kansas City Bomber*, a deafening production concerned with the brawling world of the roller derby, where the double cross and physical violence are the backbone of the game. As a skating queen of dazzling physical agility, Raquel chewed gum, cussed, fought like a tigress and perhaps took as hard a physical pounding as any movie heroine since Pearl White. She tried hard to be part of the tough world of loud mouths, barflies and one-night stands, but it was impossible to believe a word of it. She was more fraud than bawd. When she took her showers after the brawls, she emerged the soft, scared, physically unscarred and introverted lady she really is. Confusion about her image seems inescapable. To promote the movie before a stunned mass of New York sportswriters she wore a see-through blouse with no bra and skintight slacks. Yet it was the same Raquel who, during the filming of the so-called "rape" scene in that lamentable classic *Myra Breckinridge*, instructed her secretary to stand by and warn her if she were exposing too much flesh. In fact Raquel has yet to completely bare her bosom or her buttocks on screen. Probably she never will unless a respected director like Mike Nichols or Peter Bogdanovich gives her a good part and laboriously convinces her it is necessary for "the sake of the story." Which means that what Raquel is really looking for is not a husband (though she did concede at one point, "I'm not saying I'll never be tempted to marry again—a lady can change her mind"), but a director brutal enough, yet gentle enough, to handle her and to understand her—a director who can drag from her the performance she thinks she is capable of giving. Would Raquel Welch sell her soul for an Academy Award? Well, listen to her in this exclusive Penthouse interview, conducted by **Jack Hamilton.**

Penthouse: In marrying so young, did you miss out on a teen-age fling, and are you making up for some of it now?

Raquel: I never felt that dating was the high-point of life. I don't feel I have to go back and do all the fun things I may have missed. But, yes, I want to have some fun, especially now. It was stupid to get married the first time. I was 16 and he was 18. Just because we admired each other's looks. It was a marriage based on nothing. My husband was bright in school, but he quit before we got married. I was swept up in this emotion of having the great Prince Charming love of my life. I remember I used to put on plays in my garage. Fairy tales. *Snow White.* Those simple little stories where good prevails over evil and every little girl dreams she is Snow White. She is a lovely little creature pursued by a big, evil monster intent on killing her but always stopped by the Prince Charming who loves her because she is sweet and nice. I had a very middle-class idea of the way things should be. It starts out in bliss, but it doesn't turn out that way. Your high-school sweetheart doesn't have a real vocation and is not ready to support a wife and children. And he isn't valiant in facing all the problems that come up. But he was so terrific-looking. I had the female vanity of thinking I could fix anything wrong with him. But he couldn't be changed—mostly because he was off on tuna clippers, making some kind of a living. Sometimes he was gone three months at a whack.

I had to find work, because we needed the money. I had a state college scholarship in theater arts in San Diego. But all this went down the tube when I started to have babies. There must have been some contraceptives around at that time, but I didn't know about them—I was such a little nit. After my son was born, I tried to hold down all my units in school, as well as work, and take care of Damon. I had a job on a TV talk show in the morning at $7.50 a show, and I modeled in department stores. I already had enough responsibility for a grown woman, and I was getting sick all the time. I was so innocent and small-town. On the TV job, the producer told me, confidentially, I didn't have to join the union and pay a big fee. So they never paid me scale for the work I did, and I was too dumb to know better. It was really illegal. I think my small-townness still follows me around. I

> "There must have been contraceptives around when I started to have babies, but I didn't know about them"

still need somebody to bring down the ax; somebody to say, 'Oh, no, she's not going to do that.' But if I were standing there alone, I'd probably say, 'Well, maybe, I might, if you're nice to me, I might.' (*Raquel's eyes seemed to be held by the movements of the interviewer's pencil. Was she an easy hypnotic subject?*)

Penthouse: When you were ill, did you get medical treatment? Or psycho-therapy?

Raquel: I became more and more ill . . . psychosomatically ill. It wasn't all my husband's fault. It was just me—being married too young, getting pregnant, worrying about money, that kind of thing. All of that put together affected me. I lost weight. I couldn't move quickly. My vision became fuzzy. All that began to scare me to death. My doctor recommended a hypnotherapist, who was a regular M.D. who used hypnosis on people and who didn't believe in anaesthesia for operations. My doctor thought hypnosis would be the most direct way to root out the cause of my hysteria. I was skeptical but I was desperate. Then I began to discover, through hypnosis, what some of these stresses were that made me feel so bad; the things *not* on the surface that immobilized me. After several sessions, I began to get better and I got hold of myself for the first time since my marriage. These particular problems have never occurred again.

Penthouse: Did you ever try to leave your husband?

Raquel: Yes, after my first baby was born. I found an apartment in downtown San Diego, and decided to leave him for good. But he tracked me down and sold me on the idea that everything was going to be different. "You mustn't leave, you're confused, I'll spend more time with you, etc." The first thing I knew I was pregnant again. Did he do this deliberately to keep me in my place and make me stay home? Was I too balky a female? The second pregnancy was not an easy one for me and he wasn't around to help too much. All of my activities were confined to going from one crib to the other with odd modeling jobs and the little TV job on the side. I decided I wasn't going to have three babies in this same situation. After three and a half years, I knew the only way to leave my husband was to get out of town. I had to vanish. And I did. He's since gone out of his way to give out a lot of ugly and malicious lies. When I was in Europe, trying to get a divorce from him, he said I had left him as a soldier on the front lines in Vietnam. What really happened was I was sitting home with him in a one-bedroom apartment, looking at him, and thinking "No more of this stuff". He was drafted long after I left him.

Penthouse: Did you think you'd swear off marriage from then on?

Raquel: Yes, I decided marriage wasn't for me. Period. I once thought, if you did all the right things and took care of your responsibilities, your life would be terrific. Well, it's not true. You can't find any justice unless you take care of yourself. My mother was always my model in morals and propriety. She still is. She had three children and held down a job. She got up at five in the morning, made breakfast for us, caught that stupid bus, and went to work as a statistical clerk at Convair. In the evenings, she'd do the laundry and cooking, and make clothes. She always had time for everything. She has since remarried, and she *still* holds down a job. But her answer wasn't my entire answer. When I got married, I was a pretty good cook and an excellent housekeeper. But I just found no happiness in it when my labors of love were not appreciated.

Penthouse: You're not a good cook or housekeeper now?

Raquel: No, I'm not very interested in cooking. I love to eat, though. As for housework well, I don't suppose anybody likes household chores very much. I'm terrifically messy and I don't like to hang up things. After things get in such a state that I can't find anything I'll give in and

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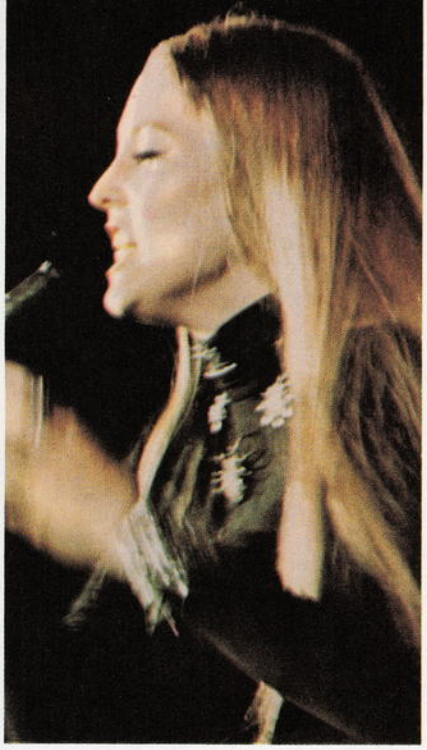
Maria Del Ré

LYNN



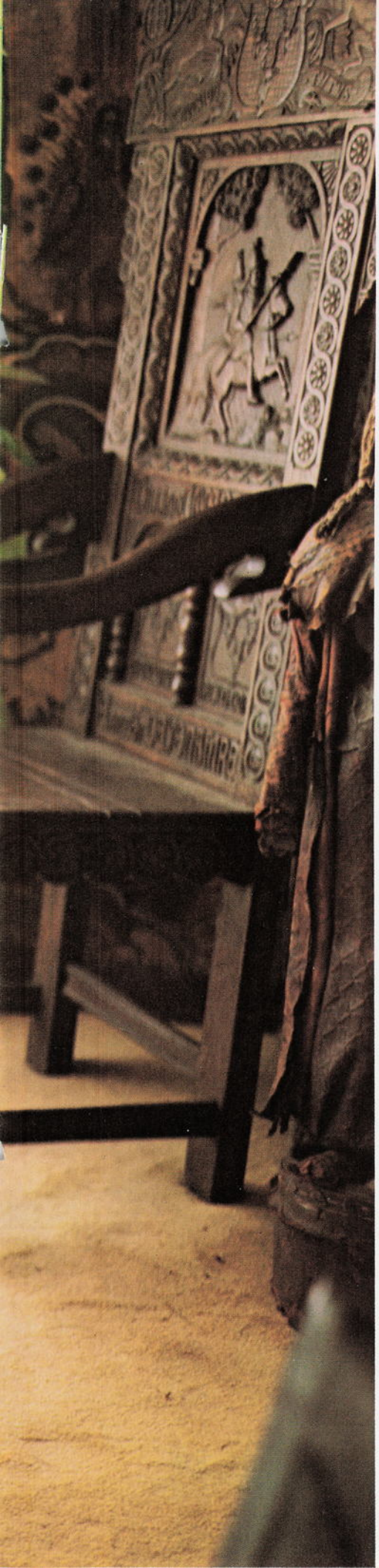
MAMA LION

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

After watching Lynn Carey—the heart, soul and uninhibited vital organ of the Mama Lion rock group—writhe, pound and sweat her way through a two-hour concert, one reporter said shakenly: "No one could put that much gut-sexuality into a public performance without having an orgasm . . ." Lynn, the leonine child-lady of the '70s, mega-mother of an intensely new, intensely hopeful rock youth culture, has already been dubbed the most provocative animal creation in the recording industry since Elvis Presley. And like Presley, she imposes an electric, if not ruthless, sexuality over the kind of pure talent, beauty and poise which, taken alone, would have carried many a lesser performer over the top. As the daughter of Hollywood actor MacDonald Carey, himself the star of numberless films in the 50s and 60s and now the mainspring of a modest but perennial tele-series, Lynn grew up amid the legendary folk heroes and heroines of Beverly Hills society. Like Candice Bergen, Mia Farrow, Liza Minelli, Jane and Peter Fonda and the many other sons and daughters of celebrities, she shared the congenital belief that fame was her birthright. Lynn's power, however, relies less on the vagaries of genetic rights and folksy heritage and more on her profound ability to communicate with an audience. It is magnetism of mind, body and talent that has fans assaulting the stage in the kind of frenzy that hasn't been seen in rock concert halls since Beatlemania. But Mama Lion cuts deeper than the Beatles. Where they mooned over the trials of teenage infatuation, the febrile Miss Carey *roars* about the life and death of love in a metaphysical, beast-like coupling of pain and pleasure, pure soul and steaming genitalia. Nowhere is Mama Lion's sexual reach more apparent than in her self-written songs: *"Sister, sister, she better than any man/She knows how to do me like no man can/Sister, sister, strap on the gun/She knows how to do me/She doesn't hit and run,"* Or on the other side of the spectrum: *"Well friends, I've got plenty, and I read a good book now and then/But I need a man to make me feel like a woman/When the day comes to an end./I ain't looking for a father or a brother/What this girl needs is a full-time lover/'Cause I'm a woman who needs love to live/If you give me the chance, I've got so much to give."* Lynn talks obliquely about the meanings of her songs, but her fanatical devotion to her music, her medium and her message, leaves no doubt about what the artist in her feels for the words she delivers to her audience. She will never touch a song that she doesn't

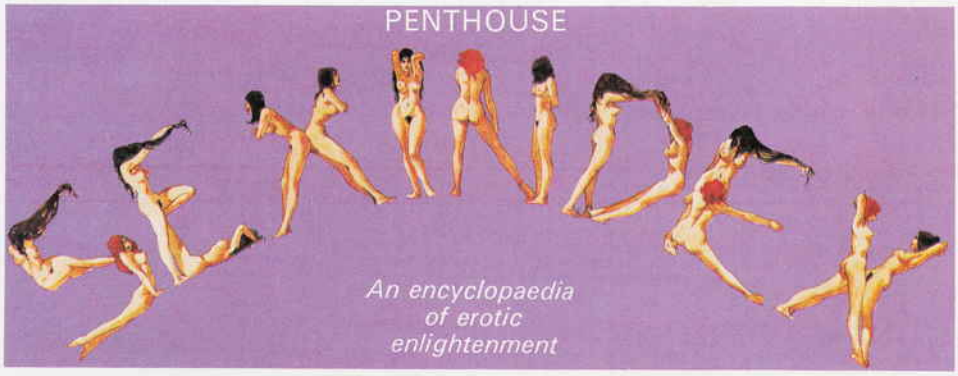
believe in—not for publicity, nor promises, nor money. The same relentless principle applies to everything she does. Mama Lion as a group has embraced the cause of wildlife preservation (the slogan "Preserve Wildlife" appears on their first album) and Lynn has plunged herself into the idea with utter dedication. She reels off the top of her head the survival statistics of every species of untamed creature in the world, and it's witheringly obvious that she *cares* how many eland there are in Africa, or pelicans off the coast of California. She's not above a gentle self-satire on the subject, though: the sleeve of the Mama Lion record shows Lynn, with just a touch of ecstasy on her face, suckling a lion cub to her breast. The picture caused a minor disturbance in the record business when it first appeared, but it is impossible to argue with Miss Carey's clarity of purpose, or qualify her unusual beliefs. The album itself, issued on the Family Productions label (whose own trademark shows Romulus and Remus feeding from the wolf), is a statement so unequivocal and piercingly erotic that it's impossible to accuse her of sexual exploitation.

How can she hypocritically commercialize her own inherent philosophy of life ? Currently, Lynn, is on a world tour, promoting the album with the group's prime mover, bassist and arranger Neil Merryweather, and is culling from music critics the kind of incredulity reserved for talents of the stature of Janis Joplin, Grace Slick and Carole King. It is partly her raw, meaty ability, and partly the apparition of a super-intelligent girl (Lynn's IQ tops 160, and she was once invited to join the intellectual elite of Mensa) taking over the role of rock music's high priestess of eroticism. In her free hours, she spends her time writing intensely sexual poetry and drawing—in fine Beardleyesque lines—



surrealistically lascivious illustrations. Lynn even admits that the reporter who claimed she could not sing the way she does without climaxing was right: occasionally, at the height of a powerful and moving number, before an aroused and enthralled crowd, she does go into orgasm. But the paradox of Mama Lion is that in spite of this erotic self-awareness, she is deeply dependent on the affection and understanding of others. She is a woman whose *spiritual* sexuality is dominant and whose *physical* sensuality is little more than an incidental vehicle for interpreting and serving its emotional needs. The world may or may not be ready for a woman as mind-bendingly real as Lynn Carey, but she's here now, and one way or another she's going to hit us with everything she's got, because whatever she's got, the Lion shares.

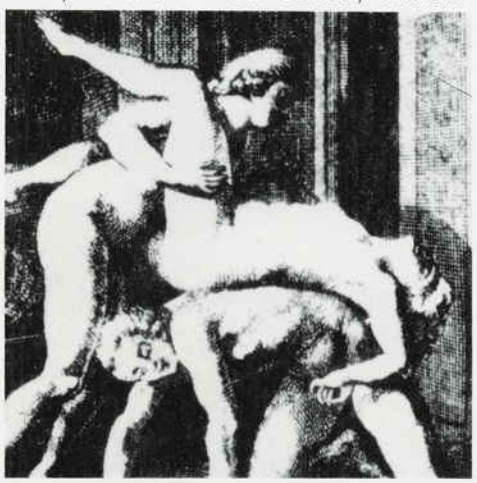
MISS LYNN CAREY/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



fallopian tubes: Part of the female reproductive system, the two fallopian tubes join the ovaries to the uterus and are about 12-14 cms long. Minute vibrating hairs in the tube lining help carry the egg down from the ovary into the womb. Occasionally an egg is fertilized while still in the tube, and extra-uterine pregnancy results. Sterility is sometimes caused by occlusion of the fallopian tubes, and can be cured by surgery.

Fanny Hill: Enduring erotic novel by John Cleland (1709-89) first published in 1749. It scandalized England at the time and again in 1963 when its prosecution was ordered by the late (and celibate) magistrate Sir Robert Blundell under the Obscene Publications Act. Fully titled *Fanny Hill or the Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* it relates how a country girl, come to London, is forced by poverty into a life of whoredom. Though Fanny's sexual exploits are many and varied, she retains an impish, mock-innocent quality, and the style is witty

Fanny in action — 18th-century version.



and bawdy rather than pornographic. In this typical extract she recounts her first experience of aqua sex: "We both stood in the water, no higher now than the pit of our stomachs, and which did not hinder him from feeling, and toying with that leak that distinguishes our sex, and it so wonderfully watertight; for his fingers, in vain dilating and opening it, only let more flame than water into it, be it said without a figure. At the same time he made me feel his own engine, which was so well wound up as to stand even the working in water, and he accordingly threw one arm around my neck, and was endeavouring to get the better of that harsher construction by the surrounding fluid; and in effect won his way so far as to make one sensible of the pleasing stretch of those nether-lips from the in-driving machine; when, independent of my not liking that awkward mode of enjoyment, I could not help interrupting him . . ."

fantasy, sexual: Any sort of erotic imagining, often accompanying masturbation or even copulation. Wives have been known to confess that, while making love to their husbands, they sometimes imagine that their partner is some famous filmstar or idol. People are reluctant to talk about their sexual fantasies because they seem "kinky" or "perverted"—happily married heterosexuals, for instance, may imagine a homosexual encounter. Sex researcher Edward Thorne in *Your Erotic Fantasies* (Neville Spearman, 1971) remarks: "The discrepancy between erotic fantasy and erotic fact is possibly one of the prime causes of sexual frustration and discord. Many sexual partners, for an endless variety of reasons, will never attempt to enact their deepest sexual wishes with their lovers. Thus they have an abiding feeling that their sex life is not as erotic as they can imagine it to be." A typical female fantasy quoted by Thorne was that of a 21-year-old student: "I would like to be a slave. I'd have to walk around everywhere naked, and never be allowed to wear any clothes, and be bathed and scented and put into the bed of any guests at night." Studies of sexual fantasy can help in emotional therapy because, once the ability of the human adult to conjure up erotic daydreams has been gauged, psychiatrists can more nearly understand the frustrations that people face—what Thorne calls the "fantasy gap". Fantasies rarely appear to be random, but are usually an exaggeration of the subject's principal erotic predilection.

fears, sexual: There are several major irrational sexual phobias. In men, the most common is fear of castration, either by accident, or by a sharp instrument, or by *vagina dentata*—the mythical image of a vulva with teeth. Psychiatrists sometimes ascribe these fears to latent homosexuality or to anxieties about female domination, especially by the mother. The Chinese seem particularly prone to penile anxiety. A panic swept Singapore in the 1960s, with men complaining of "koro", a feeling that the penis was withdrawing back into the body, which they ascribed to eating pork. Pork butchers almost immediately went out of business and doctors were inundated. Koro "victims" strapped the penis to the leg to prevent further "shrinkage", or even hung weights from the end of it. Men were seen in the streets with the member firmly gripped between chopsticks or drawn up with a string fastened to the waist. The Singapore Medical Association rushed out a statement that "the physiological causes of the retraction of the male organ are cold weather, getting into bed and, especially, anxiety" and reassured the public that "the condition of koro leading to death is unknown". Eventually the panic subsided. The most common female sexual fear is of being split vaginally by the man's erection during intercourse. An afflicted woman may make penetration more difficult and painful by tensing her vaginal muscles. (In fact, since the vagina can stretch to let a baby out it can easily accommodate even the largest male organ.) Virgin girls often worry that, once they have had intercourse, they will automatically become compulsive nymphomaniacs, unable to resist any male advance. A less common fear among women is that during coitus the man might deliberately or inadvertently urinate into them—a feat which is actually impossible since the male urinary tract closes during tumescence.

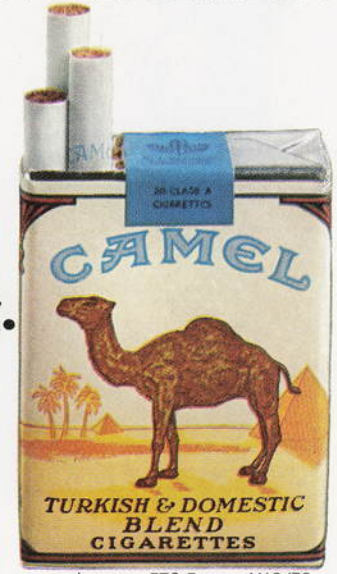
fellatio: Sexual stimulation of the penis with mouth, lips, tongue and teeth. Fellatio has long held an exalted position in Eastern erotic culture

Erotic fantasy in art — by Salvador Dali.

and the Hindus in particular have a large scientific and literary vocabulary of fellatio. The *Kama Sutra* devotes a whole chapter to *oparishtaka* (mouth congress) and distinguishes many variations: *jhuthamethuna* (moving the mouth up and down the penis in a "churning" motion of counterfeit coition); *baharadantakarma* (biting the sides); *chata* (licking); *amvarchusa* (forcible sucking, literally sucking a mango-fruit); and *lingabhakosa* (literally "devouring" the penis, where the entire organ is in the mouth). Muslims, Negroes and Jews also have a tradition of heterosexual and homosexual fellatio and there is an Arab saying that "a wet kiss is better than a hasty coitus". Many men and women, not necessarily prostitutes, in North Africa and Arabia specialize in *qerdz* (Arabic for fellatio) and at the *funduqs* of Morocco the circumcised men may be fellated free of charge. In Western cultures, fellatio to ejaculation seems to be less highly esteemed. Kinsey remarked in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, 1948: "Throughout vertebrate sexual behavior there is such a close tie-up between oral eroticism and genital stimulation that oral activity of any sort must be accepted by the scientist as a biologically normal aspect of sexuality. Its tremendous

Today, a man needs a good reason to walk a mile.

Start walking.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

25 mg. "tar," 1.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG.'72.

"Now in this policy, Joseph, you're protected against everything but the old 'act of God' nonsense."

suppression in the human animal must be taken as the outcome of cultural developments." Nevertheless he found that the majority of American adult males had been fellated at least once after marriage. He also suggested that 60-70% of men had at one time or another tried to fellate themselves. Only two or three men in 1000 had actually succeeded, but there are case histories of men who have depended on self-fellation as a masturbatory technique. Apparently self-fellation is achieved by resting the back upside-down against the corner of a room, and letting the legs fall forward. Fellatio occupies an interesting position in the psychology of sex since (like cunnilingus, *q.v.*) it has strong connotations of submissiveness. Dr. Frank S. Caprio, in his *Variations in Human Sexual Behaviour* quotes a patient saying: "I like to possess a woman completely. My great accomplishment was getting a woman who was innocent to have sex relations with me. If I got her to perform fellatio it was an achievement. I associate somehow the act of having a woman take my penis in her mouth as a sign of degrading her. In this act I am the man and the master." The appeal of fellatio for many men is that a woman's mouth is a great deal more versatile than her vagina, and also that there is far more for them to see during fellatio than during coitus, which adds to the stimulus. Fellatio is known by many slang terms, including "gamahuching" or "gamming" (popular in the 18th and 19th centuries), "blow job" or "blowing the hairy pipe" and "going down". There has recently been much peripheral controversy about the desirability or otherwise of swallowing semen. Some girls claim that when they swallow it their bust measurement increases, but this is physiologically unlikely. The thought of a woman swallowing their semen is extremely erotic for many men, as can be seen by the frequency of such activity in pornography ("She swallowed every last precious drop . . .").

Fellini, Federico (1920-): Italian film director who has just completed his 14th film, *The Clowns*, his main reputation depending on his two studies of Roman decadence, *La Dolce Vita* and *Fellini Satyricon*. When *Dolce Vita* appeared in 1960 it won first prize at Cannes. It gives cynical insight into the sadly erotic ennui of Roman society of the 1950s. *Satyricon* (1970), based on the work of the fourth-century writer Petronio Arbiter (*q.v.*), is an orgiastic picture of decaying Imperial Rome under Nero, an ancient dolce vita. Bestiality, sodomy, tribadism, bondage are all explicitly shown in the orgy scenes. Less explicit but no less incisive are *Juliet of the Spirits* and *La Strada*, in which Fellini—who is a former cartoonist, journalist, and scriptwriter—starred his wife, the talented actress Guilietta Masina.

Fellini orgy, from his *Satyricon*.

fenneli: Slang name for a group of homosexual male prostitutes, often bewigged and in drag, who inhabit the Via della Conciliazione near the Vatican, Rome. Connoisseurs say that they are the most beautiful male prostitutes in the world, using Arden makeup and the latest fashions. Prices for "quick times" are 10,000 lire (£6.50 or $16)—twice the fee for female prostitutes in the nearby Via Salaria. Fenneli literally means fennel, a type of exotic herb much used in pickles.

fertility: Fecundity, ability to reproduce. In ancient societies, human, animal and crop fertility was of vital importance, and religious rites were performed to ensure the new year's regeneration. In ancient Rome a festival was dedicated to the fertility god Liber during which a phallic effigy was transported round the countryside and public coitus was practised so that crops would thrive. Anthropologists point to similar fertility rites among primitive tribes today. The Baganda of Central Africa have a ceremony at the birth of twins in which the mother lies down with a flower of plantain between her legs, which the father has to knock away with his penis. The Pipiles of Central America abstain from coitus for four days before the first seed-sowing to ensure crop fertility. The Marind-Anim Pacific Islanders (studied by Margaret Mead) try to enhance human fertility and heterosexual desire by first putting pubescent boys and girls through a period of conventionalized homosexual experience. Then, in an initiation rite, a copulating couple are cast into a pit and killed. Ironically, though modern developed countries are now more concerned with checking fertility than increasing it, the fertility pill has succeeded where fertility gods failed—an Australian woman gave birth to nine babies after taking the pill.

fetishism: Erotic satisfaction through association with a particular object, fabric etc or sometimes a ritual performance. The word *fetish* derives from the Portuguese *feitico*, a charm, and is used outside the sexual sphere to describe an inanimate object worshipped as magical. Many normal people find various textures or pressures sexually stimulating, but a true fetishist is incapable of orgasm without the assistance of his particular sexual "trigger". The fetishist has difficulty in explaining the appeal of his obsession not only to non-fetishists but also to other fetishists having a different speciality. Almost any object can be a fetish, but the commonest are rubber, leather, silk, nylon, fur, shoes and feet, and hair. Freud's original theory was that fetishism is closely linked with his Oedipus and castration complexes, but probably the most workable explanation is that fetishists are symbolists—they seize on a single object, such as a shoe or glove, and use it to symbolize the presence of a woman while they masturbate. In *The Human Zoo*, Desmond Morris notes that shoe fetishists, for example, often blush in the presence of shoes, as though these were the women themselves. This symbolism is especially clear in underwear fetishism. One American case history records the feelings of an adolescent boy: "One day my stepmother was away and I found a pair of her underpants lying on the floor. It excited me very much and I immediately got an erection. I masturbated, letting my sperm fall into the crotch." Most shoe fetishists are classified as masochistic in origin, the fetishists wanting to be dominated by someone of the opposite sex. (Foot fetishism, incidentally, though linked to

Fetish: high-buttoned boots.

shoe and boot fetishism, is more accurately classified as partialism—an affinity for one particular part of the anatomy, to which coitus is secondary.) Krafft-Ebing records the case of a man initiated into the art of masturbation at the age of seven by a servant girl, who could not achieve satisfaction unless the girl touched his penis with the tip of her shoe. As a youth he would masturbate while gazing at girls' shoes and at school he became so excited by the sight of his teacher's shoes that he made a sudden grab at the tormenting footwear. Later, married but impotent, his doctor recommended that he hang a shoe over the bed and this suggestion enabled him to have normal sex about once a week. Desmond Morris mentions the case of an adolescent boy who had his first ejaculation while being "playfully trampled on" (!) by a 20-year-old woman. Subsequently this man persuaded over 100 women, who all had to wear high-heeled shoes, to trample over him. Ideally, the partner had to be a particular weight and the shoes a particular colour. Krafft-Ebing records a straightforward case of handkerchief fetishism. When a 32-year-old baker's assistant was arrested for stealing a handkerchief, the police discovered a further 446 at his home, and the man said that he had already burnt two bundles of the things! Another man stated that from the age of 12 he had been unable to look at a woman's handkerchief without an erection. When he married, he was usually only potent with a handkerchief wound round his penis or placed between the woman's legs. Such fetishisms are relatively easy to satisfy, but Desmond Morris mentions what must surely be the most awkward of fetishistic demands. A boy, as he leaned out of the window, experienced his first ejaculation. At the same moment he noticed a figure walking past outside on crutches. When this man later married he could only succeed with his wife if she wore crutches in bed!

(continues next month)

RAQUEL WELCH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

> I was determined not to marry again. I still think I shouldn't have. I just don't believe in the nonsense of legality

> If I like a man I don't give a damn if he's interested in me as a person. Sure, I'd like him to be. I don't want him to shove me over backwards in the first 10 minutes—though with a few I wouldn't mind . . .

sort them out. But I usually leave everything where it came off and I really don't know where anything is.

Penthouse: But Patrick Curtis, whether you intended to marry him or not, came to stay?

Raquel: About nine months after I came to Hollywood, I met Patrick. I didn't know anybody else. He was only an office boy at Rogers & Cowan, a public relations firm. He quit to be my manager. A lot of wiseacres say our association was only "business at first sight". But he was nobody, and I was nobody and we had very little weight to throw around. But we *did* have a very lovely romance. I couldn't hope to be more in love than I was with Patrick. So we lived together and were inseparable for five years before we did marry. For the sake of my children, I tried to keep our real relationship hidden because I didn't want to be thought a scarlet woman. He became the real father to my children. He diapered and bottled my daughter Tahnee, who hasn't seen her real father since she was six months old. Patrick formally adopted my children in 1968.

Penthouse: Was Patrick responsible for your career as "sex goddess"?

Raquel: No one person could make such a thing happen. It was more like a tidal wave that swept both of us away. Everything in our lives and careers changed overnight, almost by accident I went to England to play in that exploitable item, *One Million Years B.C.*—a kind of latter-day Victor Mature-Carole Landis type cave movie, in which I wore animal skins and didn't have one line of dialogue. But suddenly—after they had seen an unposed still photograph of me in rehearsal that later became *the* Raquel Welch poster—the world's press decided I filled a vacuum of being the "New Girl Hot Number of The Moment". All this has never quite died down. Now I realise I was really a little too grateful for this opportunity and the attention it brought me. I was nobody, and everybody impressed on me what a grand favor they were doing me by taking my picture and interviewing me. I tried to live up to what they thought I should be. I became a human dynamo-zombie working right around the clock. Patrick tried to prevent me from being exploited too much and he kept the children out of sight. I was glad that I had somebody to go home to and be with without putting on a show. But, as time went on I began to change in little ways. I began to think that this kind of career and security wasn't really what I wanted.

Penthouse: What did you do after leaving your husband for good?

Raquel: I first thought of going to New York. I had a school friend there, studying at Juilliard. He wrote me terrific postcards saying how full of vitality New York is, how it's fun even to be down-and-out in New York because there you have real life with a capital L. I decided to go, but my mother said, "Well, I think that's a terribly rough place to be with two little babies, Raquel," and that slowed me down a bit. Then, somebody at the store where I modeled talked with Nieman-Marcus in Dallas and they offered me a job and I accepted. I was so anxious to escape. Even the measly salary Nieman-Marcus paid me seemed O.K. until I found how much my rent was. I decided I couldn't stay. I guess all the models there are socialites doing it as a lark. So I did freelance modeling, and I stayed in Dallas for about six months before I went to Hollywood.

Penthouse: Did you get emotionally involved with any other men between marriages?

Raquel: A lot of men began looking me over, and probably thought I was a small-town easy-mark, very vulnerable. When they find out you're a woman living alone, they can cause you bad trouble, coming around being awful. These are the men who won't take no for an answer. You can't get rid of them. They harass you and wait in front of your building and you don't know what to do. If you didn't answer the phone or the doorbell they'd find something to bash through the glass. I was always moving with my kids in the dark of the night. I found that men can be pretty tough.

Penthouse: Are you basically afraid of men?

Raquel: It's not that I'm frightened of men in general—I'm frightened of the vandal types of men. It's the idea of somebody having more physical power than you that's so frightening. From the male point of view, I think most men get tired of being pictured as the predators of the weaker sex. I can't blame them. Men in general are not the enemies of women.

Penthouse: Did these experiences make you seek the protection of a second husband right away?

Raquel: I couldn't get married for a long time, because it took me so long to raise money for my divorce. When I first got to Hollywood I was sufficiently scared, after my Dallas experiences that, after looking for work all day, I wouldn't see or talk to anybody or go out at all. I locked the door and stayed home every night, and that was it.

Penthouse: But you finally married again, anyhow?

Raquel: Yes, Patrick and I married in 1967—after I could pay for the divorce from my first husband. By then, we had been together five years. So it wasn't a marriage with the bliss of new love. For me, it was a consideration for my children, who thought of Patrick as their father. Patrick wanted it that way, too. Also, I had to please my family, and Patrick's family and I had an obligation to Patrick himself. Oh, I just don't know. If I had had a little more strength at the time, and hadn't been so tired and run down, I might not have gone through with it. After the first time I was determined not to marry again. I still think I shoudn't have. But I would have been with Patrick anyway because I just don't believe in the nonsense of legality.

Penthouse: How did you change when you were away from Patrick?

Raquel: I'm not going to start rapping Patrick. I don't know how to say it, but there was always another side of every question that he always stood for. We disagreed quite strenuously over a lot of things. I once felt he knew more than I did and I had no confidence in myself at all. A husband has a tremendous influence and if you let him make all the decisions you lose your ability to make your own. When you cease being tremendously excited by somebody you may still enjoy and respect him but you may not have a lot in common with him anymore. In the kind of business I'm in, there's always a refurbishing of yourself. You travel along a certain line, and then you say "OK, I'm sick of this, I want to do something else. I want to rethink, and revitalize my interest in the things I'm doing." But the person you're living with may have a resistance to this and you can't bring him along with you. He's gone off in a different way.

Penthouse: You once joked that you hated to see Patrick go to the grocery store because he might come home with a new car instead.

Raquel: Yeah, something like that. He likes cars all right. We've had a Ferrari, two Rolls-Royces, a dune buggy and an Eldorado. He gave me my Rolls as a gift. I always suspected it was like giving your wife a season's baseball

ticket. There were times when we had a total of four or five cars. Ridiculous. But I didn't have much to say about that. Everyone has his own fantasy and I guess if you don't live through it once what's the point?

Penthouse: Were you hard to live with when you became unhappy?

Raquel: I'm sure I must have been a shrew. I get pretty quiet when I'm really unhappy. I think I can take a lot of abuse from any situation, or any one person, before I blow my top. When I finally get mad it's usually for all the wrong reasons—and whack! That's it. It's like at last having an excuse to say what you really wanted to say for ages. I've got to learn to speak up for myself much earlier on in the game.

Penthouse: Did you try to shield your children from the divorce?

Raquel: No, because I think children are very resilient, and adaptable to change. I certainly talked with enough doctors and psychologists about the effects of divorce on my children. After all, I've been divorced twice and I'm concerned about what happens to them. Some people think they should hold down a marriage or a job that makes them miserable for their children's sake. But I find that if you tell the children what's happening and explain your decisions you usually get their full support. I told Damon and Tahnee right away. I didn't let them try to figure it out for themselves and perhaps worry about whether something might be their fault. They said "That's OK, Mom". That didn't mean they were happy about it all. It just meant it was OK. Just that. Not the end of the world.

Penthouse: Did you suffer from your own parents' divorce?

Raquel: My folks got divorced after many long years of being together. I understood what was going on at a very young age. I knew whether there was a happy atmosphere or not. I don't think it's necessary any more to have a traditional home in the old-fashioned sense where you had father and mother through a lifetime, for better or worse. Don't you think everybody feels rotten if they find out their folks have made some great unhappy sacrifice for them? I think it gives a child much more of a guilt feeling to learn that he was part of something that was unpleasant and that had made his parents unhappy.

Penthouse: Is it just marriage you object to or is it being confined in any one to one relationship?

Raquel: Well, I am just not equipped to deal with an existence that involves one particular person all the time, all the time, all the time. Even though I have outside work and outside interests I still want to be free to do what I want to do and I don't want to have to make excuses to anybody. I guess that's pretty selfish but that's the way I feel.

Penthouse: Do you think this is a feeling shared by a lot of actors, writers and so on?

Raquel: I think that anybody who's in a creative field is syphoning off all the things that interest him. Artists are always observing. They're voyeurs. At least to a certain degree. I think that as the moment happens they are storing up the memory of it for their repertoire of experience which they can draw on, professionally. Actors, actresses, directors, writers. They all do it. It makes us a weird group of people. The average person, hearing me say that, might think of artists as people spying on life. But you can't write or create anything you haven't experienced. What can you bring to art except what you've experienced and observed?

Penthouse: What about politics? Do you ever get involved?

Raquel: At one time I was involved with what's happening in this country. I always felt secure in being an American ever since I was a little girl. I felt that whatever was bad could be changed because the structure was right. But then came the assassinations. Martin Luther King and the Kennedys. It made me feel very insignificant in the world of politics.

I do know that people are tired of being told that "in your lifetime it won't happen". That's not enough. People want it now, for themselves and for their children, if they have any . . . if they're not popping pills like a lunatic to stop overpopulation.

But I don't feel like a political creature anymore. I'm trying, again, to make my life into some kind of fantasy world, I suppose. I'm still aware but I'm still pursuing a kind of existence on my own that I don't feel has anything to do with all the turmoil around me.

Penthouse: For the first time since your hypnotherapy, you're under analysis?

Raquel: Yes, I'm going to an analyst now. I don't think I could take all this change without one. Analysis is not the cure-all but it's better than going on drugs. I think that finding out how to deal with the incredibly difficult, soul-destroying things in your life requires help.

Penthouse: Was it hard for you to go out socially as a single woman, after having been married so long?

Raquel: I didn't date for a long time because I didn't really want to. I was invited to several parties and I could hardly get in the door. I thought I wouldn't be able to say "good evening" right. I wondered what I would talk about if I got into a sexual discussion. What was I going to do or say? Would I be by myself the whole evening? Fantasies of dark doom took over. It doesn't worry me any longer. I think people are generally frightened of a lot of other people they don't know. Then, you begin to realize there are some people there at these parties who had *also* sat home and thought, "How am I going to get through the front door?" I went first to a couple of big parties given by good friends. Once I got inside, I didn't have time to think of bad happenings. I was drinking, having a good time, feeling relaxed, even dancing, and meeting all kinds of new people. It all seemed to take care of itself. I didn't have to sit by the wall. I've finally relaxed enough to know that people aren't really out to get you. If you accept certain things about yourself, they accept them too. You really don't have to work at impressing everybody all the time.

Penthouse: But the "sexual discussion" does come up, doesn't it? Do you have to get it settled right away if a man is as interested in you as a person as in your body?

Raquel: No, I don't give a damn what he's interested in, if I like him. Well, sure, I'd like him to be interested in me as a person. I don't want somebody to shove me over backwards in the first ten minutes. But then, there are a few men who I wouldn't mind if they did do that. I'm not looking for any confirmation that I'm the greatest intellectual in the world or have some hidden significance that so far hasn't been discovered in any other human being. But, after all, what *is* a man looking for? Unless there is an immediate, overwhelming physical attraction,

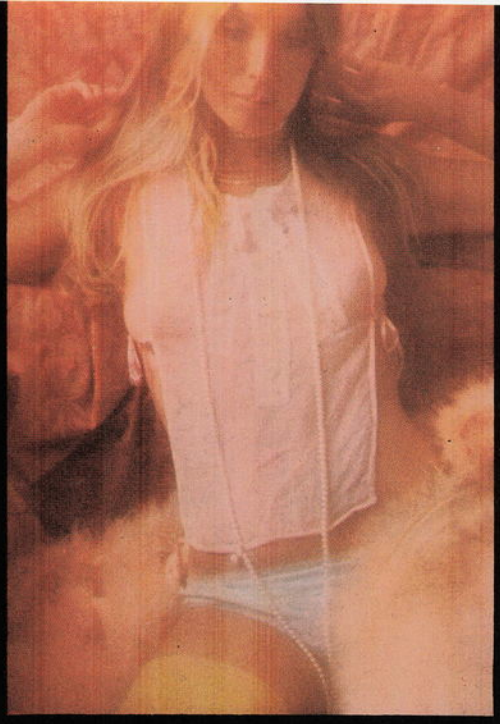
CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

"Come to think of it, I wasn't much of a frog either."

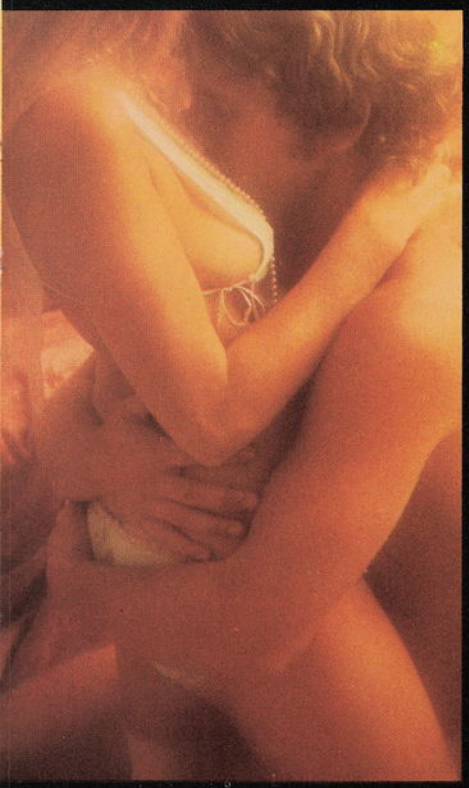
One and One Make Free

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN MARCUS

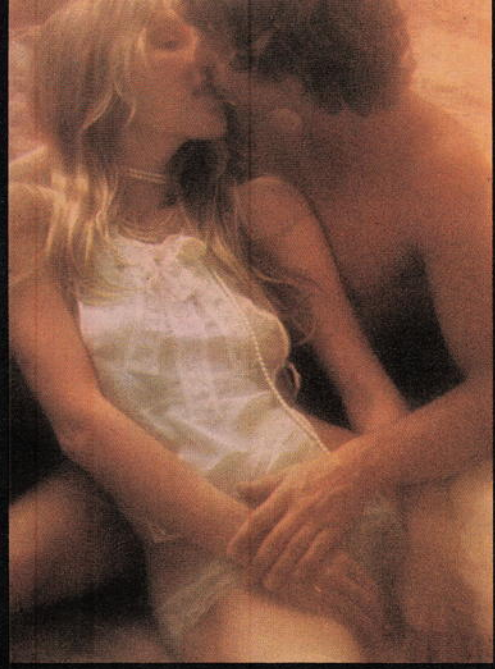
James and Gwen are in love,
and they show it.
Not just to themselves, but
to their friends,
their acquaintances, and
anybody else who
wants to know that James and
Gwen are in love



Time was, a gentleman kept his mistresses neatly stashed away in urban apartments, paying them an allowance just large enough to keep them in silk drawers and discreet silence. These days, it's far more fashionable to tote one's paramour publicly around, a

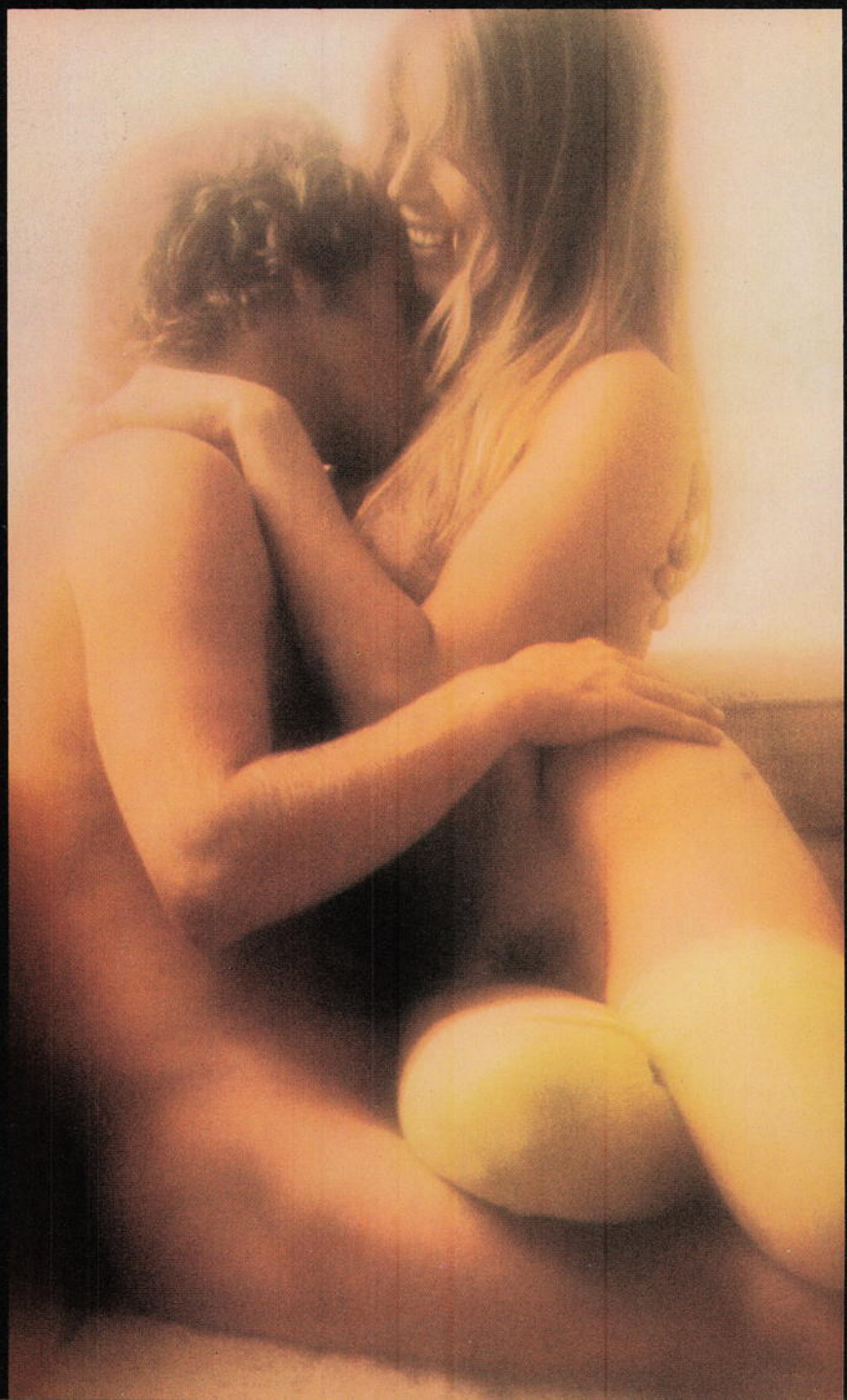


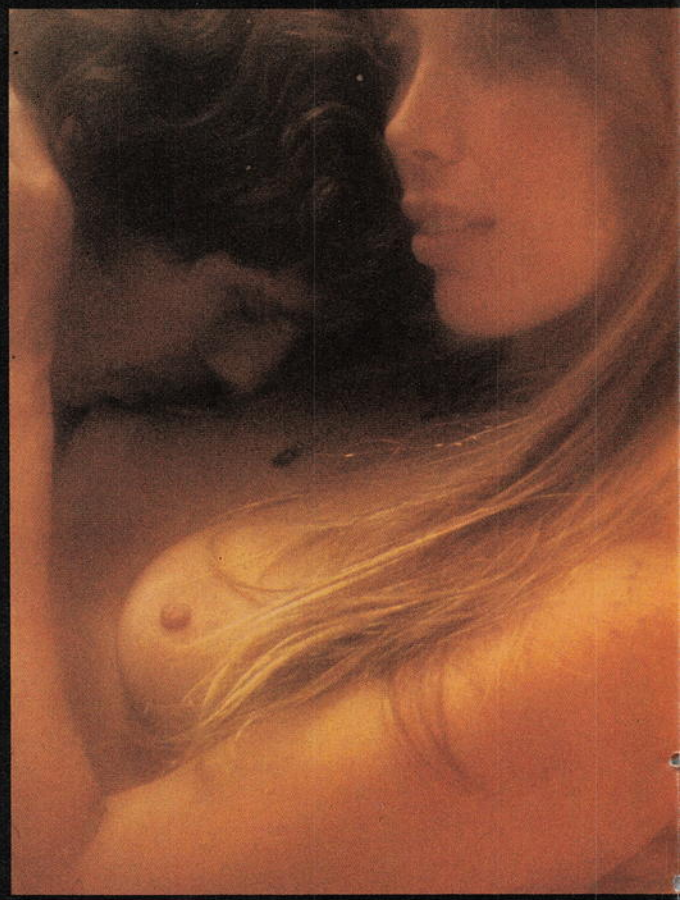
symbol of one's liberal involvement in everything that matters in life . . . like *ecology* and *liberation* and, of course, *sex*. Just such a pair are James Francis and his good friend Gwen Selvage, who spend their time wandering happily from Mexico to California to Canada in their brand-new Volkswagen camper. Both Texan-born, James (27) and Gwen (24) met through the machinations of a joint friend, two years ago in San Francisco. He is a photographer, she a model, and "somehow, we just clicked." Apart from mutually complementary careers, they share a philosophy of life that can briefly be summed up as "let it all hang loose". That is, they believe in having

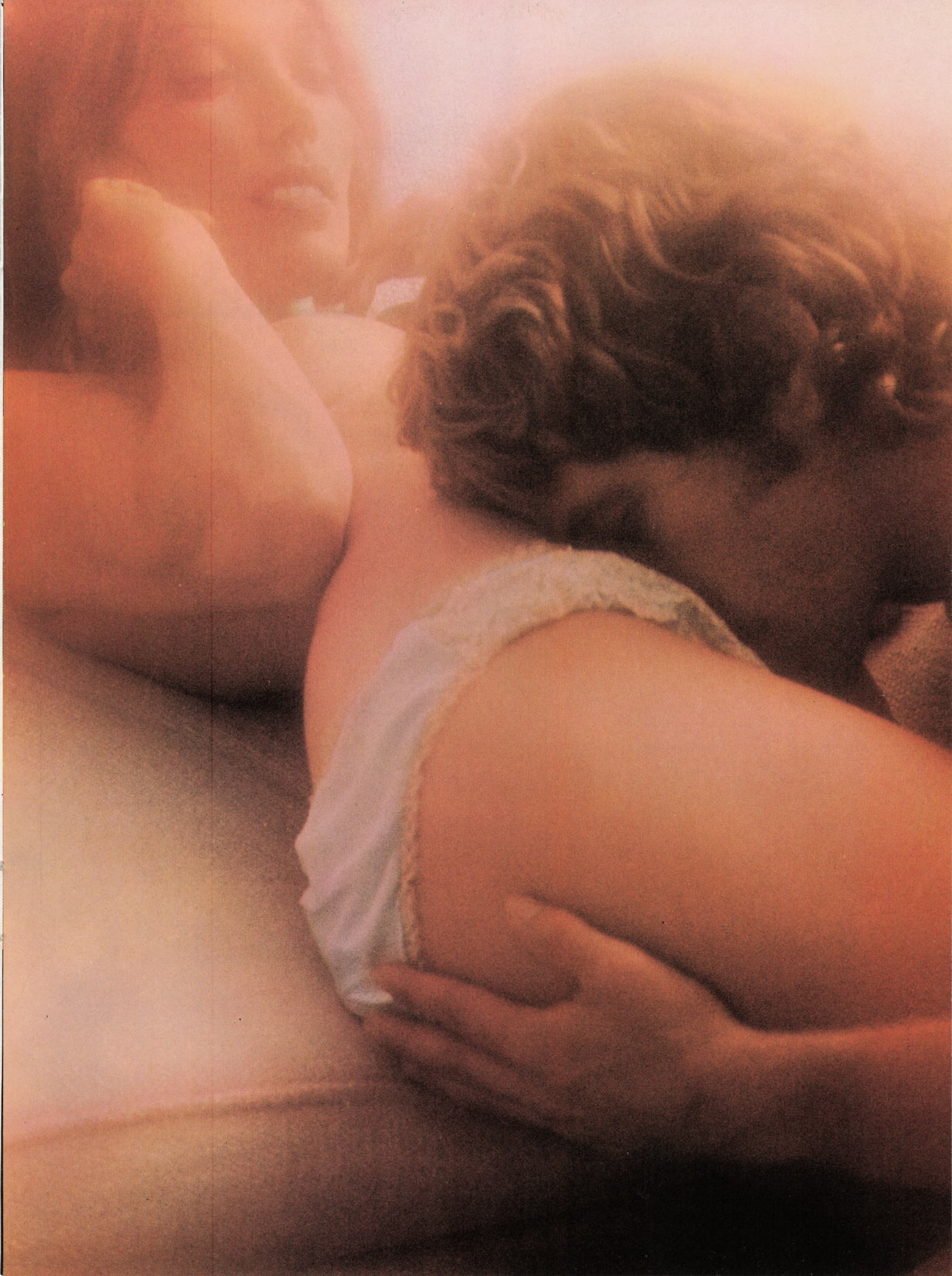


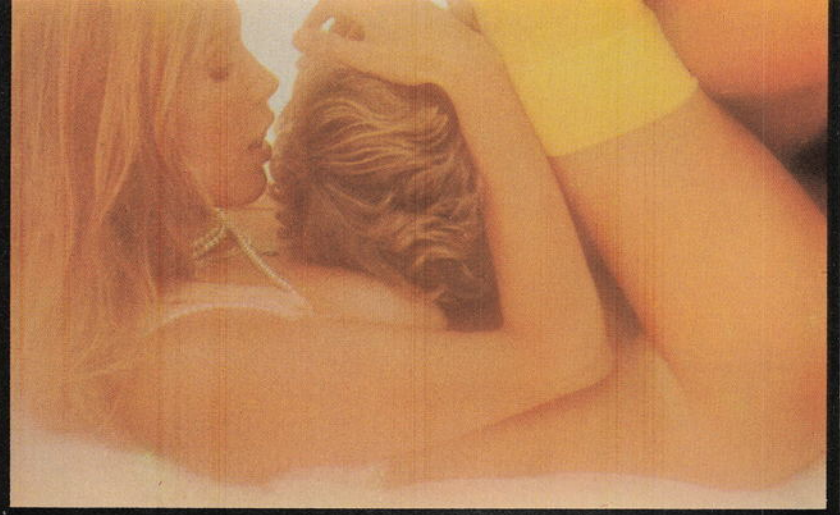
enough money to keep them in Volkswagen camper fuel, and enough money to keep them in film for their Hasselblads and Yashicas, and enough money to buy the natural foods they're both into, and enough money to keep themselves in surfboards and the occasional little luxuries that make life on the road so much more pleasant; but they're not part of the *grabbing society*.

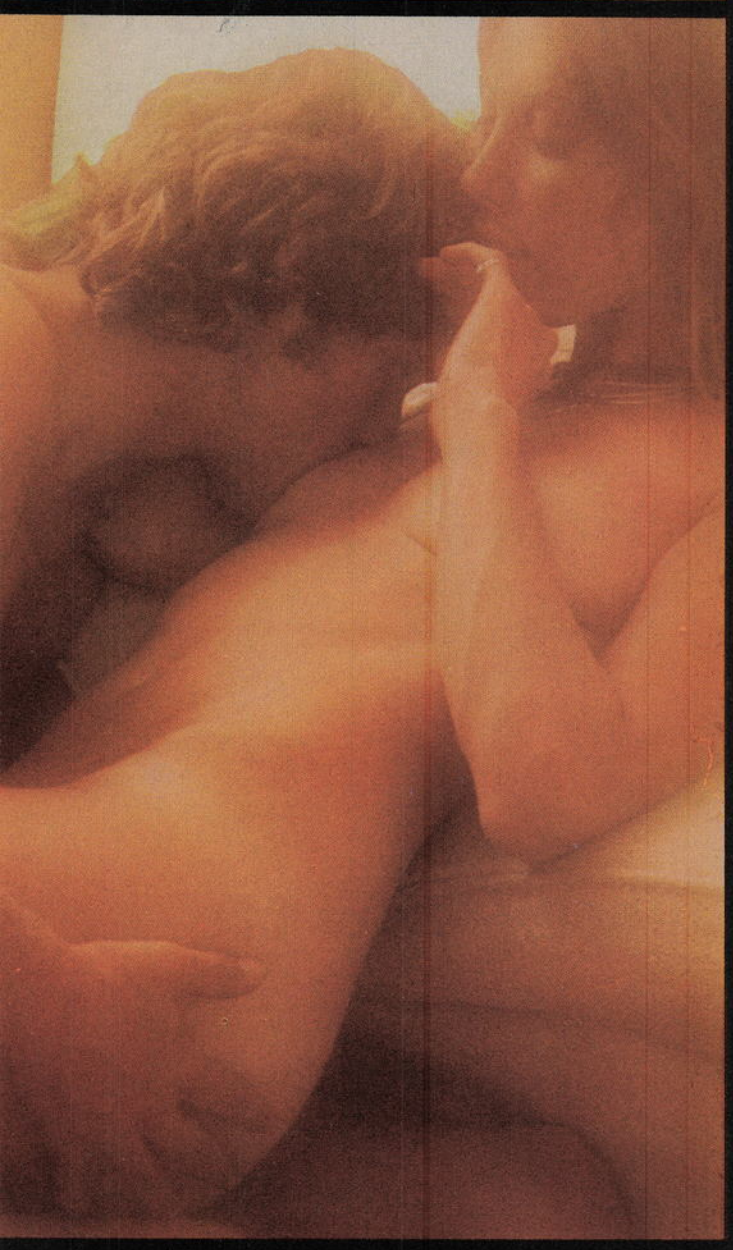
With such an ascetic way of life, how do they have fun? "Well, we dig nude sunbathing,

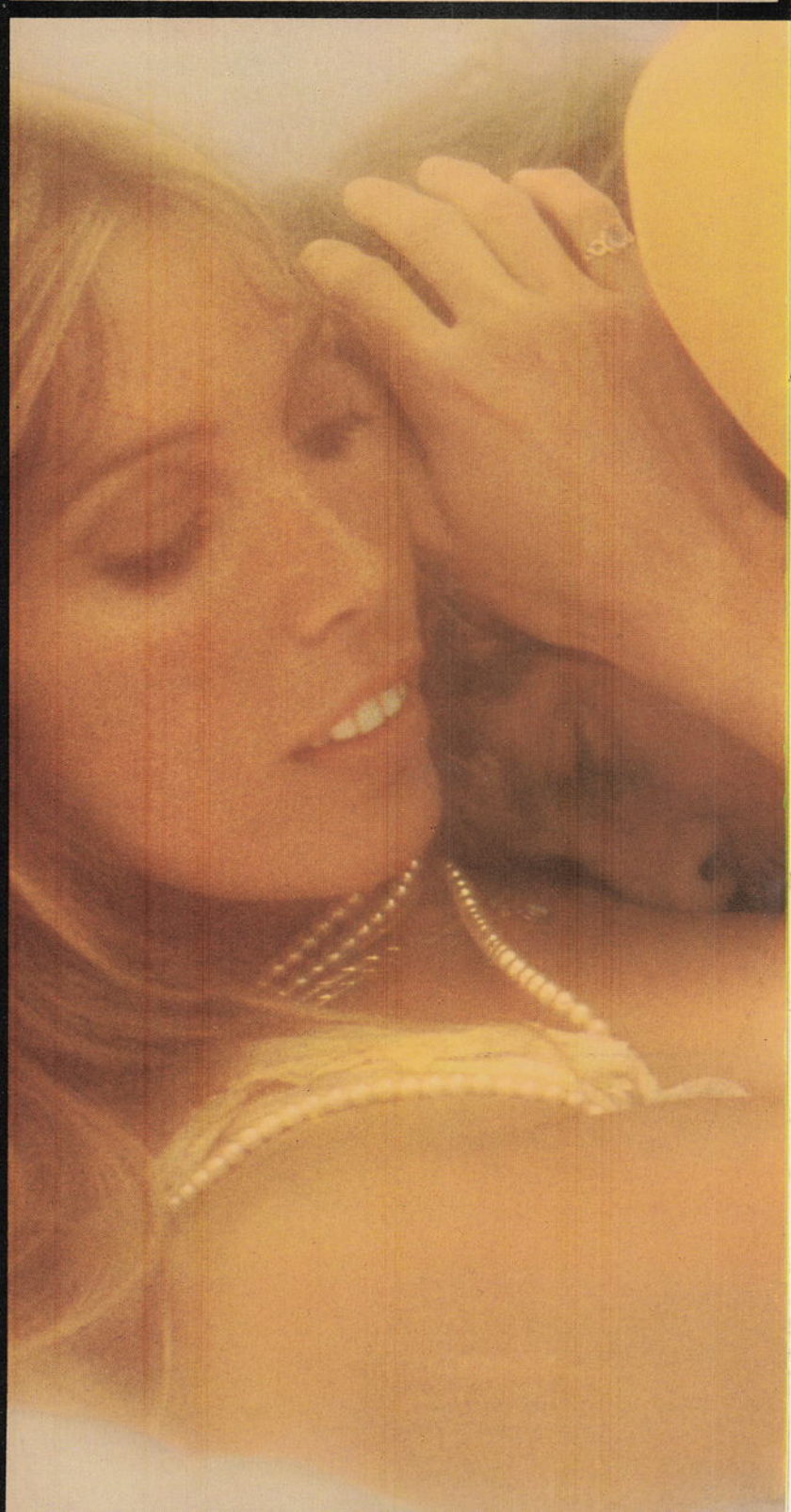












and making love in a Volkswagen camper is incredible." Will they ever marry? "Marriage —what's that?" Children? "To quote W. C. Fields—delicious, if cooked right." How about, you know, *swinging?* "We are both possessive and jealous. We like to concentrate on one person at a time." Isn't that, uh, sort of like being *married?* "Oh no, we *live together*."

RAQUEL WELCH

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> "There's nothing to being a sex symbol. There's nothing you can do about it. To try to have a universal appeal is ludicrous, because it means something different to everybody"

why should he assume he has to prove his manhood by leaping into bed? I think some men feel women expect that of them. But why should a man be put in that position? It places a big burden on him. It really doesn't have to be a problem because if you're not sexually involved that doesn't mean there's no relationship between a man and a woman. Even *outside* marriage, I don't think that a few good orgasms make up for the lack of a good relationship. Let's face it, we can carry on just so much sexual activity in our lives.

Penthouse: Do you think men and women still "play games" with each other?

Raquel: We used to play games for so long that nobody knew *what* was going on. I think the woman always felt it was the man's duty to make the first overture and the woman's duty was to always reject that overture no matter how horny she was or how fantastically the guy turned her on. So the poor man was always the one to be rejected. We didn't want him to think we were bad ladies. The man had to say, "I know this is going to be 'No' to start, but maybe in the first out of ten tries I'll make it". The people I know now don't play too many games. The world is becoming too honest.

Penthouse: What qualities do you most respect in a man?

Raquel: What I want and admire in a man is for him to have some kind of strength of his own that I can look up to. Then, it's of my own volition that I won't—or will—do something to please him, because *I* thought of it and not because he told me to. If he's had to tell me, and I hadn't thought of it, then there's something wrong already with our relationship.

Penthouse: Was being labeled "sex goddess" the worst thing that could happen to you?

Raquel: Well, no, it's apparent that it was meant to be highly flattering. I tried to live up to whatever was expected of that kind of woman, or physical object, but not understanding it at all. There's nothing to being a "sex symbol". There is nothing you can do about it, or for it, nor does it allow you to do anything. It has nothing to do with anything. To try to make it have a universal appeal is ludicrous, because "sex goddess" means something different to everybody.

Penthouse: Do you want to get rid of this label?

Raquel: I think people expect to hear that I'm going to change away from it. I don't know what I'll be changing from or to. I don't know any more what part of it is me, and what part is not me. I don't want to drive myself nuts any more fretting about it. Now that I'm going into a new phase of my life I don't even want to be saddled with the idea of changing just for the sake of changing. It's very simple. I just want to do *one* thing, and that is to be an actress.

Penthouse: What do you, yourself, think of Raquel Welch's looks?

Raquel: I'm really not in the business of good looks. My features aren't regular enough and I'm really not "the look" and never have been from the moment I started out. But by now I know I'm going to photograph acceptably and I'm not going to have to worry about being acceptable to the public. I still think I look god-awful on the screen. All I see is that the mouth goes this way or that way in different directions. I just sit there and think there's nothing I like too much about looking at the face. I think "What am I going to do about the way I played that scene?" I know when I strike a false note or fake something. I've seen a lot of pretty faces in the movies much prettier than mine and I've seen lots of ladies who are just as stacked. I'm just not interested in anyone who has nothing going on inside of them.

Penthouse: Who are some of the actresses you admire?

Raquel: I think the best contemporary screen actress we have is Jane Fonda. She, too, had to go through the sex symbol, glamor girl type of association and I find her to be a wonderful screen actress. I think Doris Day is a very good comedienne and she does tragedy well, too. Too bad people pick on her so much. In her early star period, in the 1950s, she was absolutely right for the young women of that day.

Penthouse: Do your experiences with men, marriage, and the sex goddess thing make you sympathetic to the aims of Women's Lib?

Raquel: I'm not unaware of Women's Lib. How could I be? But I really feel no identity with them. I don't have to make a movement out of my own personal life and decisions. I'm pursuing a kind of existence on my own that has nothing to do with all that. I don't jibe with these great big movements, especially the way they map out the way people should think.

Penthouse: Are there any women in the movement whom you respect?

Raquel: Well, I find Gloria Steinem . . . pretty dry. The only one I really like is Germaine Greer. She presents the case for women with some degree of humor, and in a very feminine way. I really prefer that approach. I think the other people in Women's Lib are too victimized. That might sound contradictory coming from me because I certainly feel victimized by many things in my life. The whole thing boils down to this. Women are getting mad. We're fed up. We want a better shake. We're tired of being sexual objects. Then, we also want specifics like better jobs and better pay. What I keep hearing from Germaine Greer is OK. We're fed up because we'd like to have real relationships not only with men, but also with women, relationships that are more rounded. Not that there is anything wrong with being the object of sexual lust, but there are many other things involved in human relations. Let's not overlook all the possibilities and choices available.

Penthouse: Do you know any men who say they are pro-Women's Lib?

Raquel: Yes, I know some. They say they think if women get hold of the wheel they will stop wars and be benevolent to everybody. I wonder. I really wonder. I think women are capable of just as much brutality as men if given the power. This is the instinct in all of us, whether men or women. If women would stop wars to save their sons does that mean that men are perfectly willing to have their sons slaughtered? They are not. It seems to me that men have even more compassion for the sufferings of their fellow human beings than most women do. Women don't think about things like that because for so long they have been pitted against one another in competition for the few men there are around. We have to get hold of some kind of security for ourselves so we try to knock off the best security we can get in the way of a wage-earning man. Women say this takes up all of their time, getting and holding men. Well, there may be some truth to that, but thank God the woman's role is changing. It's time.

Penthouse: You once said there are too many temptations today?

Raquel: Yes, I think we are all being overstimulated and we're endangering the durability of our marriages and relationships. Drop out. Drop in. Turn on. Turn off. I feel that some people now feel compelled to do everything, and there's nothing wrong with that, really. But it's not my pattern. I can't see gorging myself with everything that is exciting, even though it may give some people a sense of vitality to experience something with an enormous intensity all the time.

Penthouse: What does turn you on?

Raquel: I think that contemporary music seems to have taken over all the good juices that movies used to have. Music seems more basic. It gets you more easily. It gets you where you live, right away. The people who are doing it are fabulously talented. If you go to see them, they really take you out of it, and they make you go with them in all directions. I like to use music—particularly my Leon Russell tapes—to get myself out of reality, to give me new ideas, to take little trips in my own mind, and put myself in a different frame of mind. I don't think we have creative people in movies like that any more, making that kind of movie. And it occurs to me that there's one thing more about Women's Lib that applies to the movies. There are very few stories written with a woman as the central character any more. Is it because modern woman has become too threatening to put on the silver screen? Is she a pain in the ass with all her ideas and protests? Could be.

Penthouse: What do you hope will happen now in your life?

Raquel: I like my profession more than anything I do in life. Most of my thoughts and energies go to it. The payoff is, that for all the hard work and disappointments you get to play "pretend". Actors are the only people with whom I have any rapport. I have no formula in mind for the future. I'm a hard worker and I can always find work to do. I've always admired the people who are not afraid to try to make their lives come true to the dream they've had. I want to be like them. I want to live up to my own expectations. I'm taking advantage of this new beginning in my life to unravel some of its mystery, make my own mistakes, follow my own impulses, just to try to find out who I really am before I check out. I've been through a period of intense activity where I felt as though I'd been through a wringer. My life seemed a wreck. I was a zombie led by the nose. But now I feel great. It's the kind of thing that happens to people when they get well after being sick. They would throw open the doors and windows and say how wonderful it is to be alive. Life doesn't seem to be as terrible as it used to be.

Penthouse: Raquel Welch, thank you.

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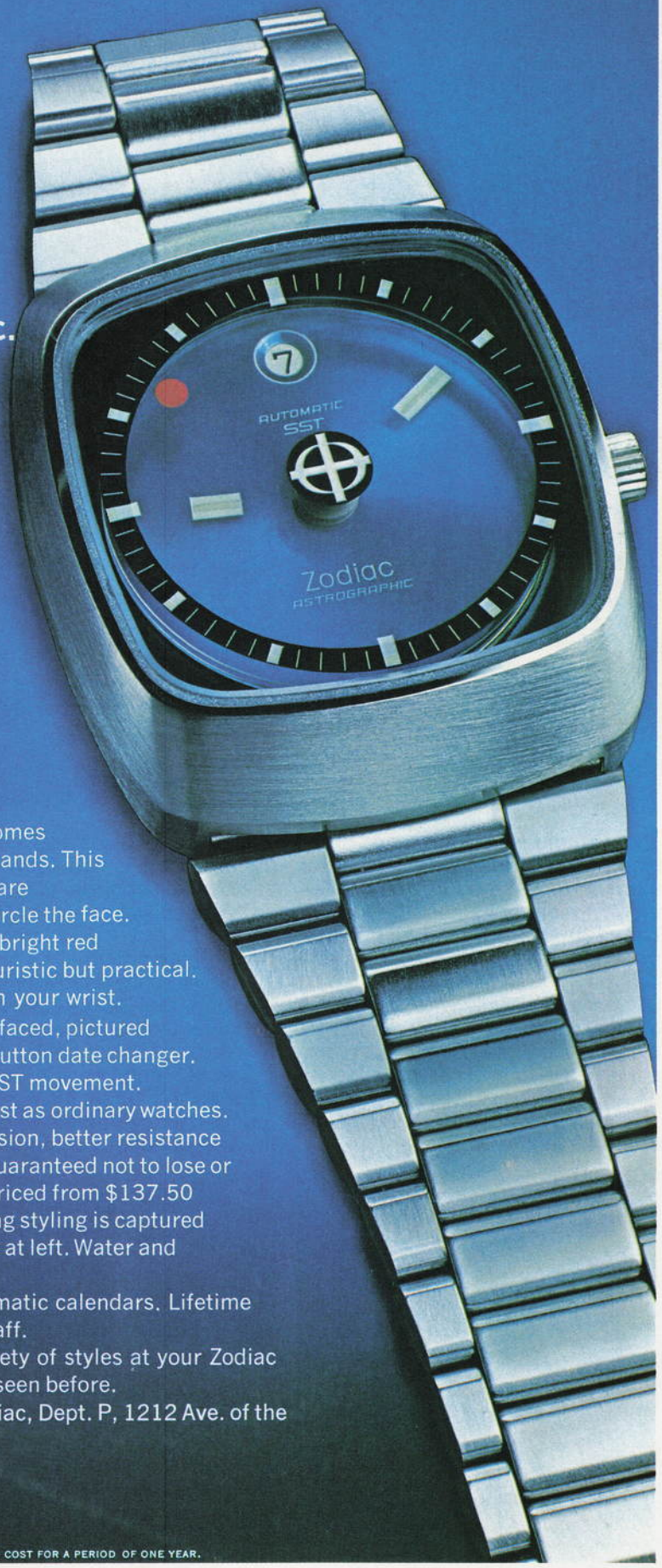

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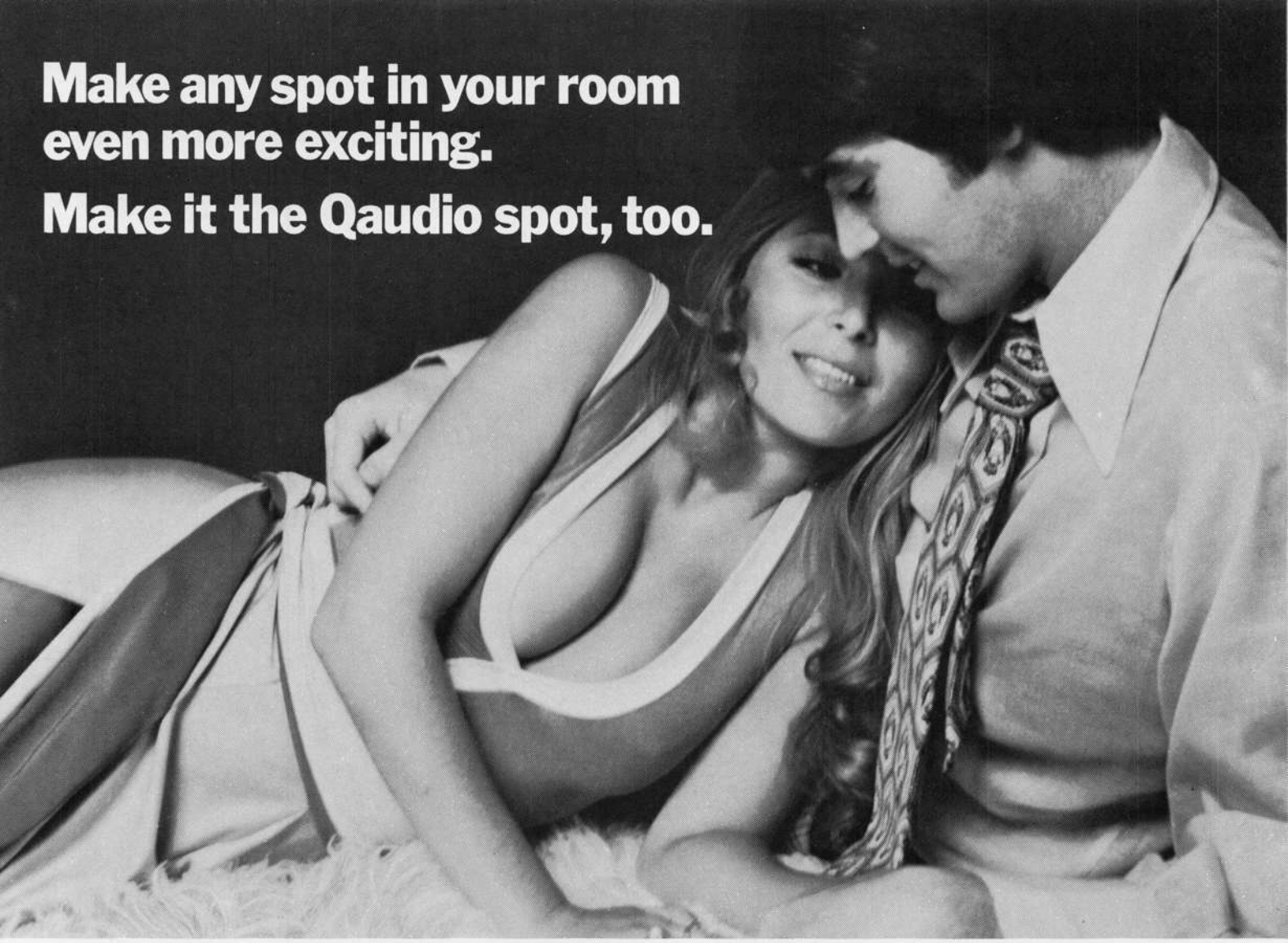

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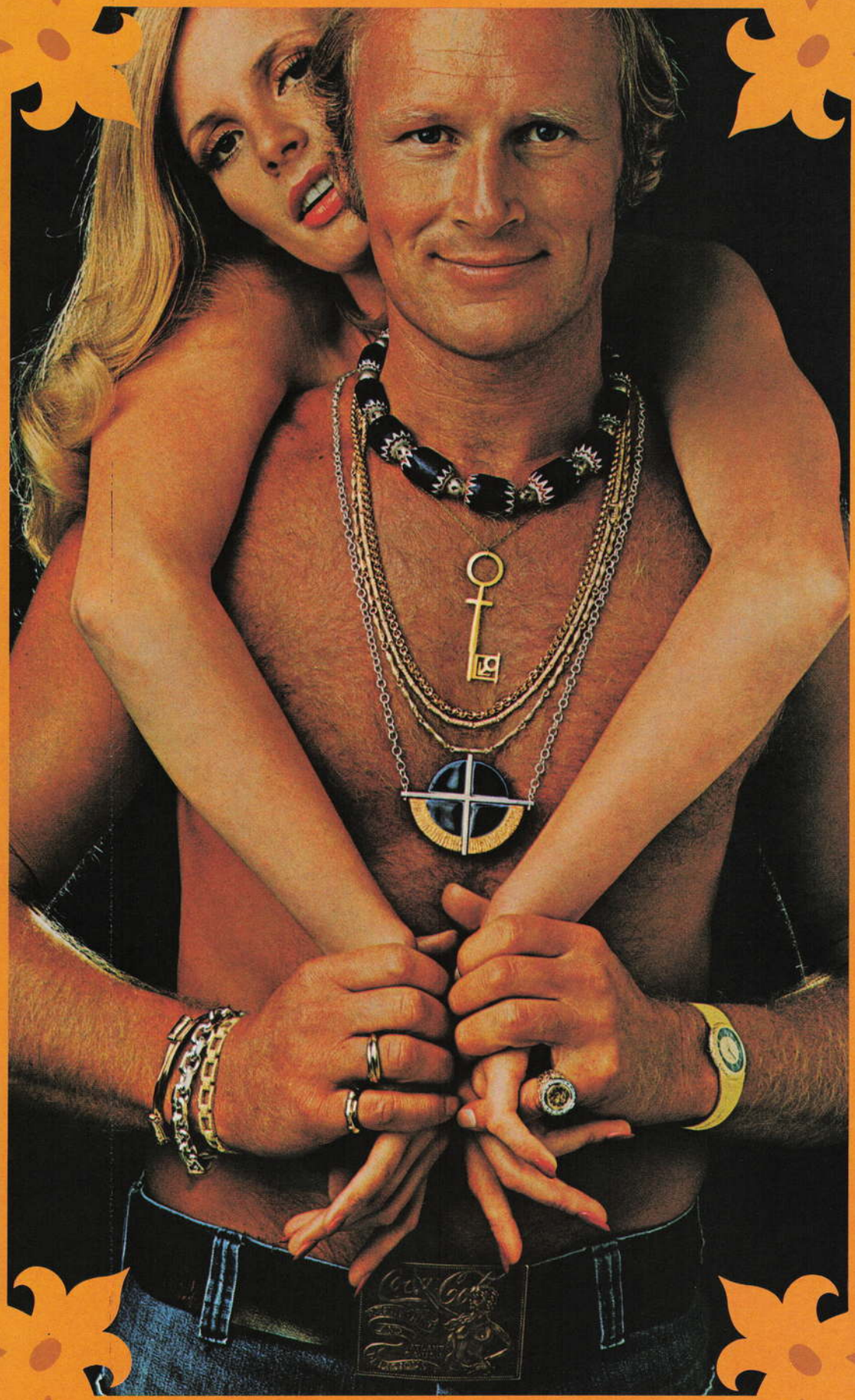

Necklets (from top): 300-year-old Venetian glass and Spanish silver wedding beads from Lou Racanelli of The Connection Gallery; solid gold Penthouse key with 24-inch chain, $50 (also available in gold plated sterling, $25, and gleaming silver finish, $10; 30-inch spherical link chain in 18K gold, $500, by Amulets and Talismans; 18K gold spaghetti chains, $595 apiece, from Peter Lindeman; Copenhagen blue porcelain pendant, crossed in sterling silver and edged in gold with a sterling silver chain, $91, by Danish Silversmiths, the Royal Copenhagen Shop. Bracelets (left to right): solid gold version of "good luck" elephant hair bracelet, $125, by Hunting World; heavy links of solid sterling, by Danish Silversmiths, $70; pebbly 18K gold bracelet, $450, by Peter Lindeman. Right-hand ring: 1853 Liberty Head one dollar gold piece surrounded by 19 diamonds set in white 14K gold, by Wideband, $750; Left-hand rings: three-band puzzle ring in three different shades of gold, $110, by Cartier; single black elephant hair ring, by Hunting World, $6. The watch is a 14K textured yellow gold with matching band and gold and enamel dial, by Lucien Picard, $750.
The antique buckle, circa 1890, was made for the Coca-Cola Company by the Tiffany Studios. From Turn of the Century, $50.

Photos by Bob Huntzinger

1. Hand-made saddle of pigskin and cow-hide with a forward seat and a round cantle, by Barnsby of England for M. J. Knoud, $365; **2.** Realistic National Eagle kite custom-made in Nantucket, from Go Fly A Kite Store, Inc., $40; **3.** Willow Falls by Edvins Strautmanis, an eight by nine foot picture, at Lo Giudice Gallery, $2,500; **4.** Double hammock is woven so that the two of you can sleep without bumping into each other. If there are more than two of you . . . well, that's your problem, by Hammock Master, $60; **5.** A rich, round, throw of natural Stone Marten pelts, by Georges Kaplan, $3,000; **6.** Spectacular Staghorn Fern from Australia, which thrives in every light but direct sun and grows beautifully indoors; by Grass Roots Garden, $200; **7.** The 1200, a beefed-up chopper for 1973 with a new exhaust and fuel system, and a 1200cc V-twin four stroke engine, by Harley-Davidson, $2,405; **8.** Camera case holds two cameras in swivel cradles, and there's a special compartment for lenses, filters, flash and film, by Miida, $89.95; **9.** Both sides of 20 cassettes are automatically played by the Exeter, a magic machine in a walnut case, by Panasonic, $399.95; **10.** The ultimate 8 millimeter camera; a super-8 with a 10-1 variable speed power zoom lens with a range from 7 mm ultra-wide angle to 70 mm super telephoto, the Autopak-8 D10 has seven filming speeds, automatic and manual fading and variable shutter speeds, by Minolta, $800; **11.** And the ultimate accessory—the Intervalometer-S allows you to film one frame at a time up to ten minutes apart, by Minolta, $640; **12.** When conventional binoculars are useless, the "Super Night Owl" comes through. It gives a clearer brighter image in almost any light. Triple-coated optics minimize reflection and the prisms are strapped for durability, by Miida, $149.50; **13.** A table of polished Italian Cremo marble with a bull-nosed edge, by Nikos Zographos, $263; **14.** Sharpen knives, scissors, grind coffee, juice oranges, crush ice, blend sauce with accessories to this Appliance Power Center. By Ronson, blender power unit, $89.95; juicer, $19.95; coffee mill, $27.95; knife and scissors sharpener, $14.95; and ice crusher, $19.95; **15.** A desk calculator with a battery-powered AM/FM clock radio, by Crown Radio, $220; **16.** The Model 10 audio mixing console could be the beginning of a home studio. Ideal for quadriphonic systems, the unit has 8 inputs and 4 outputs. By TASCAM Corporation, $1,890.

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1. American artist Frank Stella designed this wool tapestry—there are only 25 of them in the world, by Atelier International, $4,000; **2.** Lunar 1 with a solid state five-inch black and white television, AM/FM radio, and a digital clock in twin pods on a pedestal base, by RCA, $160; **3.** A goddess from the Indian sub-continent, Parvati (consort of Shiva). 18th century, bronze, 48 inches tall. By Rudi's Oriental Antiques, $3,000; **4.** Black leather and brushed aluminium Abarth steering wheel for almost any sports car. This one is specifically crafted for a BMW. By Fisher Products, $49.95; **5.** Custom-made hand-lasted boots, M. J. Knoud, $165; **6.** The Atala Professional, Model 101, is 21½ lbs of superbly engineered bicycle. By Atala, $495; **7.** Attaché case made from a single piece of elephant trunk. There are only two of these cases in the world, and the designer owns one of them. By Bob Lee for Hunting World, $1,000; **8.** Entertainment on a pedestal: a giant remote-controlled 25-inch color television with a built in 8-track tape player and AM/FM stereo radio. By Zenith, distributors' suggested retail prices, depending on locality, $1,250 to $1,350; **9.** Stars & Stripes Candlestick phone, an update of Ma Bell's 1910 classic. By Decotel, $45; **10.** Giant scented fruit candle. By Gruv Candles, $55; **11.** ST 2 bar stool, with grain leather seat, stainless steel base. By Nikos Zographos, $349; **12.** This computer will make a pretty good chess partner: and if you're very good at the game you may even beat it once in a while. By Data General Corporation, $11,900; **13.** Yesterday's classic with today's innards. A replica of the famous "Cathedral" radio of the 1930s that receives both AM and FM signals and has a tape jack. By Philco, $49.50; **14.** A kit bag in brown elephant leather, with brass fittings hand-made in France. By Bob Lee for Hunting World, $750; **15.** Natural calf bag with stitched details. By Mark Cross, $235; **16.** Backgammon, set in red or black textured calf with a hand tooled leather field, has solid brass locks and looks like an attaché case when it's not making or breaking fortunes. By Mark Cross, $250; **17.** Direct-dial car phone, with 50-watts of power, (twice what's previously been available) and full 11 channel MTS coverage. By A Plus Communications, Inc., $2,790; **18.** The Beomaster 3000-2, in rosewood or teak, can handle a turntable, two pairs of speakers and up to two tape decks. By Bang & Olufsen, $350; **19.** A 12 lb telescope for astronomers, telephotographers and nature freaks, the portable observatory Celestron 5 Schmidt-Cassegrain. By Celestron Pacific, $595; **20.** The game of politics played out in the game of chess. In 24K gold and polished chrome, the set pits King Richard Nixon against King McGovern and Queen Eugene McCarthy. By LRH Enterprises, $100.

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THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

"Only as a warrior can one survive the path of knowledge. Because the art of a warrior is to balance the terror of being a man with the wonder of being a man."

see. The sorcerer must work through the perceptual *glosses* of the culture in order to see. He must become aware of the fact that other descriptions are possible."

One of the students in the seminar said: "That's why don Juan kept scaring the shit out of you. He was breaking down your way of putting it together."

"I was a tough customer," Carlos admitted. "Don Juan had to use *three* psychotropic plants to disrupt my glosses. *Mescalito, yerba del diablo,* and *humito.*" Carlos was talking about peyote, datura, and mushrooms. Carlos is very cautious about psychotropic drugs. He said: "The intake of psychotropics may be utilized in the case of a very stubborn person. But they are deleterious to the body. I had to spend months in limbo after taking them. Especially mushrooms. These were very deleterious to my body. Months would go by when I was sick all the time. I couldn't digest nothing. I had a haunting sadness with the mushrooms. 1964-5, horrible years. The whole body must be a perceiver if you wish to be fully aware. Look at me now. I have not slept for 24 hours but it doesn't show. My body is in the state of optimum now. Strain does not seem to affect me."

Carlos seems concerned that people should not dismiss his work as simply the result of drug experience. He stresses don Juan's careful attitude towards psychotropics. Don Juan, Carlos said, "has no need for mushrooms or any psychotropics anymore. But don Juan must still collect them. It is a ritual that don Juan must do. He must go out each day and collect the mushrooms with meticulous care. He is hooked to the alternatives that the *steps* are important, not the results. Even though don Juan will not use these any more, he will still prepare them with extraordinary care." As Carlos points out, both don Genaro and don Juan are expert botanists. Both of them gather many medicinal plants other than psychotropics for the markets of Mexico. Don Juan gathers the rare ones.

Carlos told how he was horrified to find the remnants of a colony supposedly started by Timothy Leary in the 1960s. When the Mexican authorities ran the Leary group out of Mexico, some of the people remained behind, hiding in the hills until things had cooled. Carlos talked of going to a house where these people still lived. He said: "I walked in wearing my best smile and said, 'Hi friends! I'm Carlos Castaneda from Los Angeles.' They were all zonked out. There were 25 of them in a big room. Stoned. One little girl who almost smiled at me almost encouraged me. But she wouldn't talk to me either. She lifted up her leg to scratch it. It was very hairy. I was shocked at what I saw there. Truly shocked. I got up and left. Don Juan came and we went into the mountains. I told him about the Americans. Don Juan told me that he had seen them too. He thought them truly preposterous. He told me that he saw them in the fields eating the mushrooms directly. Don

Juan was appalled—it is truly toxic to eat the mushrooms like that without meticulous preparation. He could not understand how they could be so stupid. He saw a naked American standing in the field, eating the mushrooms right there on the spot. Don Juan was horrified. The mushrooms must be picked with utmost care. They must be stored in a gourd for a year and mixed properly with other things. The ritual even includes the way you must handle them. You must take the mushroom in the left hand and transfer it to the right to place it in the gourd for storage. And there must be enormous concentration to find the right one. It is better to practice the Yaqui exercises than to use the psychotropics."

Carlos told of hunting "power food" with don Juan. They went in search of rabbits and rattlesnakes. Don Juan told Carlos that they must wait for the rabbit to come to them when the twilight was at its apex. Carlos said: "You must wait for that very moment right before the light goes flip and is gone. If the rabbit appears then, you must kill it. The same with the rattlesnake. If it comes at the apex of the twilight, you must kill it. This food that comes at the apex of the twilight is *power meat.* Sensational stuff. I go to the market in L.A. and buy steak. It's terrible. You don't know how it was slaughtered. I hate lamb chops. You feel the anguish of the lamb when it was being slaughtered. But power meat is a gift. Always a peaceful affair. Don Juan will kill a deer when it comes his way in extraordinary circumstances. Even a cougar. This power meat is truly astonishing stuff. I ate all kinds of power meat on my journeys through the mountains with don Juan. We even ate mountain lion. It all looks the same. All you need to sustain you for a year is some power meat, some *pinoli* (a dried corn flower), some dried chilis, and some water. You don't need anything else. I would lose only five pounds in two months with nothing but power meat and *pinoli* to sustain me."

One day Carlos clarified for me what he meant during our very first conversation when he said that he felt "empty" and finished. Carlos was talking about himself and his life. He said, "I don't have any unfinished business right now. I can go from here to eternity. There is nothing waiting for me. No unfinished business. Nothing to hold me back. At this moment, there is nothing in L.A. that I have not finished. I call this being 'tight'. There are no loose ends. My father didn't think this way. He thought you could store only so much and then use it up, waste it. And from then on, it was all downhill. I think the other way is true. Don Juan's way. It is better to have nothing. To have no loose ends. It is better to cut these off."

Carlos talked of his mother and father and their "terror of being alive". He described his father as a "bored intellectual, a professor". His mother complained constantly of having nothing. She would say to Carlos: "Nobody has given me anything. I have no diamond ring." Carlos said that she would cry and that he "cried with the woman because she did not have a diamond ring." When Carlos told don Juan about his mother, don Juan said: "If nobody ever gave her anything, the world was hers to take." "If a man can liberate himself from the terror of being alive, that would truly be enough." As don Juan told Carlos, "only as a warrior can one survive the path of knowledge. Because the art of a warrior is to balance the terror of being a man with the wonder of being a man."

Carlos' past difficulties with his mother do not appear in his everyday relationships with women. He is charming, graceful, and attentive to the women about him. He does joke though about the fact that he has "never heard of a woman apprentice." Carlos, getting the phrase amusingly backwards, said: "Maybe it's because sorcerers are chauvinistic male pigs."

Apparently don Juan likes to play tricks on the ladies though. Carlos told how a VW "beetle" pulled up in front of don Juan's house. "Quick, Carlos," don Juan ordered, "hide under that straw mat." Carlos did what he was told, not knowing what to expect. He peeked out from under the mat to find that don Juan's visitor was a lovely young social worker. She proceeded to talk very familiarly with don Juan as though they were old friends. Carlos, considering don Juan's age, thought it funny that he had managed to attract a lovely young lady and he tittered under the mat. Don Juan laughed uproariously and said: "Don't be afraid. It's only Carlos hiding there under that grass mat." Apparently sorcerers have a lot of fun together.

Women, however, do enter the life of the sorcerer in an important way. Carlos told us the fascinating tale of the *Four Winds.* The sorcerer must be constantly on the alert for women who are blown to him like "winds". He cannot deliberately seek them. Like the rabbits and rattlesnakes that the sorcerer hunts, they must come to him. The sorcerer needs them for his final effort in the wrestling match with the ally. Indeed, it is almost suicidal for the sorcerer to first confront the ally directly without the help of the women. Like the points on the compass, the women surround the sorcerer. There are four of them. These are the sorcerer's "winds". To the north of him is the woman who is his *shield,* his protector. In the back of him, to the south, is the warm wind, the *joker.* The joker represents the warmth and lightness of spring. Her presence moderates the devastating north wind. To the west, introspection is represented by the *spirit catcher.* And completing the array is the *weapon,* to the east. The weapon is the "foremost authority," the wind of "illumination". It is in this position that the five of them, the sorcerer and his four winds, go forth across the plain situated somewhere in Sonora, Mexico, to confront the ally.

Carlos is deliberately vague about the location of this plain, but he assures me that "it exists" and that it is "a real place". It is where the sorcerer must go to meet and wrestle with the ally.

When the women and the sorcerer come face to face with the ally, the women first bear the brunt of the ally's attack. Moving first against the joker at the rear of the formation, the ally "flattens her to the ground". The other women and the sorcerer must turn, as if in some macabre ballet, and point toward the struggling joker and the ally. They cannot go to her aid. One by one, the ally attacks the women, finally moving with tremendous force against the shield to the front of the sorcerer. Then he attacks the sorcerer himself head-on with a massive show of power. The sorcerer and the ally grapple with one another. If the sorcerer succeeds in wrestling the ally to the ground, he gains the power of the ally. But if he fails, he is *spun* by the ally.

Carlos talks about how don Genaro was spun by his ally. Don Genaro grappled with the ally but from the moment he caught hold, he was spun about with great force. The ally literally "twirled" don Genaro like a top, spinning him through the air with great speed, finally dumping him to the ground far from his home in an alien place. It was then that don Genaro was forced to begin his journey home to Ixtlan. On the path, he met people who seemed to be people, but turned out to be phantoms. But don Genaro could never reach the end of his journey. He could never return to Ixtlan. His world had been *spun* by the ally. Don Genaro could never go home again. Indeed, he had lost his humanness. In truth, the phantoms that don Genaro met and continues to meet on his unceasing journey back to Ixtlan are not phantoms at all but real people. It is don Genaro who is no longer human. Neither is don Juan.

The sorcerer's metaphor of "being spun" captures the sense of the transition from being an ordinary person who does not see to becoming the sorcerer who finally sees. But one becomes a sorcerer at an extraordinary cost. To lose one's humanness means to leave behind everything that one holds dear. As don Juan told Carlos: "You are ready now to wrestle the ally. You will survive and the first thing that you will wish to do is to journey back to Los Angeles. But you will never get there. All of that will be lost forever to you. Everybody that you loved. Everything that you hated, wished for, held dear will have been left behind you."

Carlos, in speaking of his own readiness to go to the plain of the ally, regrets that he has no winds of his own to go with him. He said: "Since I don't have four winds, I'll have to take the plunge by myself. I'll do it when my body feels like it." A rumor spread around school that Carlos' teaching assistant had found a wind for him, a girl who was willing to go to the plain with Carlos to wrestle the ally. I didn't believe it for a moment because the

whole thing, according to Carlos, is very dangerous. The ally isn't kidding when he attacks the winds. It can be fatal. I doubt that a woman would risk it. Carlos thought that he had attracted a wind once. But don Juan told him: "She is not a wind. She needs constant reinforcement. Either she needs a gigantic effort to change or you'll have to leave her." Don Juan had three winds when he tried to make it across the plain. He never made it. Carlos has no winds but he feels that he has to try it anyway, even if he gets spun by the ally and loses his humanness as a consequence

Carlos identifies with another young sorcerer by the name of Pablito. "Pablito is charming, exquisite, funny, direct but yet not threatening to others. He is my size, my age. I watch his actions closely. Whatever he is doing, Pablito turns in an exquisite performance." Perhaps that is why Pablito has already attracted three winds. Carlos insists, though, that this thing of winds is "not a sexual affair. It is an arrangement of *power*." But even Pablito with all of his charm seems unable to come up with the fourth wind. Like don Juan, he seems stuck at three. Carlos says, "I don't think Pablito will get the fourth one. He will have to leave the others behind and cross the plain by himself. Pablito is almost ready. I will witness his attempt to cross."

Carlos seems conflicted about crossing the plain. He says: "I'm involved in too many things. Maybe this is how I keep putting it off." On another occasion, he said: "I'm committed to my feelings. This is what makes me human, my feelings. I like to show my feelings, to be happy, sad, to love. Don Juan and don Genaro you see, they have no *true* feelings. Don Juan has no real compassion for me. He gives me his attention, that is all. He cannot give me his feelings because he can only approximate true human feelings. He and don Genaro have been spun. They have lost their humanness." Carlos seems unsure that he is ready to pay the final price of seeing.

Don Genaro, however, insists that it is possible to make it across the plain and hence gain the powers of the ally but still retain one's humanness. He says that he knew one warrior who made it across the plain. Carlos says: "Don Genaro is not kidding. It is inconceivable that he would lie to me. I will go to Mexico. I will sit under this tree and wait for this man to come to me. I'll sit there for months if necessary. This man will come to me and tell me what this myth is all about."

I became very curious about this one warrior who succeeded in making it across the plain. Was his success the reason why the sorcerers continue to make the attempt, to risk their humanness in search of knowledge? Carlos told me that he didn't think so. He said quite simply: "There is no other way for a man to live." That phrase of don Juan's and of Carlos' has stuck in my mind. I hear Carlos saying it to me at peculiar times. Once while shopping in Sears Roebuck I saw a man my age with two small children hanging on him.

"He told Carlos to think of himself in terms that were the exact opposite of those in which he normally thought of himself. Carlos did so for several days. He was amazed to find that the opposite description fitted just as well."

His wife was greedily rummaging in a bin of sale items, saying "Look at this! And this! And this!" The man said: "These goddamned kids are driving me crazy and you aren't helping one bit!" Carlos' phrase about the warrior's way of life flashed through my head: "There is no other way for a man to live." I went home thinking: "Each of us, in his or her way, in this culture ends up in Sears Roebuck." My dissatisfactions with my own culture had always been extreme. As I got deeper into the world view of the Yaqui sorcerer, my sense of separation from my own culture became profound. I identified with Carlos. I sensed the anguish he must experience as a man caught between two cultures. Carlos has said: "my life is weird—more weird than it looks. I make an effort to present myself in a coherent fashion. But that is the way with the warrior. That is how he must function. He must present his coherent side."

But I do not see Carlos as "weird". Traveling the jammed freeways into Los Angeles, enduring yet another party at a friend's house that goes nowhere, observing the restless, speeded, frenzied boogieing and aimless intensity of my friends, listening to the endless trash that pours out of L.A.'s top 40 stations, reading of the latest ecological horrors that threaten the very existence of human beings everywhere, and watching the terrifying life trip from youth to old age and finally death in American society and other advanced societies, I sense the purity and beauty of the Yaqui way. I understand why Carlos must eventually risk his humanness in the final struggle with the ally on the plain. I too know what don Juan means when he says that "the art of the warrior is to balance the terror of being a man with the wonder of being a man."

Perhaps the time when I *saw* Carlos most clearly was when he took my friend Ruth and I and several others to a *place of power* high in the hills above Malibu. We had all agreed to meet in Ships restaurant on Wilshire Boulevard in West Los Angeles. There was a delightful incongruity about the whole thing. I mean when you stop and think about it, waiting for the sorcerer's apprentice in the "chicken shack" of Ships really is far out! All those people stuffing their faces with fried chicken! When one of the kindly old ladies who works there as a hostess came up and asked if she could help us, the whole thing seemed so preposterous that I bit my cheeks to keep from laughing out loud. I ran out into the parking lot to wait for Carlos there. What could I have said to the waitress—"Oh no thank you, I'm just waiting for a sorcerer's apprentice"?

Anyway, it wasn't long before Carlos came bouncing through the parking lot. He seemed filled with energy, enormously happy. It was obvious that he loved to visit the *place of power*. He explained that don Juan had seen this place in the hills above Malibu Canyon in a dream. It proved to be exactly as don Juan had described it to Carlos. A ring of massive

boulders formed a perfect circle around a dense forest of chapparal. One of the boulders resembled a face pointing to the West toward the Pacific. The westward direction of the "face" boulder, according to Carlos, meant that this particular place of power was one of "introspection". Yaqui sorcerers would come here many years ago to practice meditation and other techniques of Yaqui sorcery.

Carlos demonstrated some of these. One exercise was designed to help the person to come to feel the "lines of the world". According to Yaqui sorcery, the world is composed of lines and, with proper exercise, one can come to know these directly. Carlos stood with his feet forming a right angle, his left arm extended outward, and his right arm parallel to the ground and bent inward toward the chest. He turned his left palm toward the back and his right palm to the front. He moved the first two fingers of each hand rapidly as though he were plucking upon a stringed instrument. He closed his hands slowly and with great tension until his fists were tightly clenched. As he formed the fists, he turned his arms and body around gracefully into a position that resembled a prizefighter in a crouch. Quite suddenly, Carlos released the tension of his body and opened his fists. "Pop," he said, "there they are. The lines of the world!" I tried the exercise. I sensed something I had never known before. What it was, I really don't know. Perhaps, it was the "lines of the world".

In the very center of the forest of chapparal, Carlos showed the way to "bury" yourself. Yaqui sorcerers would come to this place, meticulously build a small shelter of bits and pieces of manzanita and mesquite in which to "bury" themselves. This was a way to produce "psychological death," a technique for "stopping the world". In this fashion, the sorcerer would meditate for several days, stopping the incessant flow of the inner dialogue and interrupting the stream of ordinary perceptions that prevent one from "seeing". The burial act is not a funeral practice. It is a way to practice *not-doing* the world as we normally do it.

There in the place of power which don Juan envisioned in a dream, Carlos told us how to survive in the woods. He told how he and don Juan trapped rattlesnakes. You need lots of string, Carlos said, to make traps of various kinds. With the rattlesnake, the trapping is done with a length of string made into a loop which is slipped over the snake's head when it comes out of its hole. Carlos says that "dental floss is the best thing to use. Anthropologists don't need all that junk they take into the field with them. All they need is dental floss, lots of dental floss. You could survive anywhere with dental floss." Carlos revels in the joys of eating rattlesnake. "Stupendous," he says. "Truly stupendous. Better than whale, turkey, chicken."

Carlos said that there were other places of power. Each one was different. There is even a place of power where you can go to get rid of the evil spirits that will cling to a sorcerer. He knows of one such place where the sorcerer squeezes through a narrow exit made by an opening between two sheer cliff walls. As the sorcerer squeezes through the opening, the evil things are rubbed off and remain behind forever in the place of power. These "evil spirits" are not to be confused with allies, Carlos says. They are other undesirable things that can attach themselves to a warrior.

There in the place of power, Carlos seems truly happy. His energy seems inexhaustible. Carlos charges down one hill and up another. He moves easily through the thick chapparal like a swift coyote. He bounces about like a slightly plump little gnome. There is no question about it: in the wild hills above Malibu, Carlos is totally at home. He jokes about don Juan, don Genaro, and others he has known. His speech, like don Juan's is peppered with slang. He says "by gum" and "by jingo" and even "by golly". Carlos advises me to "be serious but don't take yourself too seriously." As we prepared to leave the place of power, Carlos warned us: "Leave everything that you found here behind. Do not take branches, flowers, rocks, nothing. It is very dangerous!"

We then proceeded to drive down through Malibu Canyon in search of a "water canyon" where Carlos would find *angelica* for us. *Angelica* is a favorite plant of the Yaqui sorcerers. Burning of its dried stalk produces a smoke which is thought to produce great "clarity". We searched for *angelica* in a creek bed directly beneath a sign that warned: "No trespassing. Los Angeles County Water District. $500.00 fine and/or imprisonment for violators." Carlos ignored the sign. We found several strands of green *angelica* but none that had dried naturally. "It is no good," said Carlos. "It must be dry before you pick it." I smelled the green *angelica*. It smelled very familiar. I took a bite of it. "Carlos," I said, "this is wild celery." Carlos said: "Of course, wild celery. It's good isn't it? *Angelica* is amazing. I took it to a famous botanist at UCLA for analysis. He told me there is nothing in it. Nothing. Perfectly innocuous stuff. You could eat 10 pounds of it and nothing would happen. But it is important to the sorcerer. He insists that its smoke will produce great clarity." The sorcerers use it often for scenting the room, much like people here use incense or sprays to freshen the air in their houses. Sometimes they make tea from it. Carlos says that *angelica* tea is mild and delicious.

Ruth and I left Carlos and the others in the "water canyon" and headed home for Laguna Beach via Los Angeles International Airport, where we had to meet a friend's plane. Driving through Venice, California, Ruth got violently ill. I took a wrong turn and ended up getting a traffic citation for "driving on the Venice Boardwalk." Ruth and I had a terrible spat. Our friend's plane was two hours late. A nasty rainstorm broke over Los Angeles as we were leaving the airport and on the freeway my windshield wiper motor burned out. I couldn't believe the incredible run of bad luck we were having. Forced to leave the freeway, we crept down U.S. 1 at midnight in driving rain. I stuck my left arm out of the window and, using it like a windshield wiper, managed to keep a small spot clear enough to see. It took us hours to get home. On the way, Ruth turned pale and said, "Oh my God!" I thought she was getting terribly sick again but it wasn't that at all. Rummaging in her jacket pocket for a cigarette, she found a twig from the place of power.

"How could you do that?" I shouted. "Carlos told you not to take anything from there. Look what has happened."

"But I didn't take it," she said. "It must have jumped into my pocket."

"I don't care how it got there. Throw the goddamned thing out of the window. Right now!" I was so unnerved I nearly drove right across the road into a truck coming toward us. Our friends whom we had picked up at the airport earlier watched us from the back seat as though we were crazy. "What's with a twig?" they wanted to know. Ruth threw it out. "Forget it," I said, breathing a sigh of relief. "It was nothing." But I knew I was lying. It certainly wasn't nothing. The rain stopped as suddenly as it came and my windshield wipers started working again.

We drove back to Laguna Beach easily then. My thoughts as we raced through the night were on Carlos, don Juan, and the Yaqui way of knowledge. I remembered one last story Carlos told us. Don Juan had told him that he did not know himself at all. To prove his point, don Juan told Carlos to think of himself in terms that were the *exact opposite* of those in which he normally thought of himself. Carlos did so for several days. He was amazed to find that the opposite description fitted just as well. He rushed back to don Juan with the news that he wasn't at all what he had thought he was. Don Juan said: "That is good, Carlos. But when you really come to *see* you will know that you are not the opposite either. In the end, you are a dead man just like everybody else."

As I drove, I thought back to the strange but beautiful day with Carlos in the hills above Malibu and the incredible events that had followed. The dangers of groping through the dark night in a rain-storm had forced me to think of my own death. I realized that the Yaqui way of knowledge is all about death. More precisely, it is all about living courageously with the fact of death, the ultimate terror in being a man. Fragments of a poem of which Carlos is particularly fond kept edging into my consciousness. The poem, by Juan Ramon Jimenez, was a favorite of don Juan's as well.

"And I will leave. But the birds will stay, singing; and my garden will stay, with its green tree, with its water well."

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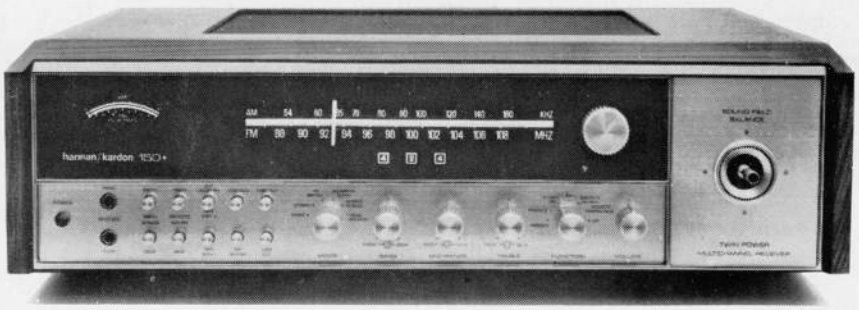

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SO WHO'S SICK?

You're a self-confessed whore and madam, a woman who has made a livelihood at the expense of human sexual frailty and suffering. How does a person with your admitted commercial attitude to human relations come to set herself up as an expert on the sexual problems of those sick people who may be misguided enough to write. Are you trying to do a doctor's work?— W.T.

Listen, I *am* an expert. I'm *more* expert on what I know about than all your doctors and psychiatrists put together, because I'm dealing with practical matters that I've experienced. Don't think I'm trying to justify my life as a prostitute, which by the way I see no reason to make excuses for, but I went in for it just as much because I enjoyed it as because it was well paid. Aren't doctors and psychiatrists well paid for their services too? I can't tell from your letter whether you're male or female, but I can tell that you do seem to be emotionally hung up, since you equate the human sexual urge with "frailty and suffering". It was joy, not suffering, that caused clients to come to me—and more than a few of them were *sent to me* by psychiatrists. Psychiatrists themselves were also among the customers. I believe my men went away feeling better, and if you'd listened to some of them when they arrived you'd know that only therapy could have done that for them. I *was* a therapist, and my work *was* a therapy. Just as I'm sure that I helped clients, so I'm sure that I can help correspondents.

RHYTHM IS YOUR BUSINESS

You said in your interview: "The rhythm a black man has in sex is 10 times better than a white man's. I had to educate my boyfriend that way." Could you please educate me by explaining how to achieve that rhythm?—J.B.

I must confess that I've only had experience of about 10 black men, so I was obviously generalizing in what I said. But they do seem to have a rhythmic body movement that white men more often lack. Instead of the average man's frantic humping, the black lovers I've known were able to lay quiet on top of me or on their knees—or in whatever position they liked—and simply vibrate the pelvis. They had a suppleness and muscle control that was exciting but not exhausting— To give yourself some practice, try putting on some bongo music (or should I say bango?) next time you're in the mood for sex. A good rhythm like carnival music from Rio will help you stimulate your girlfriend by just moving one particular part of your body *while keeping the rest still*. It's all a question of the pelvis. By way of a muscle-control exercise, try turning over the pages of your most exciting book with your erection while sitting down!

BRIDE IN THE BATH

My wife will indulge practically anywhere with me—in the kitchen, on the livingroom floor, and we've even contemplated doing it in the park. The one exception is in the bath. She says she has no appetite for it. I remind her of a time she was almost delirious in the bath till a friend knocked at the door, but she says that must have been an exception. You didn't mention baths in your interview, but how can I interest her in sex in the bath again?—Alan.

Xaviera, author of The Happy Hooker

Experience has taught me that sex in the bath can only be exciting if you add coconut or similar oil to the water, because making love in the water will otherwise make the woman's genitals uncomfortably "dry" by washing away the natural lubricant. The oil clings to your body and is used in certain beach resorts as suntan oil because it doesn't rub off when you go swimming. Slip some of it into the bath and I can almost *guarantee* you success. I've found it can be a fantastic experience, especially if your wife also uses a good thick soap lather to stimulate your erection. She might even slip a soapy finger into your rear end to excite you. But to really enjoy sex in the bath you need a large bath and a plug fitting that you can operate with your toes to regulate the water level, because there's nothing more irritating than having the bath go cold or overflow. This way you can leave the hot water running. Make sure you're both alone in the house and leave the phone off the hook, so that you won't be disturbed. Part of your wife's reluctance is probably that she is afraid to be found out.

BEGINNER'S LUCK

I am 18 and have no sexual experience yet, but every time I see a goodlooking girl I turn unbelievably horny. I'm always saying I'd like to screw some girl, but I'm too chicken to ask anyone for a date. Maybe I'm not good-looking enough (picture enclosed), but I know I'm not the most popular guy in the world. You don't know how grateful I'd be for any pointers on how to get and keep women—Donald.

Your picture says you don't have to worry about your looks, so it's all a question of what you do yourself. (Anyway looks are not all *that* important with men.) I would call you a fairly green young man who needs to come out of his shell. Go to places where you can meet girls of your own age, or even an older girl. In fact, you might even confide in an older girl you like that you are very turned-on by her but don't know how to go about showing it. Or you should find the courage to visit a professional, not a street girl but a young, attractive and experienced prostitute who would treat you with delicacy and not just give you a quick screw. Perhaps you have an uncle you could ask in confidence, or if the worse comes to the worst your father might tell you of someone. The way it's done is very important when a young man's cherry is popped. I know what I would have done if you had come to me when I was in business. I'd certainly have begun by trying to put you at your ease to build your confidence, never hurrying you or pushing you. The lighting and the background music would be perfect for an inaugural seduction, and I would undress you slowly and excitingly. Then we'd dance slowly to the music, me in a thin revealing low-cut negligee, so that you could explore the unfamiliar curves of a woman's body as we danced. Gradually I'd move you to the bedroom, where I'd give you a seductive striptease, which is possible even with only a negligee. Then I'd tease you with kisses on your neck and ears, fingers through your hair, and so on down your whole body. By the time you shyly removed your underpants I know I'd encounter a gorgeous full hard-on, impatient to go inside me. But first I'd teach you how to turn me on, before finally climbing on top of you and all-but raping you. You could let yourself go completely by now, do what you like with me and reach your first ecstasy.

WHEN THREE'S COMPANY

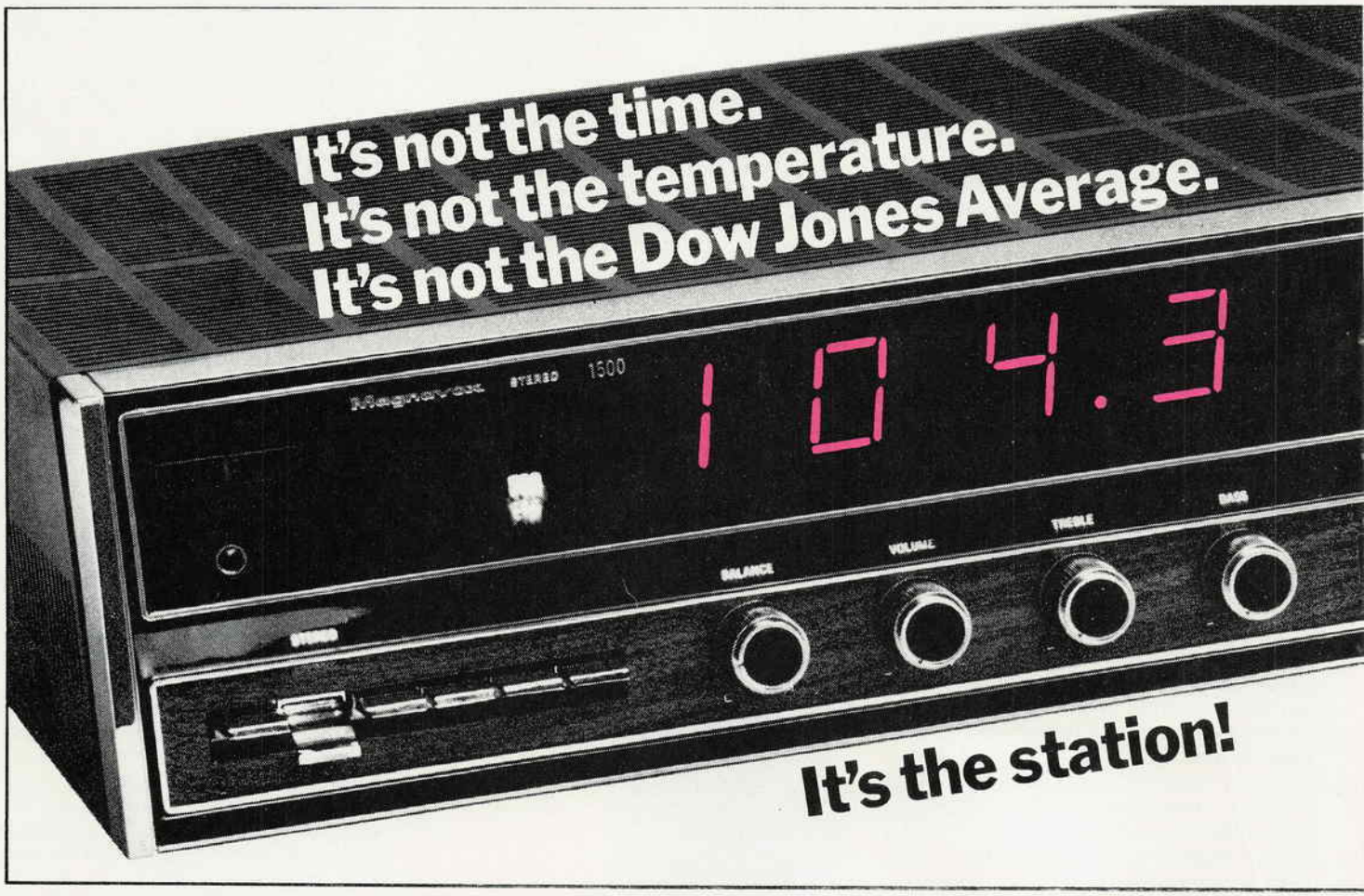
I noticed you said you enjoy women as well as men. Though I'm very happily married, and my husband's a great lover, I've always loved being with women. He knows that I've gone with women before, but thinks I've grown out of it. He kids me when he notices me looking at girls. I love him very much but I still long for those feminine creatures.—Fleur.

It's immature of your husband to suppose that you've grown out of liking girls. A sexual partiality isn't like a pair of shoes that you can take off. If you hanker after another affair with a girl why don't you offer your husband the chance of a three-way scene—he's not likely to be too upset since he knows about your previous experiences. Invite home some girl whom you both like, or wait till you meet one, and you'll have the basic voyeurism of men on your side to help you. At any rate don't suppress your semi-lesbianism or you might foul up your sex life with him and start seeking secret adventures. I'm what you might call bisexual myself, and emotional involvement with a woman turns me on the most because women are generally less selfish in sex, and the warmth and tenderness of the relationship can be more important than the sex part. If I were the lucky girlfriend I'd try to please your husband as well as you. A threeway orgasm is the ideal, with your husband coupled with me from behind and you on the receiving end of my intimate oral attentions. Alternatively, we could all lie in a triangle, each eating another. You call this a "daisy chain".

A MATTER OF TIME

I have quite a few problems concerning sex and I read in Penthouse that you would answer. One question that's most important is this: is it all right to lay a girl during her period?—Alex.

There aren't many moments when I've been embarrassed, but I have been slightly embarrassed by a few men I've known who were particularly keen to have me during my period. They were very turned-on by it; maybe by the odor or maybe the tomato juice color. As they



wanted it, I agreed, always making sure there was a towel under the sheets. Bloodstains are hard to remove. It's a question of how a girl feels about it, but if she agrees I don't see any problem. Also, there's a very healthy side to it, because in the third day of their period women tend to be randier than usual. As she can be 99% sure that she won't conceive while menstruating, a girl can lose her inhibitions if you make love to her then. So, given consent, go right ahead.

LEMONADE AND AFTERS

Ever since I saw The Graduate *I've had this hang-up over older women. For example, a friend of my mother's asked me over to mow her lawn. Then she called me in for "a drink of lemonade" and she had nothing on but a shirt and black panties. She had other things in mind besides lemonade. Afterwards she told me frankly that I was a good lay but I didn't know how to do cunnilingus. As you said that you're good at pleasing a girl, can you help me?—Steve.*

If your mother's friend parades around in shirt and black panties she is obviously fairly experienced and I'm surprised she hasn't taught you herself, because in cunnilingus a woman is very well able to direct her lover where to put his tongue and his hands. Though I'm far from the age of your mother's friend I've derived great pleasure from making love with and teaching young boys of around 18. I'd like to do so again but nowadays they seem to have lost their virginity by the age of 12. Anyway, next time you're with your mother's friend arrange yourself between her legs and start kissing her body from neck to breasts and down to belly, moving your tongue around—and pausing to breathe warm air in her navel, which is a very erotic part in most women. Take your time, and when you reach those gorgeous outer lips (I hope she keeps her pubic hair trimmed short) you have to spread them apart delicately either with your tongue or your fingers. Go easy, though, and if you feel or look carefully you'll settle on the little knot which is her clitoris. It might be hidden, but as she's an older woman it's probably more protruding and easier to find than in a teenage virgin. Once found, it responds to slow tonguing in all directions. Soon you can speed it up so that you'll feel the clitoris grow in your mouth, but for heaven's sake don't suck it too hard or use your teeth. Just be gentle unless she *wants* you to bite her or whatever, and concentrate on the elusive clitoris. I'm sure she'll help you.

OLD-FASHIONED GIRL

I am a reasonably successful male, late 40s, in good health and happily married to a beautiful Scandinavian in her early 40s. We still have an excellent sex life, with one exception. My wife is an absolute believer in the "old-fashioned" position. Says it's the only way to do it. We've tried everything else except the anus at least once, but only when she has been in a mood to be accommodating. She can't stand cunnilingus—says it tickles her or that it irritates her skin. She also says that a vagina is dirty and she doesn't want me to get my face and mouth dirty. I have said and done everything I can think of to convince her that I love all of her. No use. I've about reached desperation point.—F.F.

I'm surprised at your wife's outlook in a Scandinavian woman, as Scandinavians are usually the most liberated types. What you have to do is to change that outlook, and as she seems to feel insecure about the hygiene of her vagina you could start by sending her to a gynaecologist, who would confirm that it is clean, and if not perhaps prescribe a douche. With this she could wash herself inside and have no more reason to be embarrassed about any supposed odors. Besides, there are vaginal deodorants—or sprunts, as some call them—on the market and they come in different flavors. You spray them on or rub in a jelly. Why not choose your own favorite—strawberry, champagne, or maybe banana—and try it on her? It's a bit of fun she'd probably enjoy. Your oral technique may have been too rough, like

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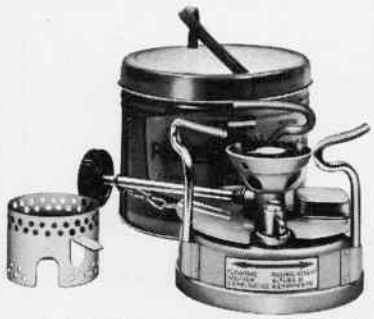

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some of the men I've known who overdo it with the beard or chin. Just let the tongue flick from left to right and up and down. A vibrator too might be a good idea to get her used to direct stimulation, but be warned that some women tend to get hooked on vibrators. Finally, there's nothing wrong with your wife's preferring the old-fashioned position, but you must tell her not to be *selfish* because it's also a matter of what turns *you* on.

WANDERIN' STAR

You seem to know quite a bit about sex from what you said in your interview, and that's why I'm asking for your help with my girlfriend Joanne. I don't know if it's her or me, but she doesn't seem to get excited and enjoy our lovemaking. After 10 minutes or so she goes to get a drink of water or see what's on TV, or have a smoke, or order a pizza or something, just as though nothing was happening. I've got a fair knowledge of sex and I think I know how to make love to a girl, and we've done everything short of oral sex and intercourse. In our four months of lovemaking I've had trouble finding her clitoris, and doubt whether I've found it yet. How can I get her so excited she'll practically jump on me?—J.M.

There's certainly something lacking if she keeps getting up every few minutes with some silly excuse, and I think it's probably male aggression on your part. You're not rousing her interest enough, and I wonder whether you're as experienced as you suggest if you can't find her clitoris. Keep the light on for a start, and persuade her that you want to be able to admire her body. Then really explore her all over, complimenting her on everything possible, even a birthmark under her left tit. Basically of course you'll be heading for the "man in the boat", which is often hidden, but if you spread her outer vaginal lips carefully you should come across the little knot in between the folds of skin, because it's there. If not, ask her to *show* you. Some lubricant or jelly would help you to manipulate the area, causing her clitoris to get excited and harden so that you can see it clearly. Perhaps she would be excited by mutual masturbation, or maybe she can be talked into showing you how she masturbates herself. If she's experienced at this she may even be able to move the clitoris up and down like a penis almost—at least that's what I can do. In general, don't be conventional. If she wants to go off and fix a pizza, get after her and grab her from behind in the kitchen. Be the aggressive hunter.

CHARACTER QUEST

I've always had fantasies of being dominated by women. Usually I imagine a well-built woman who forces me to the ground and straddles my face, compelling me to satisfy her orally. Though girl friends have been willing to sit on me I've never been able to awaken in women any real desire to dominate. Ideally I'd like a woman who is dominant in the bedroom but fairly normal elsewhere.—John.

I knew a man just like you who kept trying his fantasy on his girl friends, who were either shocked or shy. Then he went to a call girl and found this was the solution for his deviation, which is of course a mild one. It's not as though you're after a complete bondage scene, or a beating up, which are other stages of the same masochistic urge. You should have no difficulty in finding a prostitute who will give you a very convincing performance, especially as you live in England, which is the country for masochistic kicks. You remind me of German George, whom I describe in *The Happy Hooker*. He not only wanted a girl to sit on him, like you, but she had to remind him of a uniformed German girl from the Nazi period. He'd been raped by a German woman then, who was wearing a Nazi rubber raincoat. The smell of the material triggered the whole scene for him, and I had to work out a complete domination act for him. Perhaps your own wishful thinking runs along these lines.

A FEELING YOU'RE FOOLING

I have had sexual intercourse for several months now with my girlfriend, and she claims to have regular orgasms. But I have my doubts. I think she is misleading me. Is there any way to tell whether she is faking?—Edgar.

This is something you're going to *have* to discuss with your girlfriend because you can't have a lasting relationship without honesty. Physical symptoms—or those you can see—aren't infallible, and your girlfriend could be one of those women who can be perfectly satisfied without reaching orgasm, or reaching it only occasionally. As long as they enjoy their partner and are turned on, the orgasm isn't all that important for such women. With many women you can tell orgasm by heavy breathing, spasmodic movements of the limbs or stomach muscles, rolling of the eyes, hardening of the nipples or goosebumps. But I would say that the nipple reaction only applies to about 66% of women. You are lucky if your girlfriend is among those who show the symptoms, but if she doesn't scream and stays quiet as before then it's time for an honest discussion. If she scratches your back and bounces around like a madwoman she either made it or she's a great actress.

HIGH ON HYGIENE

I'm a man of 66 who's been swinging

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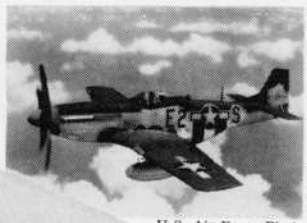

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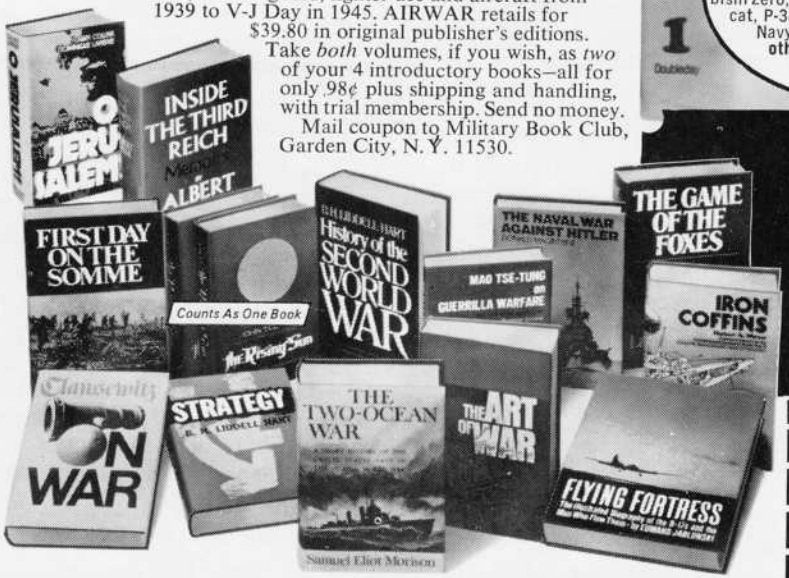

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for 12 years. I've twice been married to uptight women, so my sex life was dull previously. The enema bit is the best thing of all, but I didn't see anything about it in the interview. Did you ever have customers for the enema? People of our taste find it very difficult to get together, but I've met a dentist and two nurses who'll give me an enema, and I give them one in return.—Charles.

Enemas are something that you're either turned on by or you aren't. I've had about six for various reasons. So I do know what you are talking about. But I confess that I didn't much enjoy them because next day my internal system felt offbeat and I wasn't comfortable. Interest in enemas seems to be high in the U.S. as compared with Europe, probably because of overdone hygiene. In Europe many people don't take daily baths, while in America many take several baths a day. Cleanliness is fine, but not to the extent of continual enemas for children to clean their bowel systems—or even daily douches for women, which is like an enema in another orifice. This does happen in the U.S., especially among Jewish mothers, who take the health of their sons so seriously. That might account for why more men than women supposedly enjoy enemas. Incidentally, does your dentist pull out your enema as a break from pulling out teeth?

CAN'T GET NO SATISFACTION

Earlier this year I began dating a boy who was quite well known for his sexual activities. I was sexually ignorant, but Rick taught me the basics and, with nature on my side, I learnt quickly. Then came the summer, which meant I was up north working and he was in the city—and our problem began. Being away from love and sex made me realize how much I now needed it. I began to read books such as yours (which by the way was the best) and I became too educated, so that when we got together again I'd surpassed Rick's desires. We've tried many new positions, and each one excites me more than the previous one—yet still I can't get completely satisfied. Rick can't keep up with me, and the problem of not being satisfied is ruining our relationship.—Kathy.

You think you have a problem? You sound like just a sex-loving creature, which is exactly the way I started, except that once I got the taste of it (at 17½) I went wild. Elsewhere in your letter you say you came five times in five minutes, so I think you are very fortunate, as there are many women who rarely manage more than once a month, and some who have never known what orgasm is. You need a relationship with more than one man, and as you're not married you don't have to have any guilt feelings—because it's all fun and games. Join a swinging club along with Rick, where you can both satisfy your different appetites in group sex. As far as Rick is concerned, since you wear the poor boy out give him some thick steaks and eggs and healthy food to build up his staying power. Honestly, I think you're putting me on, but I'm answering your letter because I think it's fun.

SPOUSE AND LOVER

I always turn my husband on, but he doesn't always do the same for me. So I've had a lover for a year and five months, and I reach a climax with him every time. I don't want to stop seeing him, but what can be done about reaching climax with my husband? To make it with him I have to be either high or on heat. But my man friend just has to put his arms round me and it turns me on. I have been married six years and it was never this way before then.—Elaine.

From what I've noticed and from what men have confided in me, I know that monotony takes the edge off the sexual attraction in most marriages. You're lucky to have your boyfriend for relief, a situation like my own involvement with Larry and Takis, the two men I dedicated my book to. Larry is the fatherly one, whom I'd compare to your husband in type—the man I've been engaged to for some time but who doesn't really excite me enough. Takis is a gorgeous young Greek whom I found so stimulating that for a while I couldn't live without him. Larry didn't take to it easily, but we finally had a relationship so liberated that I lived with Takis, and Larry would visit me during the daytime. I had sex with Larry at weekends only, when Takis would go out on his own. I guess your husband wouldn't be *that* liberated, which is a pity. Have you tried fantasizing about your boyfriend when you're making it with your husband? Eventually if you find that works, you can begin discarding the fantasy and thinking about your husband. He is after all not the worst lay in town and maybe you should try weekends away with him alone on a sort of second honeymoon. Hold on to your boyfriend anyway. I think the competition keeps the situation healthy.

EXTENSION COURSE

The man I'm married to has an extremely small penis. Probably many men have flaccid penises larger than my husband's is when erect. Though I've read that size is not important, my husband's is so small that we nearly gave up trying. Recently he has tried using an artificial extension, which is six inches long and fits over his own, and this has given me some idea of how much more pleasurable sex would be with a normal-sized penis. Most other facets of our lovemaking are satisfactory, and I wish there were some way to improve our intercourse without resorting to the artificial penis.—Joan.

Still, you seem to enjoy the artificial penis so why not let your imagination work? Pretend he's wearing a rubber, because that too is an artificial covering, which as you know is very commonly used by men with normal penises. So the extension is really only another form of rubber. I believe that exercise is what makes a penis grow. I've noticed that a man who hasn't had sex for a week tends to be smaller, but after frequent daily lovemaking he becomes bigger. So I'd suggest practising, especially with oral sex. If you've finished having children there's an operation to tighten up the vagina, which is little known but seems to be quite harmless. Consult your gynaecologist if you're interested, and ask him also to suggest any way of exercising your husband's penis to thicken it up a little—width is more important than length. If eventually you're driven to look for a better-endowed lover, take my advice and examine the man's hands. In nine out of 10 cases big strong fingers indicate a big strong penis, I've noticed. But take care never to let your husband know because if he catches you he'll shrink back to zero.

PANIC PROBLEM

Before I discovered girls I discovered myself, or at least thought I did. Then last year I found Karen, who turned me on mentally and physically and in ways that have not been discovered. I'm only 22 and she's 27 and married. She separated from her husband, and for a time all went well and I played less with myself. Then she went back to her husband and I went back to playing with myself. But I found I couldn't get an erection. I've continued to see other girls, but the problem of erection gets harder (pardon the pun). I feel as though I'm becoming impotent or sterile. I thought of going to a psychiatrist, but I can't afford one.—W.S.

Many men go through intervals of impotence, the cause of which is psychological, and time usually cures them. If you don't want to wait, you do need to see a doctor. Probably your supreme experience with Karen makes the present reality of masturbation or other girls a disappointment, and your fantasies just don't match up to your memories. Clearly, time will heal that wound. Start trying to think positively now and look for a girl of a different type whom you will enjoy as a new individual and someday share a normal sex life with. When you find her you won't need a psychiatrist.

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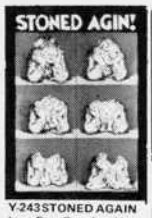

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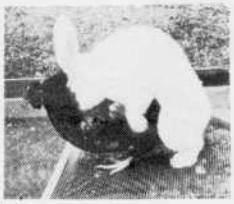

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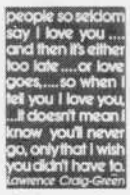

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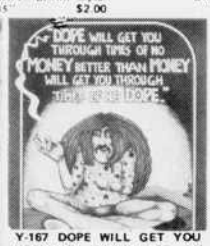

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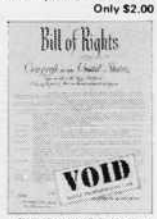

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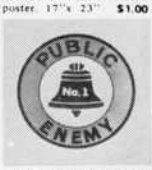

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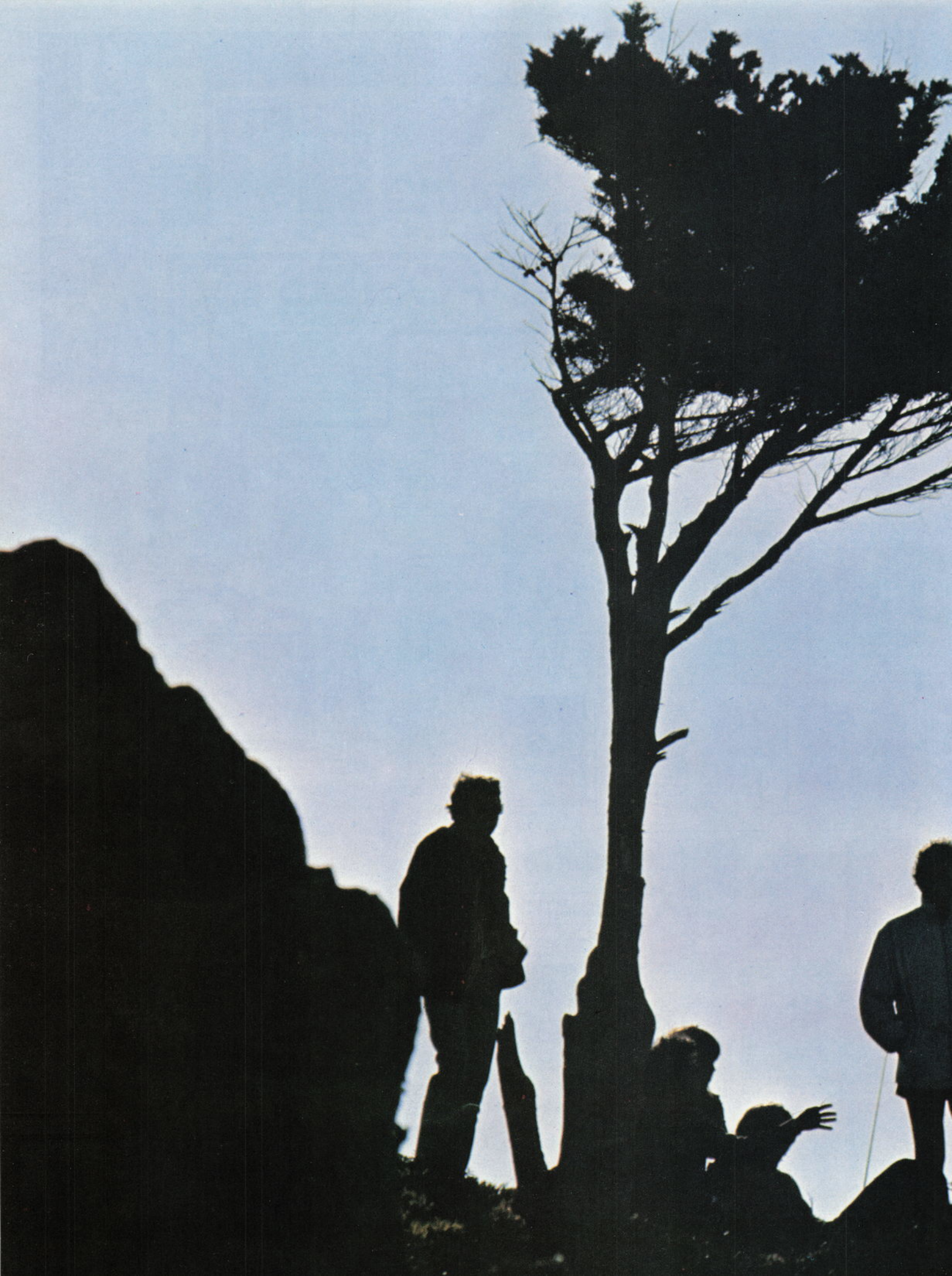

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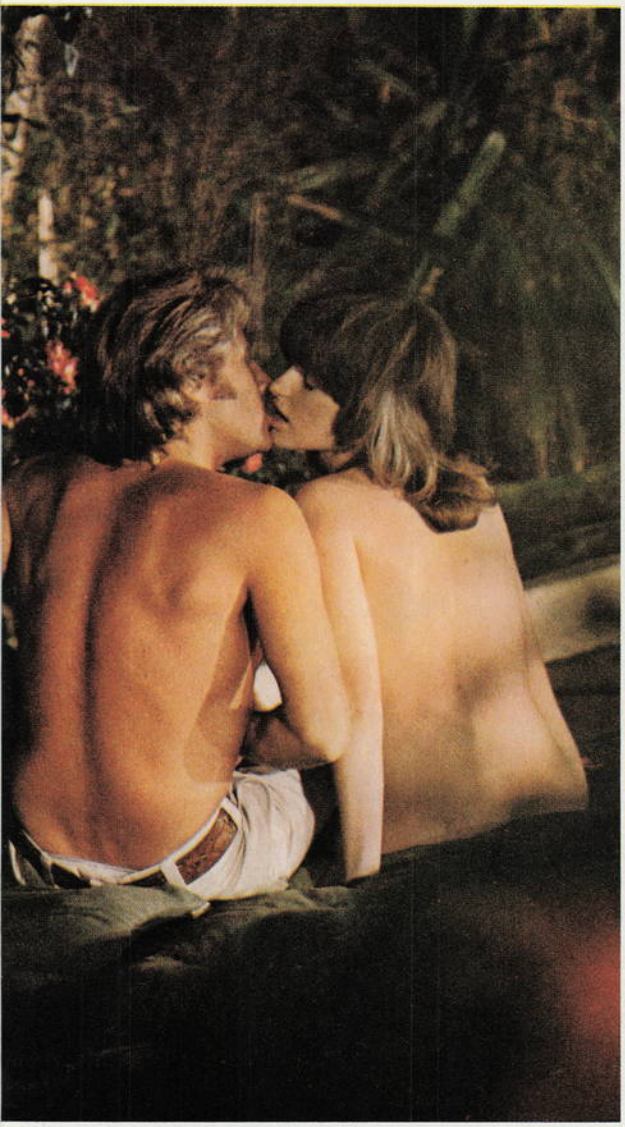
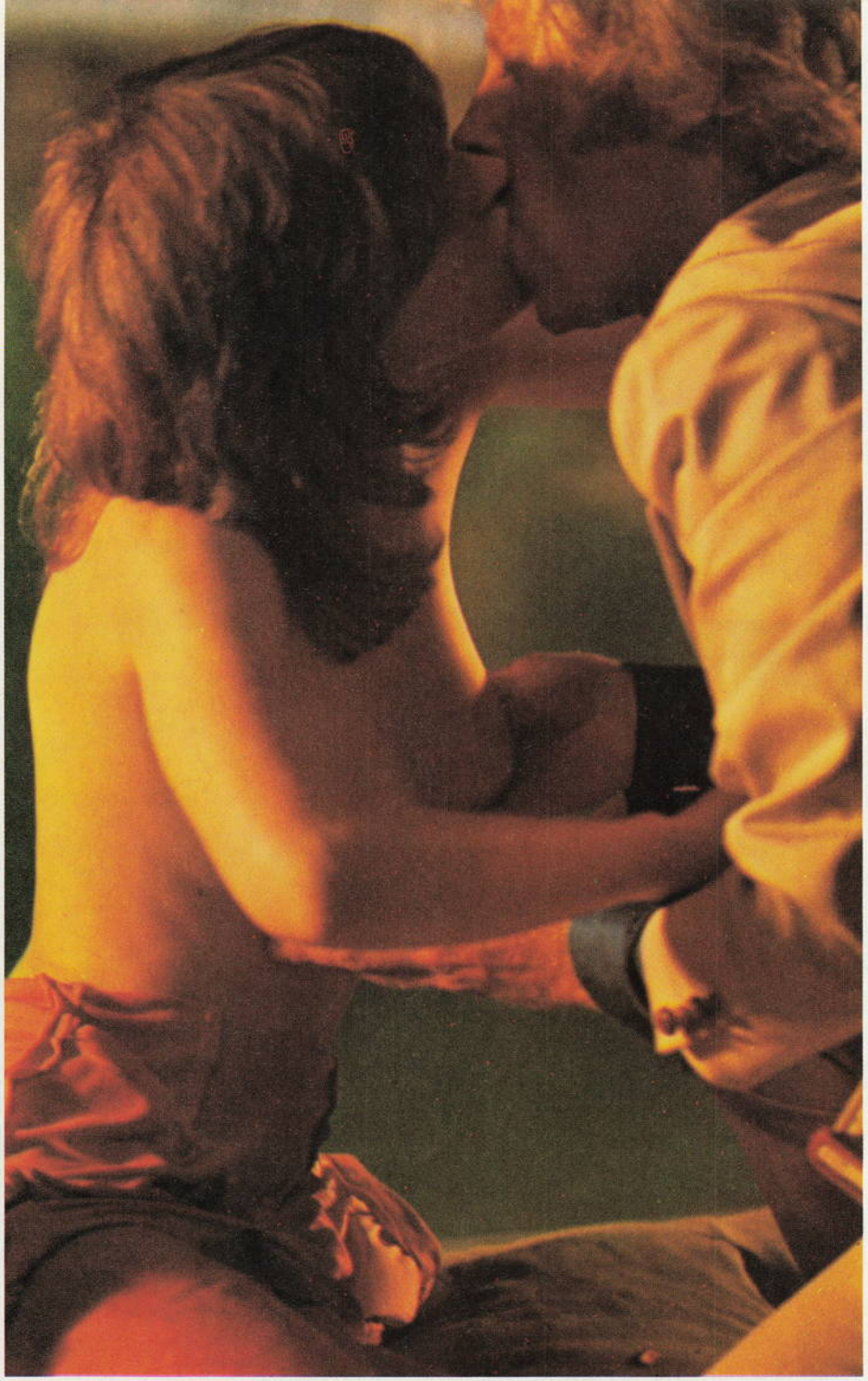
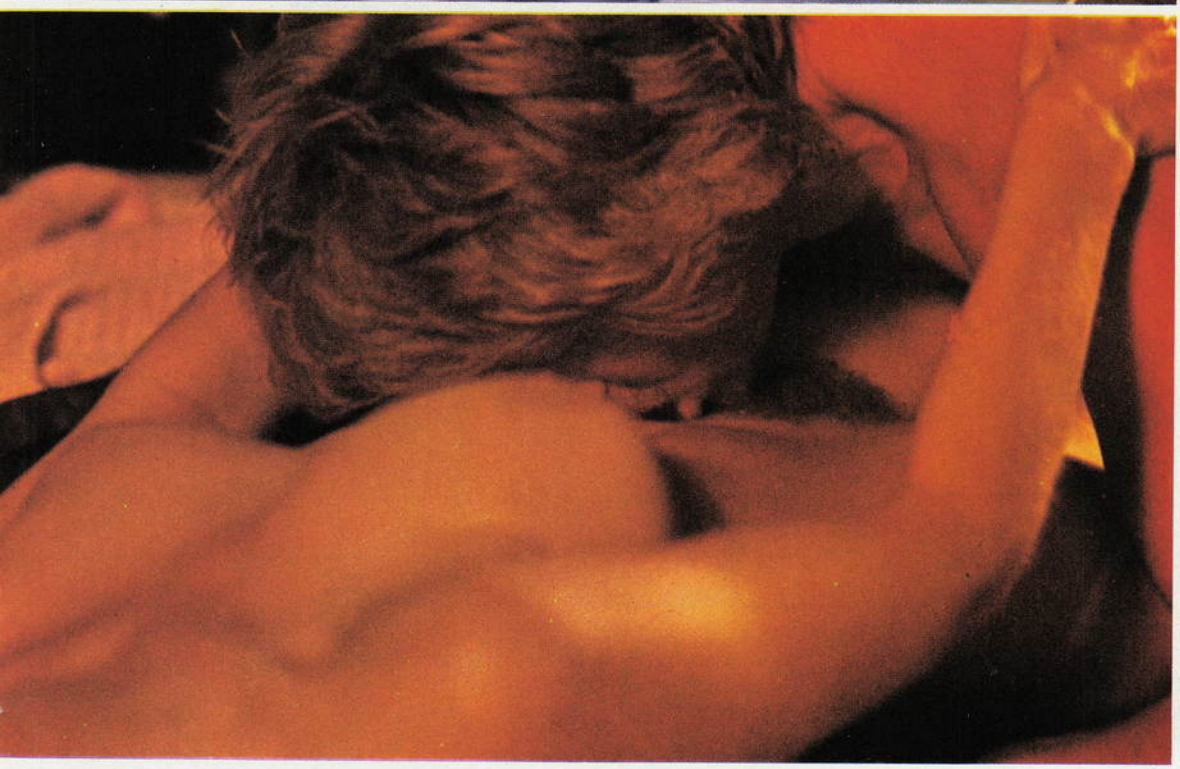
by Roger Finborough



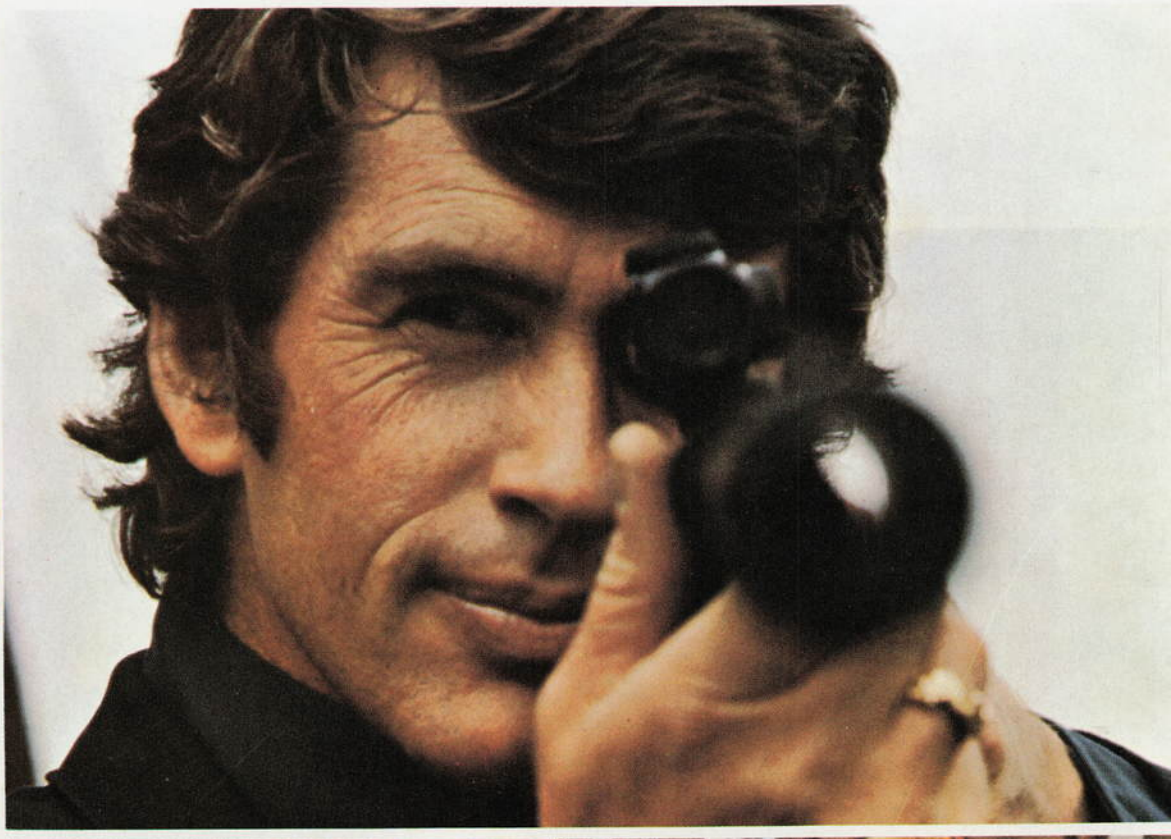


Through a glass, starkly: a TV newscaster (John Norman) spies (in the interests of public privacy, of course) on the friendly frolics of Glenn Jacobsen and Lynn Kimball. But he soon discovers that he, too, is mesmerized by the distance lens enchantment, and becomes a confirmed eyecoholic. These liberated clinches are part of Extreme Close-Up's *attempt to demonstrate that no matter where you are or who you're doing, the long-distance camera can see you*



After the Bay of Pigs, the least popular invasion in American history is that of personal privacy: the filming, photographing, recording and bugging of every human activity from robbing a bank to laying the boss's wife. It's hardly surprising, with the intensity of surveillance that goes on, that the nation's leading cartoon character is called Snoopy, or that sooner or later someone would make a movie based on the finer points of prying. *Extreme Close Up*, America's first big-scale voyeur movie, is written by best-selling American whizkid Michael Crichton, author of *The Andromeda Strain*, *The Terminal Man* and *Five Patients*, which together have made him one of the most successful of today's younger authors. Along with producer Paul N. Lazarus, director Jeannot Szwarc, and a liberal injection of independent money, Crichton set out to make a high-quality erotic film with a sharp social message, i.e. that there is no privacy left in today's wide-open society. On the screen it's John (*Downhill Racer*) Norman who crusades for an end to official voyeurism, playing the part of Jim McCullan, a TV newscaster who sets out to investigate the hardware of snoopery. Armed with long lenses and directional microphones, he flits from vantage point to vantage point, looking in on gardens, bedrooms, conferences and tête-à-têtes. Our noble hero, however, soon becomes obsessed with the I-pry business, and finds that his own Peeping-Tom tendencies begin to surface, which is a fine

Freudian reason for training a high-powered lens into a courting couple's boudoir, right? As the movie comes to its climax, McCullan's nefarious nosiness has reached such a peak that we see in glorious full-color detail the jeopardy in which we are all placed by tacitly condoning a society in which any stray TV newscaster can enjoy himself vicariously from our shrubbery. Surveillance in America has reached such a degree that even the watchers are watched, and even the watcher's watchers are watched by watcher watcher watchers. So watch out. Kidding apart, *Extreme Close Up* is something of a landmark in today's movie business, marking the celluloid debut of several highly-talented screensters. Norman's female lead is British-born Kate Woodville, and both Vara Byrnes and Lynn Kimball make an impression one doesn't easily forget. What's most important about *Close Up* is that its independent production, supervised by executive producer Ted Mann has given its creators a political autonomy still rare in feature films: the freedom to say what they feel about the invasion of sexual privacy. On release early in the New Year, it will inevitably stir up a substantial controversy, even among those who believe that outside a horse and a dog, a look is a man's best friend.



Drink to me only with thine spies dept: and this time it's dark-haired Vara Byrnes to get the close-up treatment from the ever-alert lenses of our disreputable reporter. The movie concludes with the stern moral, however, that every spy has another spy behind his back to sight him, and that if one agrees with widespread surveillance, one has to expect to be surveyed oneself.

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A physician's advice to the coronary-prone:

COMMIT ADULTERY and live longer

by **Dr Eugene Scheimann**

Paul Psorakis

Just recently, Dr Lenore R. Zohman, a cardiologist of New York's Montefiore Hospital, reported that a majority of men who die during intercourse do so while engaging in extramarital sex. Perhaps the victims didn't know that adultery can be fatal if it is combined with fear, anxiety or guilt, or with heavy drinking. I know many coronary patients who enjoy adultery and whose condition has actually improved because they know how to make their extramarital relationships prove to be not a curse but a blessing.

The typical heart patient works hard, worries a lot, doesn't exercise much and tends to overindulge in food, alcohol and tobacco. Also, he is usually sexually frustrated. He's told to "take it easy", which means not straining his weak heart by having sex. He knows sex makes his heart pound, his breath quicken, his pulse race. And so, he lays off, and all his thinking and worrying about sex, with very little action, builds up emotional and physical tension. The more tense he gets, the greater the risk to his heart.

Why do so few middle-aged *women* die of heart disease? According to heart specialist Dr Paul Dudley White, only three out of 100 middle-aged patients with coronary heart disease were women. It could be oestrogens, but there is also the fact that middle-aged women are not afraid of sexual impotence. The burden of proving oneself by sexual performance is not a woman's.

Eskimo males are also remarkably free from heart disease, though their diets are rich in fat, especially seal blubber. But they have long considered sex to be as basic a need of life as food, offering their wives as freely as their homes to the tired traveller.

Why are European Jews prone to heart disease, but not Jews from the Yemen? It's true that Yemeni Jews do not eat foods high in animal fat and carbohydrates, but the most interesting difference is in their sex lives. The Europeans are monogamous but the Yemenites are extremely active sexually. Until it was made a criminal offense, Yemeni Jews were polygamous, taking new teenage wives every eight to 10 years. An active sex life seems to be related to good health and longevity.

There has been little reliable research into the sex lives of men who die young from heart attacks, but the evidence suggests that those with sexual hang-ups are more prone to heart disease and more likely to be fatal victims than those with free and easy sex lives.

For years, heart specialists have known that men of a certain body build are more likely to suffer from heart disease—the stocky, muscular, robust physique known as the mesomorph. He's the type who tends to overeat and then exercise too strenuously. There are also psychological characteristics that mesomorphs have in common. They're usually athletic when young and, as they grow older, they become competitive and power-hungry in their professions. Absorbed in their careers, they frequently neglect their families and, if they exercise at all, it's sporadic rather than regular. When the mesomorph gets tense and tired, he consoles himself with a good meal or a few drinks; in this way he puts on the middle-aged spread that conventional heart specialists often consider a major cause of heart attacks.

Seventy-five years ago, coronary heart disease was known as "the doctors' disease". During the last 15 years, according to a survey by cardiologist Dr Henry Russek, physicians in the U.S. have largely given up smoking and many thousands have switched from high fat diets. Yet the doctors seem to die off from coronary attacks at the same rate as before. Doctors know more about diet, exercise and health than laymen, yet the incredible fact is they die younger! As an American Medical Association spokesman has said, "I can't think of any group of candidates more prone to coronary heart disease than the graduating class of any medical school in the U.S.—except the same individuals after completing their residency".

Why are doctors so liable to heart attacks? According to some observers, when doctors reach middle age, they have not only given up smoking and eating a high fat diet, but they are also practicing total abstinence. Many thousands of physicians have little or no sexual relationship with their wives. They are afraid to have extramarital relations, especially afraid of having sex with their patients. In addition, a recent survey has shown that impotence affects physicians at an earlier age than members of other professions. According to Dr James McCary, speaking at an AMA convention in Denver, doctors have one of the highest rates of impotence.

Dr Charles McArthur, a Harvard research psychologist, followed the careers of 268 college men, 47 of whom went into medicine. By middle age, the physicians had an average income of $38,000. About half the doctors reported "bad marriages" compared to only 32% of the other collegians. One third of the doctors had other neurotic symptoms such as drug dependency or need for psychiatric treatment.

Perhaps because of the doctor-patient relationship, doctors have a lesser degree of sexual freedom outside marriage than other professions. Their divorce rate is no higher than average because social pressures often make them prefer an unhappy marriage to a divorce.

Of 10 doctors I interviewed who had heart disease, eight admitted sexual problems at home. They felt their professional images prevented them from seeking sexual release outside marriage. As one doctor put it: "A lawyer can have an affair with his client, a business executive with his secretary, even a college teacher with his student, but a doctor who does it with a patient never gets away with it—they always tell."

For doctors I recommend my "one night of love" treatment. I once advised a doctor friend, who had heart trouble, to take his wife to a motel once a week and dedicate that one night to her. "Forget your career, forget your heart attack, forget everything but love", I told him. "She'll think I'm crazy", he commented. But when I saw him a few months later, he was no longer depressed and despondent. "I don't worry about my heart," he said, "but best of all is the feeling that I've rediscovered sex, that I really can satisfy my wife."

Ideal for the couple who want to gain the maximum benefits from sex—the healthy release of emotional and physical tension, with the minimum stress, anxiety and guilt—the "one night of love" has the disadvantage of getting monotonous for most people with the same marital partner. What husbands and wives—especially wives—fail to realize is that a little adultery, a bit of "love on the side," can actually help to preserve an unhappy union—and keep them healthier into the bargain.

Even ministers of religion now counsel their flocks to disregard the Seventh Commandment. As Unitarian minister the Rev. Hunter Leggitt, a father of two, has put it: "Extramarital sex can be positive. It can be related to maturity, personal growth, better marriage and joy." Dr J. C. Wynn, dean of studies at Colgate Rochester Divinity School, has admitted that "the adulterous party to a marriage may damage the union less than a sexually chaste but vindictive spouse." And the British Council of Churches, in its report on sex and morality, refused to condemn adultery as necessarily immoral or as automatic grounds for divorce. It commented that casual sex can be "trivially pleasurable or mildly therapeutic".

This view is also held by lay specialists. Anthropologist Margaret Mead has suggested that the demands of sexual fidelity are so high that a more honest and realistic relationship between the sexes is called for. The president of the Sex Education Information Council of the United States, Dr Mary Calderone, accepts that extramarital sex can help, as well as hurt, a marriage. Virginia Satir, a therapist at California's Esalen Institute, regards affairs as "inevitable and necessary for many contemporary marriages if they are to avoid becoming stale and destructive."

From my lectures to Adulterers Anonymous and my work with a research team, I have evolved an approach to help individuals to engage happily in extramarital sex. To begin with, if you're going to embark on an affair, you have to decide whether your adultery is going to be secret, consented or co-operative.

A forbidden affair has always been the most exhilarating and rewarding experience for men and women. It's beneficial as long as it remains secret, above all if the lovers regard their affair as an independent part of their marriage—a luxury that will *not* last forever. Once one of them begins to want marriage their affair is threatened, and a beautiful love story could come to a sad or tragic end.

I'd always advise a young husband to go ahead with an affair with an older woman who is happily married. Don't fool around with unhappily married or unmarried females, though; they can only cause trouble. Most young American husbands are sexually im-

mature and ignorant. Extramarital sex with an older and sexually sophisticated woman can substantially improve their marriages.

The classical Greek story of Daphnis and Chloe expresses the same sentiment. They were madly in love, but could not gratify their passion. In desperation, Daphnis asked an older woman, Lycaemium, the wife of a neighbor, to teach him how to make love. She did, and Daphnis and Chloe lived happily ever after.

Middle-aged men who want affairs often delude themselves by believing that a young mistress can give them not only a "good piece of tail" but also peace of mind. They give up their home and children and often have to shell out high alimony, only to find, to their sorrow, that they have sacrificed too much and received very little. If only they'd looked for middle-aged, happily-married mothers!

If this is your hang-up, consider that there are many liberated, middle-aged wives who are sophisticated and mature enough to revitalize your marriage and your masculinity, and sex exploration with them will not jeopardize their marriages or their lovers.

A young sexpot may do wonders for your virility "some enchanted evening", magically restoring your virility and sense of manliness. But beware: your happiness will come to a sudden end when she suddenly demands marriage! You want to marry this 18-year-old swinging chick who balled with you at a wild party and has been around ever since? First, a piece of advice. You could be disillusioned. You could find you just haven't got the sex power to keep her contented. Try out another girl first, before you get married. Assert your masculinity. Tell your little piece you won't marry her until you're certain you can live happily with her, especially if you have to give up your home and children. (I have observed that time is the best matchmaker.)

If you're an older man and your children are already grown and independent, live with the girl for a year; then, if you still love each other, you can get married.

The No. 1 risk in secret adultery is VD, especially for a wife, who may contract asymptomatic gonorrhea and infect her husband. In secret adultery, the use of rubber —a Dutch cap for the woman and possibly a condom for the man—is essential. A married woman I've known has had secret liaisons with several men, but she's never had VD. She tells each lover she cannot take the Pill and asks him to use a rubber. The men cooperate because she herself puts the condom on them with such skill it usually excites them.

Besides using a rubber, I advise my patients to wash their mouths with vodka, gin or strong whisky; to urinate immediately after they have had sex and thoroughly to wash with soap all those parts of the body which were exposed, including the mouth. Often a man is reluctant to wash himself thoroughly in his partner's presence as he is afraid this might upset her. If he cannot get into the bathroom alone, he should take two antibiotic tablets (not penicillin).

> "Why are doctors so prone to heart attacks—and impotence? Perhaps because of the doctor-patient relationship they have less sexual freedom outside marriage."

Consented adultery may be merely condoned or, more often, it takes the form of acknowledged adultery. It's popular among sexually emancipated young Americans. They believe in a new covenant of fidelity. They promise to love, honor and cherish each other, but refuse to promise sexual fidelity. These couples are broadminded and mature enough to realize that it's almost impossible for all of one's sexual and emotional needs to be fulfilled by and with one's spouse. Adultery with consent is an ideal partnership—a monogamy with sexual freedom. If both marriage partners agree that they may commit adultery if the need and occasion arise, there is no breach of trust, no dishonesty, no infidelity and no guilt. Consented adultery is the best antidote to divorce. It changes the old concept of marriage, which is too limiting and restrictive. If the husband and wife marry in their early twenties, they may have had no opportunity to relate to the opposite sex, until adultery gives them the scope. Consented adultery gives them the freedom and independence to fulfill their physical, emotional and intellectual needs. It allows them to live as personalities, rather than just wife and mother or husband and father.

I believe it's possible to love more than one person at the same time: your lover or mistress as well as your wife or husband. The only difference is that extra-marital love rarely lasts, but marital love can last forever. Unfortunately, only a few people can enjoy consented adultery. You have to be rich to afford a mistress and at the same time satisfy your wife's material needs.

So, if you are not a significant American, you must learn the art of lovemaking and seduction, because it is difficult to find a sophisticated mistress. Remember the modern liberated woman is economically and emotionally independent and can love you and leave you when she finds a better partner.

For husbands who are not wealthy or great lovers, I recommend the third type of adultery, which I've called co-operative adultery. Perhaps you know of it as the mate-swapping game. It's great to play if you have a fairly attractive wife and are not too old and ugly, but you must know the rules because otherwise you could come out a loser.

Here are my 12 tips for those who want to enjoy mate-swapping.

1. Don't get into it unless you are emotionally and erotically equipped to deal with the consequences. Passion is not a toy; only mature people can handle it properly.

2. Know your own motivation. Why are you seeking this extra-marital affair? Perhaps, if you really understand yourself, you will be able to find satisfaction within marriage.

3. Know your partner. Her likes and dislikes, what she wants from you as much as what you want from her.

4. Marriage and the family must come first. Follow the supreme ethic of the European adulterer, as expressed by Simone de Beauvoir in her book, *The Second Sex*: "Marriage is an obligation, a lover is a luxury".

5. Never on Sunday. Commit adultery every day of the week if you like, but one day at least you should spend with your family. For the Christian, Sunday should be the Lord's day; for the non-Christian, the agnostic and the atheist, it should be a day for developing the super ego, or the spiritual self. Leave one day to develop your spiritual and intellectual nature, to engage in wholesome recreations not involving sex. So I suggest that the swinger, instead of staying up all Saturday night, should quit his roistering at one in the morning. If he gets his pants down at 8 p.m., he should have had long enough. The European needs only an hour or two, which he doesn't waste on non-sexual conversation. The worship of Venus should start early and finish before you are exhausted. The slogan should be: "Stop the talk and get with it."

6. Don't kill romance. If your spouse is in the grip of an infatuation, let it run its course. In time, she will have had enough and will be glad to get back to the home milieu. As one swinger put it: "This is a risk of the game—and it can't be stopped".

7. Be discreet. A gentleman never talks about his love affairs. He may not like what he might learn about his loved one. An interesting historical fact illumines the great importance of discretion. According to Jewish law, adultery was punishable by death; in fact, however, there were never any executions for this offense. The law provided that conviction could be upheld only if the guilty parties were seen by more than two witnesses. Evidently, no one was ever foolish enough to fulfill these conditions. To bring this up to date, if you want to commit adultery, don't do it at home, where your neighbors or children can see—go to motels, where no one knows you.

8. Avoid the use of stimulants. If you need alcohol, marijuana or LSD to rouse you to sexual activity, find a different woman.

9. Enjoy sex for sex's sake. Don't use it as a means of escape or for expressing hostility. Nor is it healthy to use a partner to assert your own attractiveness or boost your ego.

10. Be a good sport. Try to regard swinging like a card game; sometimes you lose, sometimes you break even, occasionally you win.

Don't expect to succeed with your partner every time.

11. Know when to stop. If swinging or adultery interferes with your family's welfare or jeopardizes your career, call a halt.

12. Home cooking is still the best, though a meal in a restaurant may be different and tasty. It's the same with lovemaking: an affair may have its joys, but the best sex is at home with one's spouse.

I have observed that the happiest swingers are those who finish their escapades by achieving sexual satisfaction with their wives at home. Again, I have to emphasize that mate-swapping is only feasible for the young and handsome. Even these eligible swingers could become addicted to swapping. After the initial euphoria wears off, many become obsessed with sex, compelled to try more and more, to do anything and everything. This attitude dehumanizes and depersonalizes sex, and the over-satiated are often left with a boredom and emptiness that drives them to further experimentation. Eventually, this may bring swingers up against the masculinity crisis.

A male's ego may be shattered if his wife finds the other swapper more considerate, more human and a better lover. The masculinity crisis and other emotional and psychological factors could cause a mental block and precipitate impotence. Usually, these blocks are temporary, but they can be of long duration and or even become permanent.

A simple example of how a mental block can develop is the man who leaves a hotel after having had two cocktails. A friend sees him on the street and tells him he's drunk. This makes him think: "I've never got high on two drinks before. Maybe after so many years off drinking, there are some changes I haven't become aware of". But he shrugs it off—after all, one swallow doesn't make a spring and one friend's opinion isn't necessarily a valid diagnosis. But, a block further on, another friend also tells him that he's drunk. So he thinks he'd better go home and lie down.

It's the same with sexual performance. Usually, adulterers get together because they are attracted to each other, whereas at a sex party people form pairs even though one party may not be attracted to the other. Quite often, the man does a poor job or fails completely, especially if the woman does not co-operate; and the woman may then tell everyone that he is a failure in the bedroom. If this happens too often, the man's performance may be so affected that he becomes temporarily impotent.

Another cause of impotence can be the expectation and criticism of a sexually sophisticated female swinger. What man wants to be judged or criticized in bed? He wants encouragement or praise and that's all.

This masculinity crisis is paralleled in middle-age in two equally important male menopause syndromes: the castrated male syndrome, caused by the modern liberated wife, and iatrogenic menopause, often caused by the unliberated physician. Emancipated wives, who are sexually sophisticated and demand orgasmic sex, may shatter the male egos of the middle-aged men, who become emasculated. Their biological or innate dominance has been undermined and their libido fractured. In the bedroom they have lost control; the power that men have enjoyed exclusively since the beginning of time has been threatened.

Iatrogenic menopause in males means that the illness is imaginary, induced in the patient by a doctor's words or actions. In middle age, it often affects those who are married to sexually emancipated and aggressive wives. So far, they have found their women a rewarding challenge and delighted in satisfying them, but now, sometimes, their attitude changes. Under pressure in his work or at home, even the most liberated of middle-aged men may experience new symptoms. Suddenly, he may begin to feel tired and run-down. He may notice that his interest in sex is beginning to ebb, especially if he has been gaining weight or increasing his drinking and smoking. For the first time, he starts to feel old. Perhaps he develops some chest pain or other psychosomatic symptoms, so he runs to his doctor. And what does his physician tell him? Usually, that the condition is purely emotional. The doctor prescribes some tranquillizers and then delivers his bromide: he tells his patient that he is not getting any younger and advises him to take it easy and slow down.

Now, as I have said, no one's sex drive is thwarted as effectively in middle age as is a doctor's (with the possible exception of a long-term prisoner who is not allowed connubial visits), so he is disposed to preach abstinence. But there is nothing more devastating to a patient's health than to tell him he is getting old when he is in fact beginning to feel old. Abstinence is useless as a healing method; it didn't stop the epidemic of alcoholism, it didn't stop the epidemic of VD and it won't stop the epidemic of coronary heart disease. It only causes more stress. As one of my patients told me: "I've already given up smoking and cut down on sugar and alcohol. If I have to give up my bacon and eggs for breakfast and stop dating the girls at the office, I'd just as soon not go on living."

The middle-aged man who finds his sexual powers declining may also fall victim to the sacred-amulet syndrome. He blames his wife for his loss of potency and searches for a young sexpot, the sacred amulet or Aladdin's lamp that will magically restore his sexual prowess. If he finds one, he may divorce his wife, often with disastrous consequences.

Often, this blame-the-wife attitude can only be prevented if the wives themselves are prepared to be more tolerant, patient and understanding, and to give their husbands more freedom so they won't feel trapped like tigers in a cage. The quickest way to lose a husband is to want to be with him 24 hours in the day. If the husband is discreetly allowed the occasional affair and at the same time made to feel wanted in his own home, he won't stray far, and sooner or later he'll come back home.

For the sake of marital health, many couples need to reconstruct their marriage contract, not in accordance with the accepted standards of society or the church, but according to their own individual needs. Many a marriage in danger can be saved if the couple enter into a new agreement, an "open marriage" which gives them sufficient freedom and independence to find fulfillment of their physical, emotional and intellectual needs, providing that they don't hurt each other.

To my sexually emancipated and sophisticated patients, I recommend a new covenant of fidelity such as: "I remain faithful to you as long as you satisfy my sexual needs. If you don't, I have the right to seek it outside our marriage, but I shall remain your loving mate as long as you are a good husband and good father or a good wife and good mother." It's time the American family recognized that the majority of husbands are not and never will be monogamous.

Many European and Oriental physicians have long stressed that in males, age alone doesn't diminish the ability or desire for sex. I know many men who, like myself, have had more varied and exciting sex after their middle years than before. Some time ago, the *New York Times* interviewed a number of elderly European celebrities. Almost every one reported leading an active sex life in their seventies and eighties.

Another fallacy of our culture is that an old man or woman is a poor lover. This is a distorted image of elderly *bon vivants*. The French have the right attitude, though. They say: "The best stew is made in the oldest pot". Many Americans don't seem to understand that the most important sexual organ is the brain and, like wine, it improves with age.

Because sexual apathy or abstinence is one of the major causes of impotence, I always encourage my patients to continue their sex activities, especially when they reach middle age. They can give up rich and spicy food, but at least once a week they ought to have sex.

Scientists have proved that ageing is more psychological than physiological and I always tell my patients not to worry about their calendar ages. If they think young and act young, they'll stay young. I agree with sexologists Masters and Johnson that, if a man has a partner in whom he is interested and who is interested in him, he should be able to enjoy an active sex life even in his eighties. I'd like to illustrate the validity of this statement by a true story written by Isaac Bashevis Singer in his recent book, *A Friend of Kafka*.

An unemployed ex-actor in his eighties, so poor that he cannot even buy coal for his stove, is disturbed one cold night by a pounding at his attic door and the sound of a woman's voice. She pleads: "Someone just tried to kill me. I beg you, please let me in. I only want to stay in your room until daylight."

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He opens the door and there stands a beautiful young woman in her bare feet, wearing a sable coat over her nightgown. She is half-frozen, so he gives her a drink from a bottle of cognac he received as a gift.

The actor discovers she is a widowed countess and that her lover lives in the building. That night, in a jealous fit, her lover beat and threatened to kill her, but she managed to grab her coat and run out of the apartment. She knocked on his neighbors' doors, but none of them would let her in, so she made her way to the attic. The ex-actor offers her his bed, and says he will rest in a chair. She refuses, saying: "You are not young and do not look very well. Please go back to bed and I will sit here." Finally, after some haggling, both decide to lie on the bed.

Her lover has been brutal, vicious, inconsiderate and drunk. Now she finds herself in bed with an old man who, despite prostate trouble, possesses the most valuable virtues of masculinity—kindness, compassion and courage. She expresses her gratitude and admiration by kissing him and by passionate overtures. As she touches his hard, erect penis, he feels he is a man again. They make love. In the morning she says that she wants to see him again. He answers: "A miracle doesn't happen twice".

Indeed, it was a miracle. A sick and broken man with prostate trouble was able to make love because he found an interesting partner who was stimulated and inspired by him. If only he had taken care of his health and had had his prostate removed, he could have had a revitalizing and enchanting love affair.

If a man is unwanted, his virility is in danger. At some sex parties, the girls are spoiled and become over-choosy. Consequently, a newcomer who is not too good-looking may be rejected by a few girls in a row. Too many experiences like this could dampen one's ardour for life.

How many so-called impotent men would quickly be revitalized if they could only bring themselves to take part in group sex or orgies! Their health would improve, their hearts would beat more regularly, they would look fresher and fitter. Since the beginning of time, ritual orgies have been an effective cure for anxiety, alienation or loneliness.

In a well-conducted group-sex encounter, there is no hostility, no boredom, no jealousy. Every sexually sophisticated swinger is prepared to please everyone else. Regardless of age, looks or sexual capacity, no one is a favorite, no one is left out. It's like a carnival and everyone has a good time.

There are two basic types of orgy: Bacchanalia (spontaneous and totally uninhibited group sex where everything goes and there are no limits) and Saturnalia (consciously planned and organized orgies). These may be limited to a small group of friends or members of a sex club. Participants must be prepared for every eventuality and be willing to do any sexual act required of them. For a novice, I generally recommend Saturnalia.

There are a number of variations, which help to increase the fun. At a "Passion in the Dark" club, members are instructed that no kind of sexuality, not even ordinary kissing, is to be indulged in so long as the lights remain on. Until then, drinking and conversation, with a strict taboo on touching, inflame desire. At a prearranged time, the Night of Passion and Mystery begins in complete darkness. No talking is permitted. A member grabs anybody he is able to touch and then performs whatever sexual act he wishes.

At a "Silver and Glass Bowl" club, a silver bowl contains the names of every person present and a companion glass bowl holds pieces of paper, each of which specifies a particular sexual act.

Each member draws the name of his partner from the silver bowl and a slip of paper listing the sexual act they must perform from the glass bowl. If he doesn't like the partner or the activity he has drawn, he may try again—at a price of two dollars a time. However, he does not reveal the name of the person or the activity which he rejects.

Many people find the "Polaroid Party" exciting. No photographs are taken until everyone has undressed and the lights have been turned off. A photographer then begins work, encouraging the guests to engage in unusual acts and to get into the most grotesque positions possible. After about an hour, the pictures are passed round. Truly exhilarating!

Finally, there are genuine Saturnalia clubs which adhere to the ancient tradition of the mask. We know that during medieval carnivals in Europe, peasant and nobleman alike used masks so they could mix with equal freedom and unrestrainedly enjoy their pleasures during the few days of celebration. In modern days, these masked parties provide an opportunity for older, unattractive persons who might ôtherwise have difficulty in finding casual mates to mingle freely with younger, more popular swingers. The orgiastic atmosphere is uninhibited and without reserve because identities are concealed. This, in theory, is the best way for the elderly to maintain a healthy sex life.

But there are restrictions in practice. Members of one Saturnalia club told me theirs is limited to 40 people, with rigid rules and schedule. Members are enjoined to call the host and tell him the exact time of their arrival. When they arrive, they are given a mask and the robe they must wear for the evening. First, there is a short business meeting. Usually the minutes of the previous ritual are much too spicy to be taken as read. Then the future program is revealed, so that members can prepare themselves beforehand for the next orgy or, if it's not their kind of sex, stay home.

To do some fieldwork on orgy clubs, I attended a Hallow-e én party at a Saturnalia club. It was a costume party, but I chose to visit as an observer rather than a participant. I was told by a member of the board that it would be just like any other costume party—drinking, talking and dancing—until 11.30. Then, everyone would go down to the basement playroom, where there were comfortable arrangements for any kind of sexual activity. The costumes and masks would be removed, and so the partners would reveal themselves to each other.

At first, I wasn't particularly impressed. The members were in gorgeous costumes and it was impossible to discern their identities but though few of the participants are into the drag scene, sometimes I couldn't make up my mind whether the person I was eyeing was a man or a woman. The whole thing reminded me of a rather high-class gay club in which most of the members were transvestites.

There didn't seem much sense of revelry or spontaneity, either. In spite of intensive drinking, no one seemed to be very relaxed. When 11.30 came, I followed the crowd to the basement playroom. There were four mattresses on the floor. I was able to remain incognito, since those not immediately engaged in sexual activity could keep on their costumes.

The mattresses were quickly occupied, while other couples strolled around drinking and expressing affection. I felt uncomfortable under my mask. I was perspiring and found it difficult to breathe. What I saw reminded me of pictures of naked corpses piled in a heap in a concentration camp. I felt nauseated and restless, and finally had to leave the stifling, seething room.

I went upstairs for a glass of soda water. As I passed through the dining room, a man dressed in a Pierrot costume and asleep on the table woke up. "Are you ill?" I asked. "I had too much to drink," he replied, "so I'm resting a while. I can't perform downstairs when I drink more than three highballs." As we spoke, I noticed that his thumb was unusually long. Such a thumb, I believe, indicates maturity, will-power and reasoning ability usually found in a man of distinction. I wondered why such a man would attend a gathering like this.

His disguise concealed all but his palms. I told him I was interested in palmistry and asked whether I could look at his hand. He had a nearly perfect hand, and I called his attention to the two M's written clearly in his palms.

"What does that signify?" he inquired.

"According to the ancient Roman palmists", I explained, "M M stands for *memento mori*—remember you must die. It means that you are close to God and master of your destiny. But you should remember that you are mortal." He commented: "If I'm close to God, it must be the Roman gods of Bacchus and Venus." He asked what else I saw in his hand, but before I could answer a nude couple strolled up from the basement for a drink. When they saw us, the man chided: "No holding hands, boys. Go downstairs and join the party."

The couple finished their drinks and again urged us to return to the basement.

"We might as well," said my new-found friend. "Let's go—remember, we are mortal."

WHERE TO BUY IT

SERVICE FOR PENTHOUSE READERS

If you would like to examine for yourself the men's wear featured in this month's editorial fashion pages, we recommend that you visit one of the fine retail stores listed below. The stores marked with a (►) are currently displaying at least some of the featured merchandise.

ALABAMA
Auburn—The University Shops Inc.
Bessemer—Sokol's
Birmingham—
Canterbury Stores, Inc.
Jones-Lawless Inc.
Odum Bowers & White
Parisian Inc.
Cullman—Stiefelmeyers, Inc.
Decatur—Parisian, Inc.
Huntsville—Bill's Inc.
Dunnavant's, Inc.
Jasper—
Bernard's Store For Men
Mobile—Metzger's
Parkway City—Bills Inc.
Tuscaloosa—Wiesel Co.
The University Shops Inc.

ALASKA
Fairbanks—
Sachs Men's Shop Inc.

ARIZONA
Safford—J. Green & Co.
Tucson—Dave Bloom & Sons
Jacomes Dept. Store
Morrison's

ARKANSAS
Conway—Lou Hoffmans
Fayetteville—
Campbell-Bell, Inc.
University Shop
Forrest City—Taylor-Casbeer
Helena—
Michael Lazer Men's Wear
Hot Springs—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Jonesboro—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Little Rock—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Irving Koram Inc.
Lou Hoffmans
►*Ozark*—Wakefield & Co.
Pine Bluff—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.

CALIFORNIA
Anaheim—Cotlers
Phelps Meager
Arcadia—Hinshaw's
Richards Mens Store
Bakersfield—Coffee's
C. H. Dunlap Co.
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
Berkeley—J. F. Hink & Sons
Beverly Hills—The Shirt Gallery
Brawley—Marvin's Men's Shop
Buena Park—
Dewey's Store for Men
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
Burbank—Burcal
Ed's Towne Shop
Lyons "For Men"
Canoga Park—
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
Greene's Mens Wear
Carmel—
Dick Bruhn's Mans Store
Chula Vista—The Highlander
Citrus Heights—
Weinstock's Dept. Stores
College Grove—The Highlander
Compton—Kings For Men
Costa Mesa—
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
Downey—
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
El Cerrito—Foley & Bonny
►*El Monte*—Richards Mens Store
Escondido—The Highlander
Fontana—The Stag Shop
Fresno—Coffee's
Weinstock's Dept. Stores
Gilroy—
Dick Bruhn's Mans Store
Grossmont—The Highlander
Hermosa Beach—
Jeans Apparel Shops, Inc.
Hollister—
Dick Bruhn's Mans Store
Hollywood—
Sunny Lane Mens Shop
Indio—Wise Shops
King City—
Dick Bruhn's Mans Store
La Habra—
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
Lakewood—
Dewey's Store for Men
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
Los Alamitos—Phelps Meager
Los Alamos—Phelps Meager
Los Angeles—Campbell's Inc.
Charleston's
Cotlers
Gold's Clothing
Hank Fayne
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
Model Men's Shop
Phelps Meager
Roms Embassy Clothiers
Roos—Atkins
Shirt Gallery
Syd's Style Shop/Men
Los Cerritos—
Richards Mens Store
Mission Valley—The Highlander
Modesto—C. H. Dunlap Co.
Montclair—
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
National City—
Ellis Bros. Men's Stores
Newport—Phelps Meager
No. Hollywood—Campbell's Inc.
Oakland—Smiths of Calif.
Ontario—The Stag Shop
Orange—Cotlers
Pacific Beach—The Highlander
Palo Alto—Wideman's
Pomona—John P. Evans
Pasadena—Phelps Meager
Riverside—The Stag Shop
Sacramento—Capitol Clothing Co.
Weinstock's Dept. Stores
Salinas—
Dick Bruhn's Mans Store
Porter & Irvine
San Bernardino—
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
San Diego—
Ellis Bros. Men's Store
Granson
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
The Highlander
San Francisco—Granson
Howard's Clothing Co.
Roos-Atkins
The Shirt Gallery
San Jose—Berg's
Santa Ana—Jackman's
Santa Monica—Campbell's Inc.
Sherman Oaks—Phelps Meager
Stockton—
Weinstock's Dept. Stores
Van Nuys—Hal's Men's Wear
Ventura—Ronald Bank
W. Covina
Juoy's "Gear for Guys"
Phelps Meager
Whittier—Hinshaw's

COLORADO
Aspen—Slak Shak
Denver—May D. & F.
Greeley—Hibbs
Loveland—Hibbs

CONNECTICUT
Bridgeport—Skydel's
Gales Ferry—Vality Inc.
Hamden—Eli Moore Inc.
Richard Thomas for Men
Manchester—
A. G. Fields & Co.
Middletown—R. W. Camp Co.
Milford—Eli Moore Inc.
New London—Outlet Co.
Savard Bros. Inc.
Stamford—Lou Konspore
"The Man's Store"
Sarner's Dept. Store
Torrington—The Oxford Shop

WASHINGTON, D.C.
Farnsworth-Reed Ltd.
Slak Shak of Georgetowne
Webster Men's Wear

DELAWARE
Newark—Newark Dept. Store
Wilmington—
Strawbridge & Clothier
Wright & Simon

FLORIDA
Clearwater—Carnaby Shops
Coral Gables—
Hills Store for Men
Deland—V. M. Fountain Co.
Ft. Lauderdale—Irving Berlin's
Lansons
Sterling's Ivy Man Shop
Sterling's Mens &
Boys', Inc.
Ft. Pierce—Carnaby Shops
Gainesville—
Wilson's Dept. Store
Hialeah—Lansons
Hollywood—Irving Berlin's
Lansons
Jacksonville—Rosenblum's
The Young Men's Shop
Miami—Carnaby Shops
Miami Beach—Lansons
N. Miami Beach—
Woodrow Stores
Orlando—Carnaby Shops
Woodrow Stores
Pensacola—Douglas Allen
Ed White Inc.
Ordon's Inc.
Sarasota—Harmon's
Woodrow Stores
S. Miami—Garber's
St. Petersburg—Carnaby Shops
Egerton & Moore Inc.
Rons Toggery
The Real Place
Tallahasee—Mendelson's
Tampa—Kirby's Mens Wear
Titusville—Carnaby Shops
W. Palm Beach—Anthonys Inc.

GEORGIA
Albany—Rosenberg's
Americus—A. Cohen & Sons
Athens—Richway Stores
The University Shops Inc.
Atlanta—Hirsch's
Richway Stores
The Shirt Gallery
Belvedere—Hirsch's
Cobb County—Hirsch's
College Park—Richway Stores
Decatur—Richway Stores
Greenbriar—Hirsch's
Griffin—Morrow Powell
Lenox—Hirsch's
Macon—Jos. N. Neel Co.
Neil's Hip Pocket
North DeKalb—Hirsch's
Rome—The Fahy Store
Savannah—Alan Barry's Inc.
John B. Rourke, Inc.
Smyrna—Richway Stores
South DeKalb—Hirsch's
Valdesta—Olan H. Luke, Inc.
►*Waycross*—Jacobson's, Inc.

HAWAII
Honolulu—McInerny

IDAHO
Blackfoot—Bitton-Tuchy Co.
Boise—Ralph Davis Mens Store
Lewiston—Bon Marche
Payette—Farber's Dept. Store
Pocatello—
Fargo-Wilson-Wells Co.

ILLINOIS
Aurora—Lytton's
Weingart & Pillatsch
Barrington—Chuck Hines
Belleville—Imber Mens Wear
Benton—Walker's
Bloomington—Bachrachs
Moberly & Kienner
Ulbrich & Kraft
Calumet City—Lytton's
Carbondale—Walker's
Champaign—Jos. Kuhn & Co.
Chicago—Baskin
Eric Salm, Inc.
Gingiss Formalwear
Goldblatt's
House of Duro
Karoll's
Lytton's
Tom Hynes
Collinsville—Imbers Mens Wear
Crawfordsville—
Rapps Sire Shop
Decatur—Bachrachs
Myers Brothers
Des Plaines—
Allen's Store for Men
Svoboda's Mens Wear
Dunbee—Chuck Hines
DuQuoin—Walker's
Edwardsville—
Imbers Mens Wear
Elgin—Chuck Hines
Four Squires. Inc.
Wieboldts
Evanston—Lytton's
Glencoe—Bus Goodman Inc.
Harvey—Marks Toggery, Inc.
Herrin—
J. V. Walker & Sons, Inc.,
Kankakee—Plant-Kerger Co.
Kewanee—Kirley & Sons
Lolies Park—
Rockford Dry Goods
Marion—Walker's
Monmouth—The Model
Mt. Vernon—Walker's
Naperville—Dean's
Oak Park—Lytton's
Park Ridge—
Pine's Store for Men
Park Forest—Lytton's
Rockford—
Rockford Dry Goods
Bernhardt's, Inc.
Springfield—The Hub Clothiers
Myers Brothers
Urbana—Baskin
Vandalia—Denny's Dept. Store
Waukegan—Chuck Hines
Lytton's
West Frankfurt—Walker's
Wheaton—Gaede's

INDIANA
Elkhart—Rapps Sire Shop
Evansville—Gordons
►Sater's
Weinbach Men's Shop
Ft. Wayne—
Goldens Mens Wear
Patterson Fletcher
Gary—Lytton's
Indianapolis—Squire Shop
Wm. H. Block, Co.
Jasper—Schneider's Dept. Store
Kokomo—Maher's
Lafayette—
Hildebrandt's Haberdashery
Rapps Sire Shop
The Golden Rule
The Rapp Shop
The University Shops Inc.
Logansport—Bailey's Inc.
Kellers Sire Shop
Muncie—Stecks
South Bend—Robertsons
Terre Haute—Bachrachs
Schultz & Co.
Warsaw—Hull House

IOWA
Ames—Bledsoe's Inc.
Boone—J. C. Petersen Co.
Des Moines—
Frankel Clothing Co.
Elkader—Raizes Dept. Store
Fort Dodge—
Charles A. Brown, Inc.
Mason City—Damon's, Inc.
Raizes Dept. Store
Ottumwa—Graham's
Sioux City—Karl's
Karlton's
Raymond's
Storm Lake—Douglass Clo. Co.
Waterloo—The James Black Co.

KANSAS
Abilene—Royer's
Coffeyville—Strasburger's
►*Emporia*—Harry Ropfogel's, Inc.
Kansas City—The Leader Clo
Manhattan—Stevensons Clo.
Parsons—
Lambert-Duffy-Melone, Inc.
Salinas—Stevensons Clo.
Topeka—Crosby's
Ray Bears Clo. Co.
Wichita—Bricks

KENTUCKY
Ashland—
The C. H. Parsons Co., Inc.
Stars' Fashion World
Bowling Green—
Golden-Farley Inc.
Elizabethtown—
Joplin & Lanz Co. Inc.
Frankfort—HWB Store
Hopkinsville
Golden-Farley Inc.
Lexington—
The University Shops Inc.
Louisville—Levy Bros.
Martins
Richmond—
The University Shops Inc.

LOUISIANA
Alexandria—Caplans Mens Shop
Weiss & Goldring
Baton Rouge—Arthur's, Inc.
The Varsity Shop, Inc.
Houma—Godchaux's
Lafayette—Abdalla's Oil Center
The Varsity Shop, Inc.
Lakeside—Porter's-Stevens
Leesville—Caplans Mens Shop
Matarie—Godchaux's
Monroe—Selber Bros.
Natchitoches—
Caplans Mens Shop
New Orleans—Godchaux's
Labiche's Inc.
Porter's-Stevens
►Rubenstein Bros.
Oakwood—Porter's-Stevens
Fever Tree
Ruston—Lewis & Co.
Lewis Stagg Shop
Shreveport—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Jordan & Booth
Selber Bros.
W. F. Beall Co.

MAINE
Biddeford—Butlers Dept. Store

MASSACHUSETTS
Amherst—House of Walsh, Inc.
Boston—Krackerjacks, Inc.
Lebow Bros. Inc.
Sumner's
Cambridge—Krackerjacks Inc.
Fitchburg—
John Edwards Clothes
Framingham—Zayre
Hyannis—
►Burman's of Hyannis
Krackerjacks Inc.
The Bon Marche Inc.
Lowell—Lynches
The Bon Marche Inc.
New Bedford—Star Store
No. Attleboro—Orent Bros. Inc.
Norwood—Orent Bros. Inc.
Pittsfield—England's
M. Shwartz & Co., Inc.
Saugus—
Hoffman's • Saugus
Shrewsbury—World Apparel Ltd.
Worcester—Ware Pratt Co.

MARYLAND
Baltimore—
Calby's Male Apparel
Gann's
Stewart & Co.
Webster Men's Wear
Bel Air—Calby's Male Apparel
Bethesda—Slak Shak
Farnsworth-Reed Ltd.
Chevy Chase—
Frederick—
The Young Men's Shop, Inc.
Hagerstown—DeVono's
Ocean City—Slak Shak
Potomac—The Gentry
Riverdale—Slak Shak
Wheaton—Slak Shak

MICHIGAN
Ann Arbor—
Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Birmingham—Demery's
Todd's Clothes
Chesaning—
Rehmann's Menswear
Dearborn—
Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Muirheads
Todd's Clothes
Detroit—Demery's
Himelhock's
Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Princeton Shop
Todd's Clothes
Wurzburg-Demery's
Eastbrook—Wurzburg Co.
Farmington—Demery's
Flint—Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Grand Rapids—Herpolsheimer's
Houseman's
Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Wm. Klein Store for Men
Wurzburg Co.
Holland—Ambassador Shop
Jackson—
Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Jacobson Stores, Inc.
Kalamazoo—
Libin's Varsity Shop
Lansing—Wurzburg Co.
Webster Men's Wear
Marquette—Stern & Field
125 Shop
Muskegon—Hoslen's Inc.
Square Clothing Co.
Northland—Todd's Clothes
North Kent—Wurzburg Co.
Pleasant Ridge—Next Door
Pontiac—
Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Lion Store Inc.
Royal Oak—Todd's Clothes
Saginaw—Heavenrich's
Southfield—Todd's Clothes
Southland—Wurzburg Co.
Utica—
Van Dyke Clothes for Men
Warren—
Van Dyke Clothes for Men
Van Dyke Formal Wear
Next Door
Wyoming—Rogers Dept. Store

MINNESOTA
Brookdale—Donoldson's
Duluth—Livingston's
Maurices Men's Shop
Hibbing—Sachs Bros. Co.
Hopkins—Meyers Dept. Store
Minneapolis—
Donoldson's
Meyers Dept. Stores
Olson Clothing
Redwood Falls—Wilson's Clo.
Rochester—Donoldson's
Rosedale—Donoldson's
Saint Paul—Donoldson's
Southdale—Donoldson's
West St. Paul—Van Arsdell's

MISSISSIPPI
Biloxi—Godchaux's
Columbia—Rankins
Columbus—Egger's
Hattiesburg—
Fine Bros.—Matison Co.
Mississippi Britches
The Essex House
Jackson—Emporium
The Rouge, Ltd.
Laurel—Alex Loeb, Inc.
Fine Bros.—Matison Co.
Meridian—Alex Loeb, Inc.
Marks Rothenberg Co.
Natchez—M. M. Ullman & Co.

MISSOURI
Cameron—Stucker Clo. Co.
Joplin—Newman's
Kennett—
James Kahn Dept. Store
O'Fallon—Thro's
Springfield—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Netter's
Venture
St. Ann—Venture
St. Charles—Thro's
St. Louis—Famous Barr
Target Stores
The Shirt Gallery
Venture

MONTANA
Billings—Buttrey Suburban
Butte—Buttrey Suburban
Glasgow—Friedl's Men's Wear
Great Falls—Buttrey Suburban
F. A. Buttrey Co.
Havre—F. A. Buttrey
Kalispell—F. A. Buttrey
Missoula—Buttrey Suburban

NEBRASKA
Alliance—
The Famous Clo. House
Fremont—Philips Stores, Inc.
Kearney—Ayers Clothing
Lincoln—Magee's
Nebraska City—Rowe Clothiers
Omaha—Magee's
Philips Stores, Inc.

NEVADA
Las Vegas—
Steve Gordon's Airport
Men's Shop
The Shirt Gallery
Reno—
Weinstock's Dept. Stores

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Bedford Mall—Lynchs
Claremont—David Heller Co.
Concord—David Heller Co.
Edward Fine & Son
Franklin—Decator's Men's Wear
Laconia—Lynch's
O'Shea's
Manchester—Lynchs
Easler's
Nashua—Avard's Inc.
Portsmouth—Kimball's

NEW JERSEY
Atlantic City—Jules Mens Shop
Schultz Inc.
Bound Brook—
Archies Mens Shop Inc.
Cherry Hill—
Strawbridge & Clothier
Clifton—Levy Brothers
Dover—Furstman & Feinberg
Echelon—
Strawbridge & Clothier
Elizabeth—Levy Brothers
Fort Lee—Schweitzer's D. S.
Irvington Center—
Gruber's Men's & Boys
Long Branch—
Vogel's Dept. Store
Menlo Park—Archie Jacobson
Millville—Fath Dept. Store Inc.
Montclair—Hahne's
Newark—Hahne's
Paramus—
Stern Bros.
Weber & Heilbroner
Paterson—Meyer Brothers
Phillipsburg—Orr's Dept. Stores
Pt. Pleasant—Capt. Quarters
at Winograd's
Salem—Princes
Toms River—Harris Bros.
Trenton—
Frederick W. Donnelly
& Son
Wineberg's 1893
Union Center—
Gruber's Men's & Boys
Union City—Paul Servo
Wayne—
Weber & Heilbroner
Westfield—Hahne's
West New York—Schlesinger's
West Orange—
Gruber's Men's & Boys
Woodbridge—Field Brothers

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Mr. Casual
Las Cruces—
Popular Dry Goods Co.
Santa Fe—
Goodman's Men's Store
Moore's

NEW YORK
Auburn—
Homick's Mens Shop Inc.
Batavia—
Charles Men's Shop, Inc.
Brockport—
Brockport Clothing Co.
Brooklyn—Field Brothers
Howard Stores Corp.
Martin's
Mr. Craig
Neil's
The Shirt Gallery
Buffalo—
Adam Meldrum & Anderson
Stattler's Inc.
Riverside Men's Shop
The Sample
Cedarhurst—Cricket Shop
Cortland—
Harold's Men Stores
Elmira—H. Strauss Inc.
Endicott—
Alexander Harvey Clothing
Hornell—Murray Stevens
Ithaca—Clothes Horse
Jamestown—
Edward's Men's Wear
Johnson City—
Ben's Clothes Shop, Inc.
Kingston—H. G. Rafalowsky, Inc.
Long Island—
Field Brothers
Martin's
Weber & Heilbroner
Mt. Vernon—H. King & Co.
New York—A. G. Fields & Co.
Blumstein's
Franklin Simon
H. King & Co.
Ohrbach's
Paul Barry
Paul Stuart Inc.
Statler Hilton Men's Shop
Town & Country Stores
Weber & Heilbroner
Wm. M. Van Buren Inc.
Niskayona—Nusbaum's
Oneonta—Bresee's Dept. Store
Patchogue—Mace Kavner Inc.
Potsdam—Herbert's Men's Wear
Poughkeepsie—
M. Shwartz & Co., Inc.
Queens—Beau Brummel Ltd.
Field Brothers
Sayville—Town Squire
Schenectady—
Jos. Nusbaum, Inc.
Staten Island—
Archie Jacobson
Syracuse—Gary's Clothes

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville—Belk
Bon Marche Inc.
Burlington—
B. A. Sellars & Sons, Inc.
Gastonia—Matthews-Belk Co.
Charlotte—Ivey's of Charlotte
Goldsboro—Weil's Inc.
High Point—Frank A. Stith Co.
Kinston—The Man's Store
Morganton—Lazarus
New Bern—
Askew's Clothing Stores Inc.
Hill's
Raeford—Joe Sugar's
Statesville—Plyler's
The Classic Shop
St. Pauls—Joe Sugar's
Wilmington—
Belk Beery Co., Inc.
Wilson—
Oettinger's Men's Store
Winston-Salem—
Frank A. Stith Co.
Norman Stockton, Inc.

NORTH DAKOTA
Devils Lake—Glickson's Inc.
Shark's Clothers
Fargo—Shark's Clothiers
Grand Forks—McDonald's
Jamestown—The Straus Co.
Minot—Olson's Clothing
Shark's Clothiers

OHIO
Akron—Halle Bros.
Koch's
The University Shops Inc.
Ashtabula—Globe-Ball Inc.
Athens—
The University Shops Inc.
Beachwood—Harry Jacobson
Bellaire—The Phil-Mor
Bowling Green—
The University Shops Inc.
Cambridge—
Fred Raymond & Co.
Canton—Halle Bros.
Hughes & Hatcher
Cincinnati—Nadler's
Pogue's
The Shirt Gallery
The University Shops Inc.
Cleveland—Bill's Clothes, Inc.
Halle Bros.
Harry Jacobson
Higbee Co.
Martin's Men's Wear
Skall's Men's Wear, Inc.
The Shirt Gallery
Cleveland Heights—
Harry Jacobson
Columbus—
The University Shops Inc.
Dayton—The Metropolitan Co.
Delaware—Wilson's
Euclid—Gorniks
Fremont—Joseph's Dept. Store
Hamilton—Vogue Shops Inc.
Marietta—Bonham's Inc.
Sniffen's Shop for Men
Marion—Jim Dugan's Inc.
Markert & Lewis
Martins Ferry—The Phil-Mor
Mentor—Marty's Slack Shack
Miamisburg—
Suttman's Men's Wear
Mt. Vernon—Vogue Shops Inc.
Newark—
Cornell-Bazaar Mens Shop
New Carlisle—Vogue Shops Inc.
Oxford—
The University Shops Inc.
Richmond Hts.—Bill's Clothes
Sandusky—Marv Byer
Springfield—Vogue Shops Inc.
Steubenville—
The Hub of Steubenville
The Phil-Mor
St. Martins Ferry—The Phil-Mor
Toledo—Damschroder's Inc.
Hughes & Hatcher
Lamson's of Toledo
Urbana—Vogue Shops Inc.
Warren—Hughes & Hatcher
Willowick—Bill's Clothes
Xenia—McDorman's
Youngstown—Hughes & Hatcher

OKLAHOMA
Bartlesville—May Brothers
Enid—S & Q Clothiers
Trego's Inc.
Muskogee—
Dillard Dept. Store, Inc.
S & Q Clothiers
Oklahoma City—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Orbach's
Park's Apparel Co.
Rothschild's
Tulsa—Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Renberg's, Inc.
Woodward—Trego's Inc.

OREGON
Eugene—Meier & Frank
The Bon Marche
Pendleton—Hamley & Co.
Portland—Lowenson's
Meier & Frank
Nudelman Bros.
The Shirt Gallery
Salem—Bishop's Inc.
Meier & Frank

PENNSYLVANIA
Ardmore—
Strawbridge & Clothier
Altoona—Gable's
Baden—The Coach House
Beaver Falls—
Benson's Dept. Store
Taylor's
Bethlehem—
Orr's Dept. Stores
Silverberg & Goldberg Inc.
Charleroi—David Israel
Cheltenham—Gimbel Bros.
Clairton—Cmarada's
Dubois—Levine Bros., Inc.
Easton—Orr's Dept. Stores
Erie—Halle Bros.
Harrisburg—Doutrich & Co.
Gimbel Bros.
Haverford—Nan Duskin
Hazelton—Lauderbach & Co.
Indiana—Waxler's
Jenkintown—
Strawbridge & Clothier
Johnstown—Glosser Bros.
King of Prussia—Gimbel Bros.
Lancaster—Gimbel Bros.
DeVono's
Watt & Shand
Lebanon—DeVono's
McKeesport—Cox's, Inc.
David Israel
Henry B. Klein Co.
Middletown—DeVono's
Monroeville—Kaufmanns
The Coach House
Moorestown—Gimbel Bros.
Mt. Lebanon—Kaufmanns
Neshaminy—
Strawbridge & Clothier
New Castle—Lester's
The Winter Co.
North East—Gimbel Bros.
Olyphant—Sigmund Spitz Inc.
Philadelphia—The Boyd Store
Gimbel Bros.
Jackson & Moyer
Nan Duskin
Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh—Gold Coast
Hughes & Hatcher
Kaufmanns
Krazy Legs Inc.
The Coach House
The Shirt Gallery
Pottsville—Boussum's
Plymouth Meeting—
Strawbridge & Clothier
Reading—Hughes & Hatcher
Rochester—Kaufmanns
Sayre—Jim Paluzzi's Toggery
Scranton—The Globe
Samter Bros. Co.
Schreiber's Inc.
Zilenchicks
Springfield—
Strawbridge & Clothier
Stratford—Nan Duskin
Stroudsburg—A. B. Wyckoff
Upper Darby—Gimbel Bros.
Wilkes-Barre—The Hub Clo. Co.
Louis Rosenthal Inc.
Williamsport—Troisi
York—DeVono's

RHODE ISLAND
Pawtucket—Apex Inc.

SOUTH CAROLINA
Abbenville—Rosenberg's
Anderson—
Gene Anderson Co. Inc.
Asheville—Ivey's
Charleston—
Leon's Mens Wear
Columbia—Brittons
Lourie's
Florence—
Coker's of Florence, Inc.
Georgetown—
Ray's Men's & Boy's Shop
Greenville—
Ivey's of Greenville
Greenwood—Rosenberg's
Hartsville—J. L. Coker & Co.
Spartanburg—Greenewald's Inc.
The Aug. W. Smith Co.
Sumter—Coker's of Sumter
Union—J. Cohen Co.
Warwick—Apex Inc.
Outlet Co.

SOUTH DAKOTA
Rapid City—Haggerty's Inc.
Seeley Inc.
Sioux Falls—E. C. Olson Co.
Fantle's, Inc.
Weatherwax's

TENNESSEE
Chattanooga—
Browning & Hamilton
Cooley's, Inc.
Dunnavant's, Inc.
Bowling Green—Kentucky
Donelson—Castner Knott Co.
Jackson—Holland's Dept. Store
Memphis—Goldsmith's
Julius Lewis Inc.
Oak Hall
Stamm's Top Drawer
Nashville—Castner Knott Co.
Davitt's
Dunnavant's, Inc.
Webster Men's Wear
Union City—Bennett's Inc.

TEXAS
Abilene—S & Q Clothiers
Almeda—Foley's
Amarillo—Fedway Stores
White & Kirk
Arlington—Leonards
Austin—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Jack Mortons
Borger—Hub Clothiers
Corpus Christi—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Fedway Stores
Dallas—Dreyfuss & Son
Fifth Season
Reynolds Penland
Varsity Shop
El Paso—Tibor's
Ft. Worth—A. Davis Co.
John L. Ashe, Inc.
Leonards
Grand Prairie—Leonards
Hereford—Gaston's
Houston—Foley's
Joske's
Norton Ditto
Sakowitz, Inc.
The Shirt Gallery
The Symbol
Hurst—Leonards
Irving—Big State Men's Store
Leonards
Longview—Fedway Stores
Lubbock—S & Q Clothiers
Midland—S & Q Clothiers
Odessa—The Model Shop
The Quicksilver Co.
Paris—
L. O. Hammons Men's Store
Pasadena—Foley's
San Antonio—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Leo Mendlovitz M/B Wear
Sharpstown—Foley's
Tyler—Hurwitz Man's Shop
Wichita Falls—Fedway Stores

UTAH
Ogden—Buehler-Bingham
Village Fair West
Salt Lake City—
Bud's Duds for Men

VERMONT
Burlington—Nate's Inc.
Shepard & Hamelle
Montpelier—Nate's Inc.
St. Albans—Nate's Inc.
St. Johnsburg—Nate's Inc.

VIRGINIA
Alexandria—
Cohen's Quality Shop, Inc.
Annandale—The Quality Shop
Arlington—The Quality Shop
Bristol—Blakely-Mitchell Co.
Chesapeake—The Hub
Danville—J. Berman, Inc.
Hampston—The Hub
Hopewell—
Rucker Rosenstock, Inc.
Janof—Rice's
Lynchburg—J. Kulman, Inc.
Newport News—Nachman's
The Hub
Norfolk—Rice's
The Hub
Petersburg—
Rockingham Clothes
Rucker Rosenstock, Inc.
Portsmouth—The Hub
Princess Anne—Rice's
Richmond—
Rockingham Clothes
Roanoke—Jos. Davidson Inc.
Virginia Beach—The Hub
Wards Corner—Rice's
Warwick—Nachman's
Williamsburg—
Williamsburg Dept. Store
7 Corners—
Farnsworth-Reed Ltd.

WASHINGTON
Kennewick—
Wade's Clothing for Men
Pasco—
Wade's Clothing for Men
Pullman—Empire Men's Shop
Richland—Dawson-Richards
Seattle—Lamonts
Walla Walla—Gardner's
Sporleders

WEST VIRGINIA
Beckley—
E. M. Payne Co., Inc.
Charleston—
A. W. Cox Dept. Store Co.
The Diamond
Hinton—The Hub Clothing Co.
Morgantown—
The University Shops Inc.

WISCONSIN
Appelton—W. A. Close, Inc.
Eau Claire—
The H & L Men's Shop Inc.
The H. & L. University Shop
Green Bay—C. A. Gross Co.
Stiefel's
Kenosha—
Bell Clothing House Inc.
Isermann Bros.
Madison—Baskin
The Hub
Milwaukee—Boston Store
Polacheck's
Stock Bros. Inc.
Oconomowoc—
Snyders Fine Clothes
Oshkosh—Maurices Gear Shop
W. A. Close, Inc.
Sheboygan—Art Imig
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Cheyenne—Sam Stark & Sons
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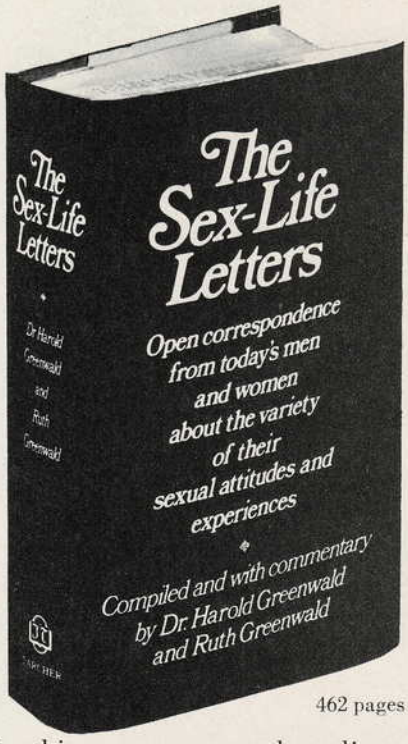
THE STORY BEHIND THE BOOK

As a Penthouse reader, you may already know about *Forum Magazine*, a totally uncensored publication dealing with sexual behavior, which the *London Times* called "one of the most important factors in the shaping of the revolution in the sex magazine field."

The most controversial part of *Forum* is the reader correspondence which recounts in graphic, first person terms the full spectrum of human sexual practices and feelings. THE SEX-LIFE LETTERS contains almost 400 of the most fascinating of these letters selected from over 5,000 published during the last five years in the British edition of the magazine. Although *Forum* is now available in the United States, over 85% of these letters have never been published in America.

WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO DO THAT?

THE SEX-LIFE LETTERS also includes commentary on the correspondence by Dr. Harold Greenwald and Ruth Greenwald and by *Forum's* distinguished editorial committee of psychiatrists, lawyers, sociologists and doctors.


The Sex-Life Letters
Dr Harold Greenwald and Ruth Greenwald
The Sex-Life Letters
Open correspondence from today's men and women about the variety of their sexual attitudes and experiences
Compiled and with commentary by Dr. Harold Greenwald and Ruth Greenwald

462 pages

In this commentary, the editors explore the psychological motivations and implications of the many letters. They believe that reading about and discussing these subjects, which are normally swept under the carpet, will prove to be a significant guilt-reducing experience, helping people to new attitudes of understanding and acceptance of themselves and others.

Dr. Harold Greenwald, past president of the National Psychological Association for Psychoanalysis, after twenty years in private practice, is now a Professor of Clinical Psychology. Ruth Greenwald is in private practice, specializing in marital and sexual problems.

THE ART OF SEXUAL COMMUNICATION:

A note from the editors

"Most husbands and wives know exactly how their spouses like their steak, eggs or coffee, which movies they will enjoy, what political candidate will appeal to them, but they have far less knowledge of their mate's sexual preferences.

We have been impressed with how often readers state that these letters opened channels of communication, bringing up subjects that had never been raised before, because one partner feared to shock the other. By discussing the letters and moving from the general to the personal, they have finally been able to say, 'I've often wondered what it would be like to try that,' and frequently have discovered that their partner, too, secretly wanted to do the same thing."

—Harold and Ruth Greenwald.

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Photos by Doug Mesney

Why You Won't Catch That Japanese Thing That's Going Around

Mazda's rotary is really fast, reports **Jules Siegel**

Cars are like women. There are beautiful bitches, staid matrons and hot-assed nymphets. The Mazda is the new girl in town and at first look it's not easy to see why all the boys are so wild about her. The car is plain and rather ordinary in appearance. Its performance, however, is something else, with brilliant acceleration and power that keeps coming on strong, almost effortlessly reaching 120 mph. Even at top cruising speeds the engine is strangely quiet and the ride is strong and solid. There is enough room for four passengers and although the car feels much bigger than a VW bug it actually has a shorter turning radius. It is difficult to find a comparable package at a comparable price. This is really a lot of car for $3,000.

Mazda first went on sale in California in May 1971. Within seven months it was the fourth selling import on the West Coast, its engine featured on the cover of *Fortune* with the headline "An Auto Revolution Sweeps in from Japan". The magazine reported that no imported car in history had taken off as rapidly as the Mazda. Although the car is now sold in only 20 states, with the East and Midwest to be added at the end of 1972, its sales match Volvo, which has been sold across the nation since 1955.

The secret of Mazda's sensational success is its revolutionary Wankel rotary engine, originally designed in Germany. But "Mazda's claim to fame," comments *Car & Driver*," is that it was the first company to tame the mechanical shortcomings of the Wankel engine. Solely through the persistence of its engineering department, an intriguing concept was adapted to the grim realities of durability, mass production and emission requirements." The company invested more than $11 million in 500 designs and destroyed 5,000 engines before coming up with one that would work.

The rotary engine is a basically simple but elegantly sophisticated machine. It has less than one-third as many parts as a standard six-cylinder piston engine, and only *three* moving parts, yet it produces twice the horsepower of a conventional engine of equal size and weight. At its heart is a combustion chamber in the shape of an epitrochoid, a curve that looks something like a squashed figure eight. In it sits the rotor, rather like a square peg in a round hole, only it's a triangular peg in a squashed figure eight. When the gasoline is ignited the pressure of the explosion forces the motor to revolve. The four stages that occur separately in the traditional piston engine—intake, compression, combustion and exhaust—take place simultaneously in the Wankel power-plant. A two-rotor engine is so efficient that it outperforms some V-8s. It will run well on low octane gasoline, and its simplicity keeps maintenance and repair costs down.

The most impressive report comes from *Road Test* magazine, which ran a Mazda 50,000 miles and then completely tore down the engine and chassis for inspection, measurement and analysis. "After 50,000 miles," the publication concluded, "we can state that the rotary powered car offers unique advantages, among them a greatly reduced noise level and excellent performance both in acceleration and top speed . . . After conducting this fruitless search for serious wear or deterioration on the Mazda, we're convinced that here at last is a practical alternative to the conventional engine."

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

(W)RAPPING WITH

Shaft—elegantly accompanied by singing

Bright strawberry motif all-cotton kimono (right) by Weldon, $25.

All-polyester diamond blocked caftan (above) by Alexander Shields, $55. Black cotton velveteen caftan with hand-brocaded paisley motif (right) by Jon Jolcin for AM Designs, $225.

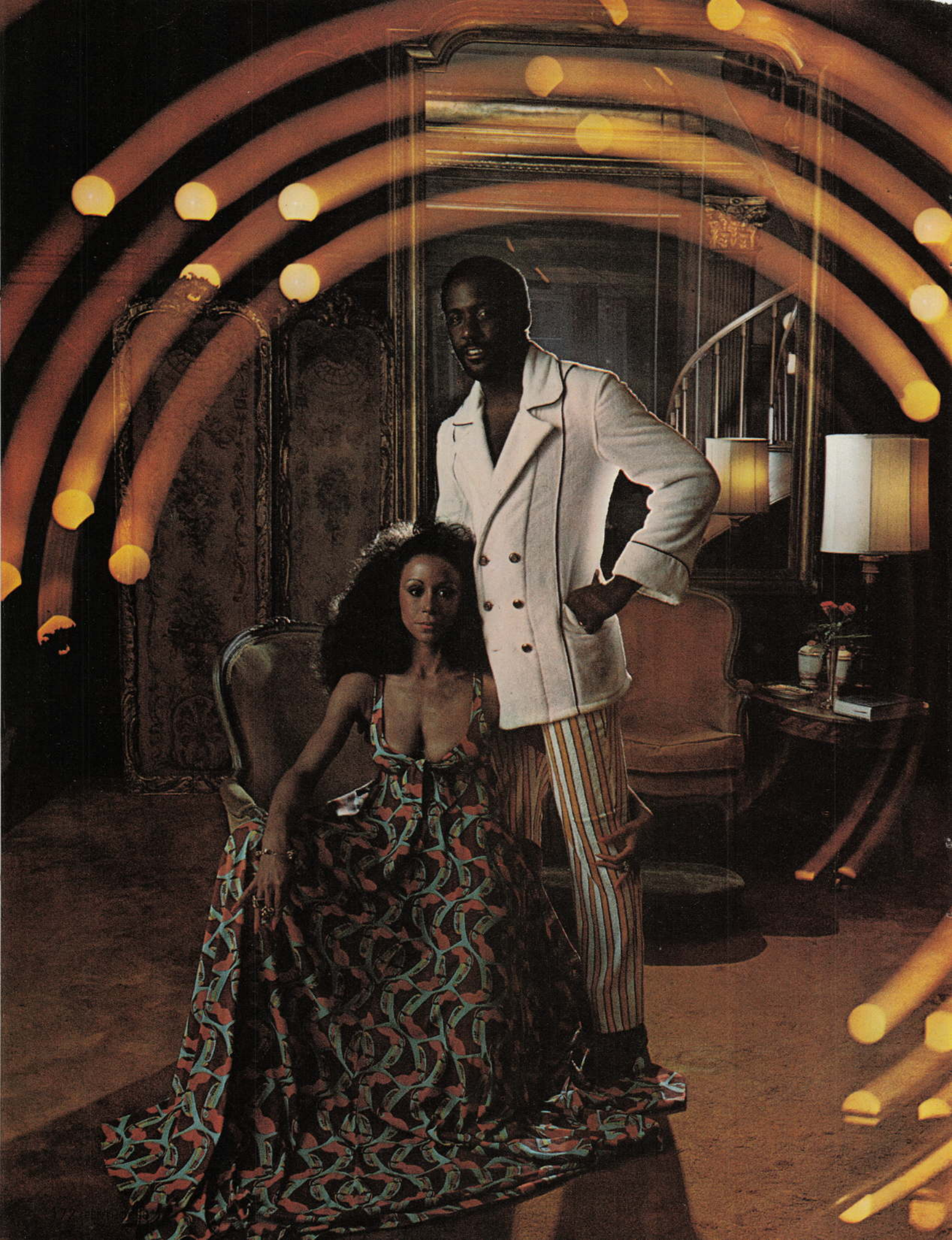
RICHARD ROUNDTREE

star Freda Payne—dons the latest look in loungewear

Polyester knit striped caftan (right) by Alexander Shields, $60. Hooded yellow cotton terry robe (below) by John Weitz for State O'Maine, $27.50.

Blue and white houndstooth patterned cotton terry caftan with hood (right) by John Weitz for State O'Maine, $35.

Photographs by Bob Huntzinger



Today's nightwear no longer means straightforward dressing-gowns or wraps. It's masculine, decorative and rakish, with just the kind of cool appeal that suits a man like Richard Roundtree and a girl like Freda Payne.

Roundtree—the swinging black private eye of *Shaft* and *Shaft's Big Score*—is usually a suede and leather fan (he owns an antelope tuxedo). But he's definitely gone soft on the way that caftans, night shirts, jump suits and robes, in the "touch-me" fabrics of velvet, velour, terry and cashmere, have hit the nightwear scene.

Freda Payne, who has two gold discs to her credit, and is about to make her movie debut in *Book of Numbers* with Raymond St Jacques, enjoys the new elegance that hyper-romantic styling has brought to loungewear.

Look for color, originality and exotic patterns, and remember—the night is still young.

Brown cotton velveteen kimono with batwing sleeves and hand-embroidered sash (above) by Jon Jolcin for AM Designs, $140. Velour champagne colored robe pants by John Kloss for Cira. Girl's nightwear fashions all by John Kloss for Cira. Jewelry from Amulets and Talisman, New York. White cotton terry lounging jacket (left) by Charles Rabin, $25. Striped terry pants by State O'Maine.

Red and blue terry greatcoat robe (right) by John Weitz for State O'Maine, $37.50, covers horsehead pattern cotton knit sleep set by John Kloss for Cira, top $13, bottom $9.

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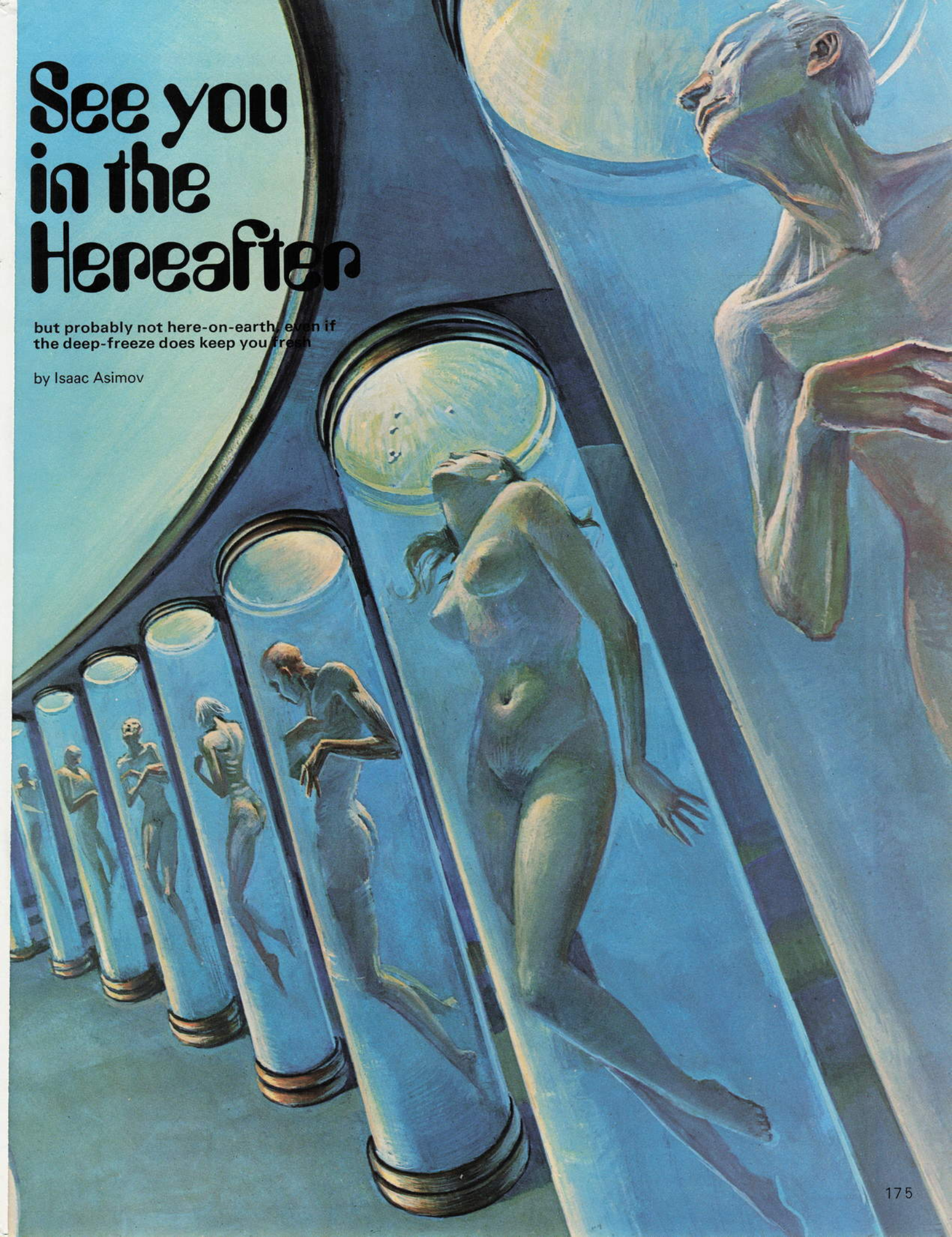
See you in the Hereafter

but probably not here-on-earth, even if the deep-freeze does keep you fresh

by Isaac Asimov



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Who's for immortality? Who wants to live forever? There's a way, some people think. Since 1967 15 hopeful deceased in the U.S. are reported to have begun giving it a try.

First you die, but you get yourself frozen in liquid nitrogen immediately after death. Liquid nitrogen will keep you unchanged at roughly 200 degrees below zero centigrade, or 320 below zero Fahrenheit. Once you're that cold you will deteriorate no further, and your body will keep indefinitely. Then, there comes a time when whatever it was that killed you becomes curable. It may be 100 years hence, 500 years hence, but the doctors bring you back to life and give you the cure. You can then go right on living.

What have you got to lose? You won't have to live tediously through the waiting. However long it may be, it will seem to you to have passed in a flash. You will close your eyes in death and open them in life in the space of a wink. In fact, the longer the wait, the more interesting the future you enter.

Of course it will cost a little money. Everything does. It will cost $30 a year to belong to the society that arranges this; $8,500 for the initial freezing, and $1,000 a year to maintain it. And maybe expenses will go up with time; everything does. But what of it? So you lose a little money. How does that compare with your life?

Any catch?

Well, once you're dead, are you sure that your descendants will keep your immortal remains freezing? It could take a really long time for the doctors of the future to get round to you. Your sons and daughters, maybe even your grandchildren, might be filial enough to devote $1000 a year to your frozen meat, but—humanity being what it is—how far can you trust your great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren? It's true you can establish a trust fund designed to keep you frozen in perpetuity. That amount of money, however, will not be available for passing on to your children and the young skunks may be ungrateful, so don't put them in charge. Pick some impersonal bank.

Then suppose the kids in turn get their own bodies frozen, each with a trust fund. More money will be removed permanently from the family fortune, though that's not *your* worry. But if this sort of thing gets popular and more and more people decide to freeze themselves—thousands, millions—it may be that the world will become full of banks upon banks of cylinders, all filled with liquid nitrogen, all outfitted with refrigerating devices keeping them forever cold and consuming large quantities of energy. All of us will be watching over our dead in the hope that our own descendants will watch over us just as carefully. It will be a death-centered society, like the Egyptians', except that they only built pyramids, and used chemical mummification instead of liquid-nitrogen-mummification.

Of course the number of freeze-cylinders won't increase forever. Someday doctors will start bringing the dead back to life. Or, at least, that's the idea. If we wanted to be pessimistic, however, we could say that although some simple cells (even some simple human cells) can be frozen while in a state of vigor and then brought back to life, no one has succeeded in doing it to large organisms of anywhere near the complexity of man (especially of a man who is not in youthful vigor, but who has just died of a disease, or an accident, or old age, that has reduced his body to a state of serious disorganization.) There is no real hope, in fact, that it can ever be done.

Still, turning our thoughts upward, suppose mankind learns someday to restore the spark of life to a body, however decayed, however smashed,

"All of us will be watching over our dead in the hope that our descendants will just as carefully watch over us. It will be a death-centered society"

MISS LYNETTE ASQUITH

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MISS VIDA FARTHING

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however disease-riddled. Let's even guess when this might happen. Let's say A.D. 2500—that's a nice round year, not so close as to be ridiculous, not so far away as to be hopeless. It means that people frozen now will have to pass away their dreamless sleep for a little over five centuries. Not bad.

How many cylinders of frozen bodies will be around by 2500 do you suppose? Very likely, only a few. The process is expensive and, as the years go on, people may lose heart. Perhaps only 1000 will have been frozen and maintained and waiting. In that case, the whole movement will not have been important. On the other hand, the process could grow popular, and become a runaway fad, with cheap methods for freezing wholesale and national trusts set up for maintenance. Even so, let's not suppose *everybody* gets frozen. Let's suppose only one out of 100 does.

Well, remember that right now about 70 million people die each year in the world, and that if this figure stays the same every year up to 2500, then there will be 370 million people soaking in liquid nitrogen by that year and waiting for the blowing of the trumpet of some secular Gabriel. That's one-tenth of the present population of the world.

So A.D. 2500 comes and the doctors now have the ability to restore life to the waiting 370 million. The question is, will they? We can see the advantages of course. They could revive some individual from 1972 and another from 1998 and still another from 2045 and so on. Think of the historical value of probing their memories; the first-hand information they could get of past mores, customs; the reminiscences of famous men who influence history (if those men were frozen; or of reminiscences about them, if they were not.)

370 MILLION NEW SETTLERS

But the question is: will all 370 million be revived? Can we seriously imagine that the people of 2500 will be delighted to make room for 370 million, find them all houses and jobs, give them all job-training and teach them to live in a new society?

If you are uncertain of what their attitude would be, ask what *our* attitude would be. Suppose we had 370 million people who had lived anywhere from a generation ago to the time of the generation of Christopher Columbus, and we could revive them and make them part of our society. How would *you* vote? Do *we* have room for them? Can *we* find jobs for them? Would the unions object? What about housing? Who would teach them to use internal plumbing and explain to them why their religious views will no longer do?

It could be done, I'm sure. But would you vote to take the trouble, or avoid it

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by just letting them sleep in their cylinders.

Would you be interested in picking and choosing and bringing back a few great men anyway? Suppose you could do it today. You could bring back Eisenhower, F. D. Roosevelt, Lincoln, Jefferson, and Washington. Which one would you care to elect president, and how fast would he get used to the modern world so he could even understand what was going on, let alone make decisions? (Let's draw straws to see who explains to Washington that the regulation of stagecoaches is no longer a matter of the first importance.) And what would President Nixon say? How anxious is he to have Eisenhower back?

A MASSIVE RESURRECTION

Maybe we can't judge the men of 2500 by ourselves. We're mean and selfish and we wouldn't want to absorb 370 million difficult strangers, but the men of 2500 might be different. It would depend on what kind of a world they would have in 2500. Living amid the ruins of a civilization killed by overpopulation, pollution and nuclear war, what could they do with 370 million people? But we can't argue that way because if civilization is ruined, the technology won't have reached the point of being able to revive the dead.

If the dead are to be revived at all, the world of 2500 must be at a substantially higher technological level than our own. They would have survived the present crisis and have established a world government in which a population plateau has been reached, resources are carefully recycled, ample cheap solar power or fusion power is available, and pollution is controlled. Total world population may be one billion healthy people, well-adjusted to their life. Now that would be just the kind of civilization we would *want* to come back to life for.

Whatever would the people of such a world want with the frozen dead? They'd have a carefully controlled population level, a carefully engineered environment kept in delicate balance. It could be that the last thing in the world they would want would be to bring back 370 million people from past ages, increase their population by a perilous third, and undertake the collossal task of retraining.

It's arguable that regardless of the difficulties and dangers, they would *have* to bring back the dead out of simple selfishness. After all, when the men of 2500 die, *they* would want to be brought back to life someday, too. How could they be sure of being taken care of properly if they themselves had set a callous precedent of ignoring the rights of the waiting dead. Can we really rely on that, though? For a society so advanced in medicine that it

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can bring back the dead and cure them of whatever ails them could obviously keep those already alive from becoming sick with whatever might kill them. The greater the medical power to restore life, the greater the medical power to stave off death.

In other words, if the world of 2500 could bring us back, they would already have immortality for themselves. The immortality might not be absolute. An occasional individual might die of so intricate a disease or so elaborate an accident that even the men of 2500 could not help; but then a relatively short freezing period might fix that up and produce still additional advances capable of handling the unusual event. As time went on, individuals would have to resort to freezing fewer and fewer times for shorter and shorter intervals and, in general, we can say the world of 2500 was immortal enough.

If they have immortality for themselves, they don't have to worry about what is going to happen to them when *they* are frozen, so they don't have the selfish motivation required to revive the dead. And they might prefer to keep their world comfortable and not concern themselves with 370 million dead. What would *you* do if you were they?

True, the men of 2500 might be such humanitarians that they found themselves unable to ignore the waiting dead. They couldn't wake them all at one time, but they might decide they could handle 10,000 a year—revive them, absorb them, teach them, and make them members of 26th-century society. At the rate of 10,000 a year, it would take 37,000 years to complete the job, but what's time to an immortal?

RETRAINING THE DEAD

So in the end there are 370 million revivees, most of them 70 years old or more, with heart-valves patched up, muscles shrunken, joints rusty—But no, we mustn't argue like that. If we're going to have faith, we must have *lots* of faith. If we assume that men have attained a level of medical technology capable of returning life to the frozen hulk of a cancer-ravaged body—and curing the cancer, too—then obviously they can cure old age as well. All the bodies brought back will be adjusted to the prime of life; all will be strong, good-looking, and ready to take their place in the new society.

And what about the brains? They would be crammed full of memories, associations, conditionings—everything designed to suit them for the old life. Would it not be hard to uncondition and recondition them, unassociate and reassociate them? Would they ever attain the level of adjustment to the society that the native-born would have attained? Would they not always be

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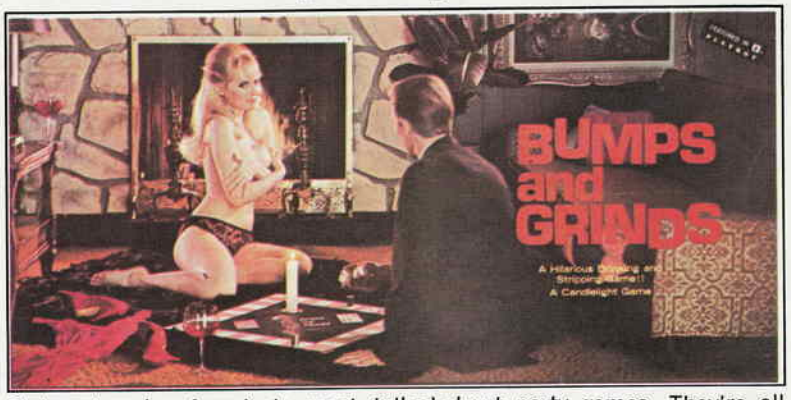

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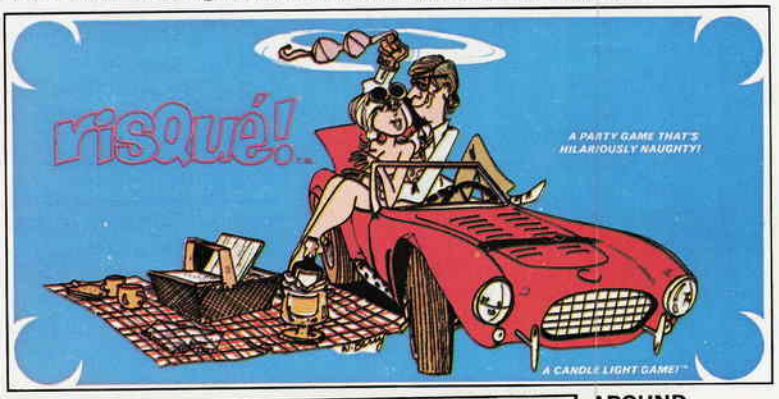

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second-class citizens, greenhorns, people speaking and thinking with an accent?

Silly fears when we're speaking of medical supermen. The brains will be drycleaned. Nobody today can conceive any possible way in which this can be done, but the people of 2500 will know. They'll take out all the old thinking-chains and present the revived individual to the new world with a bright new, spanking-clean brain, ready for anything. The trouble is, if we take out too much, there will be lost all the old-world memories, and the revived person will be, to himself, a new person with a memory that does not go past the present world he finds himself in. The old person who paid for all that freezing might as well be dead. The body is back, but not the *person*.

We will just have to leave enough basic information so that the revived body can feel a kinship with the body that was once frozen, and then he'll melt into the new society. Anyway, after that, no one will need freezing anymore. The whole episode of freezing will have proved to be a temporary episode in human history. In the passage from mortality to immortality, there will have been an intermediate period of delayed immortality, and some lucky people who chose the pathway of freezing will have jumped the gap of time and joined the fortunate and great last generation of mankind.

And it *will* be the last generation, for it will be the generation that will live forever and that will therefore have no babies (unless they decide to colonize the Moon and Mars and have enough babies to replace those who travel to other worlds.)

Won't it be great? Immortality at last? Life forever? No dear ones dying? Of course, after you get to be about 300 years old or so, you may be awfully tired of all your friends and lovers. They will surely have said everything they could possibly have to say about 10 times over. You will have, too. In short, a world of immortals would be a world of boredom intensified past endurance. I'm judging from my observation of what happens to the average person on a rainy Sunday afternoon when the TV goes on the blink. The capacity for boredom in three dull hours gives a hint of the colossal height it can reach in hundreds of dull years.)

I've forgotten! The immortals have the powers of unclouding men's minds. Every one of them can go to the mind-plants every half century or so and get all the clogged passageways unclogged. Each can start all over again as a bright teen-ager, brain-wise, with, of course, all his basics retained so that he knows he's the same person. Then he can learn again, enjoy again, delight again—and end after a while as the same bore he was before, because he has the same brain he had before.

INTOLERABLE IMMORTALITY

If immortality were possible, no one, I suspect very strongly, would take it for long. At varying periods for different individuals, there would be suicide, and this might increase in popularity to the point where the race would dwindle and shrivel and die—not even with a whimper, but a sigh. Must we say goodbye to immortality, then. Not at all, for we *are* immortal, not as individuals, but as part of life. Life has lasted for three billion years now and since every speck of life comes from a pre-existing speck, there has been a continuous and unbroken thread of it all those billions of years now; and who knows how long it will stretch into the future.

This kind of immortality involves a continuous turnover of individuals of all kinds. We don't have to imagine immortals with the capacity of cleaning out old brains and setting up young ones again. We all have that capacity right now. Every time any of us produces a baby, we have produced a young brain, one that has never existed before. Every generation we produce quantities of new babies with new brains (billions of them in the present generation) and every generation these are sifted by the difficulties of life so that only the most suitable or the most resilient or the most versatile or the most something survive to pass on their genetic material in still new combinations to their descendants.

Through this shuffling and reshuffling of genes and chromosomes evolution occurs. In the space of a few hundred thousand years, for instance, the brain of the human-like creatures tripled in size and made us what we are today (such as we are). If, for the same period of time, individual immortality had prevailed, there would have been only a single generation getting its brains dry-cleaned periodically—no advance, no change.

A TIME FOR DYING

So what are we struggling for? As individuals, we have the right to demand better health, freedom from pain and weakness and depression, active minds and vigorous bodies into old age. But have we a right to demand immortality?

No—for that would be a betrayal of the species.

A serene and peaceful death when the time comes is the proper contribution an individual can make to the species that gave him life.

So I have no intention of having myself frozen in the hope of snatching additional life, at the cost of money and energy that can be put to better use, at the cost of intruding on a future generation that will not want me, at the cost of contributing to the stagnation of mankind. Better, when my time comes, to go with as much of a smile as I can manage and with the hope that others better than myself will take my place and others better than them will take theirs. And so on forever without end.

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CHÂTEAU BUDGET

Fun wines for the palate that discriminates and the pocket that can't

Drink by Lionel Braun

At one time wine had an air of mystique about it, full of unpronounceable French names and long-forgotten dates. Buying a bottle of wine was more of an obstacle course than a pleasure, an exercise not to be undertaken by the faint at heart.

Happily, times change, and the young and thirsty have realized that you can get high on the grape without getting hung up on it; they are rapidly boosting sales not only of the traditional grape wines, but also those made and flavored with other fruits. Ignoring the French vintages, they are going for esoteric concoctions like Bali Hai (an unusually pleasant mix of grape, guava, pineapple and passion fruit) and Annie Green Springs Country Cherry (grape and sweet wild cherry). Reactionaries sneer at these "soda pop" wines, but their sales keep on climbing.

Flavored and fruit-based wines are not a recent discovery; back in 18th Century Europe Justerini & Brooks devised their famous Loving Cup, Sangria has always been popular in its native Italy, and over here Ernest & Julio Gallo first marketed their Thunderbird brand as far back as 1950. This lead was quickly followed by the manufacturers of the citrus-based Silver Satin and Swiss Up wines, and one com-

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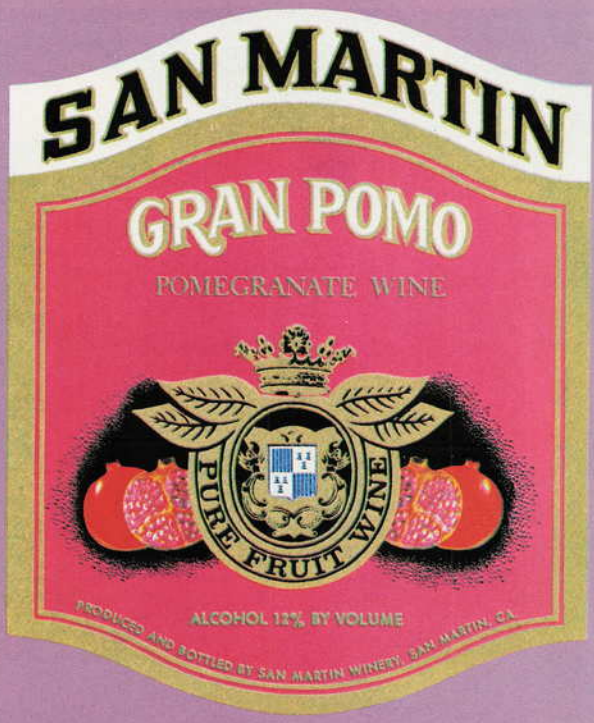

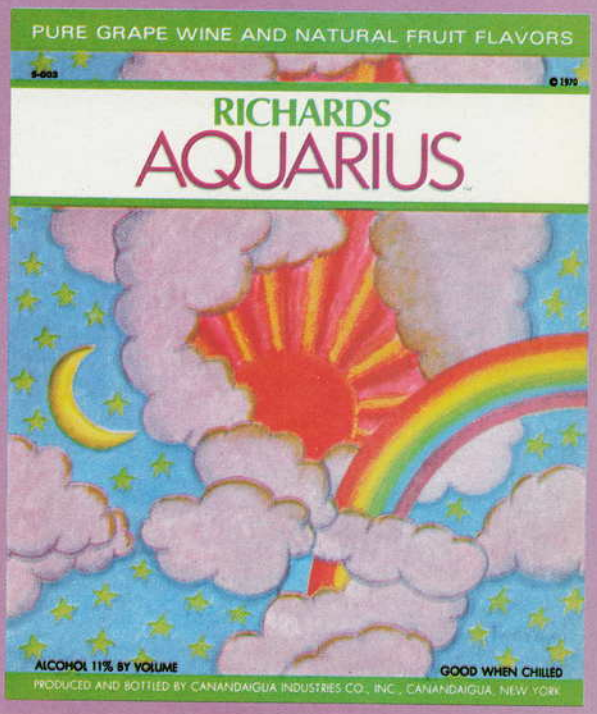
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pany even produced a chocolate wine egg nog which sold well for many years.

Grape wines still lead the popularity stakes, but apple-based wines are winning an increasing share of the market, and the Boone's Farm Company reckons on selling more than 7,000,000 cases of assorted apple flavors in the coming year. The booming sales of these cheap fun wines have led to a potent plethora of other brands and mixtures; although the big two manufacturers in this field are still Gallo and United Vintners, many others have realized the potential of this type of wine. Up-and-coming mixes include Key Largo, Pepsico's Sant' Gria, Bali Hai and Spanada, but many more are finding favor with young wine-fiends, as the lists on these pages indicate.

Not content with sticking to the original mix, the more enterprising aficionados are getting in on the act themselves by inventing their own recipes. With the addition of ice and ginger ale, tonic or club soda (and occasionally a vodka spike), many of the fruitier varieties make a mean punch. In most cases their sweetness disguises their kick; most brands are just as alcoholic as conventional wines, some are more so. Those drinkers who are prone to get hung over had better beware; to the wrath of grapes they must now add the wrath of other fruit.

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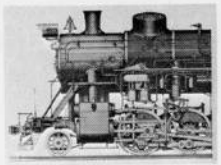

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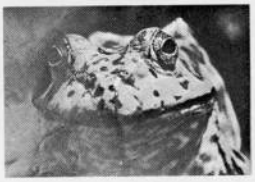
25½x34 B/W $2.00



1230 Freddy Frog
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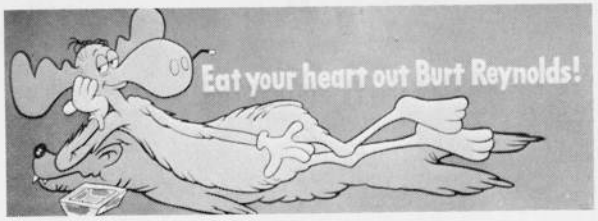
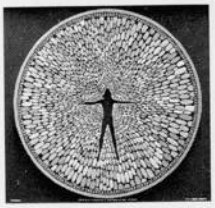


1244 Bullwinkle 56x20 Color $3.00



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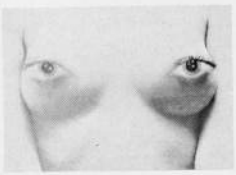

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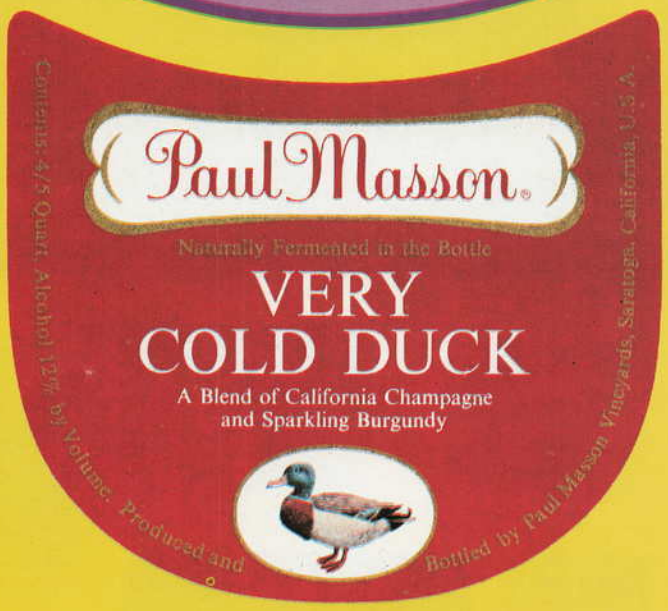
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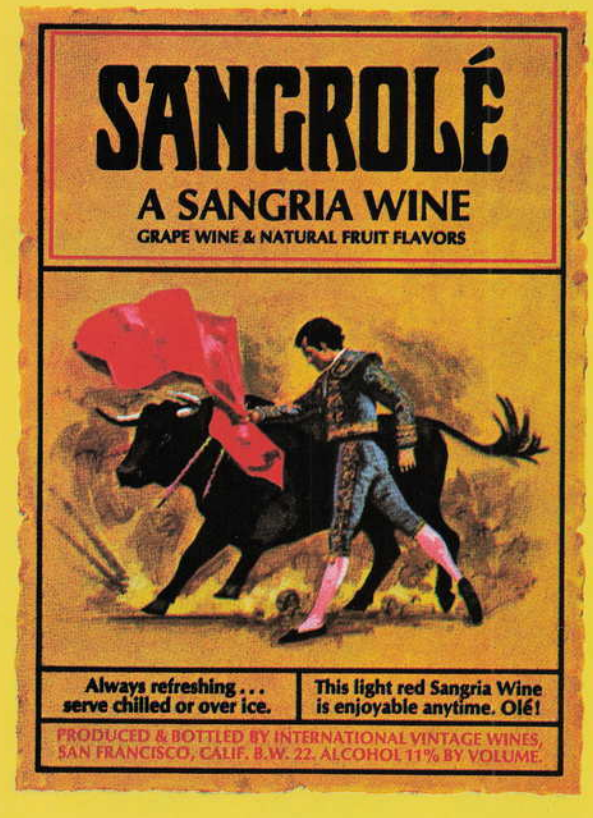
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Spanada—Fizzy sangria, $1.15 a fifth.
Swiss Up—Strong, sweet and lemon/lime, $1.05 a fifth.
Thunderbird—Strong, with lemons and herbs.
Tyrolia—A white, fizzy version of sangria, $1.25 a fifth.
Yago Sant' Gria—Imported Sangria, $1.79 a fifth.

Now that the counter revolution in the wine trade is well under way let's hope that the ritualistic mumbo-jumbo traditionally associated with wine will soon become a tedious memory. Those vintage buffs who insist on a rigid etiquette of serving and drinking often make what should be a carefree pleasure into a burdensome duty. The cheap and cheerful wines featured here offer a carefree alternative for those who dislike performing the gymnastic wine rituals observed in too many homes and restaurants. They can be served anywhere, anytime without fear of making a social gaffe. It doesn't make a scrap of difference what year they are, and they taste just as good whether drunk from a paper cup or a cut crystal glass.

Although one hears the occasional pop wine drinker commenting on his chosen brew in professorial terms (Vin Kafe, a grape wine with a light chocolate flavor, was once described to a friend of mine as "A promising little wine with a sophisticated dark robe"), the average fan of these bright and breezy blends is too busy drinking the stuff to bother about describing it.

If you have never tried a bottle, why not stroll round to your friendly neighborhood liquor store; the fruits of your labors could well prove pleasant.

Where the Elite Meet to Heat

The sauna builds up steam

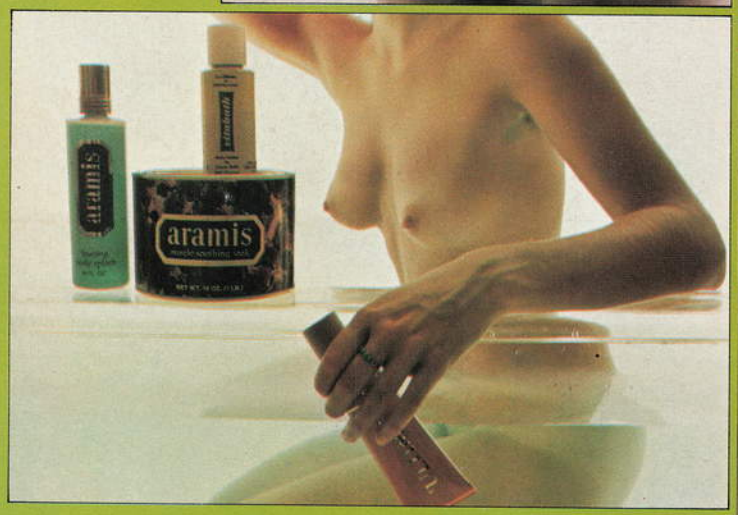
Photos by Bob Huntzinger

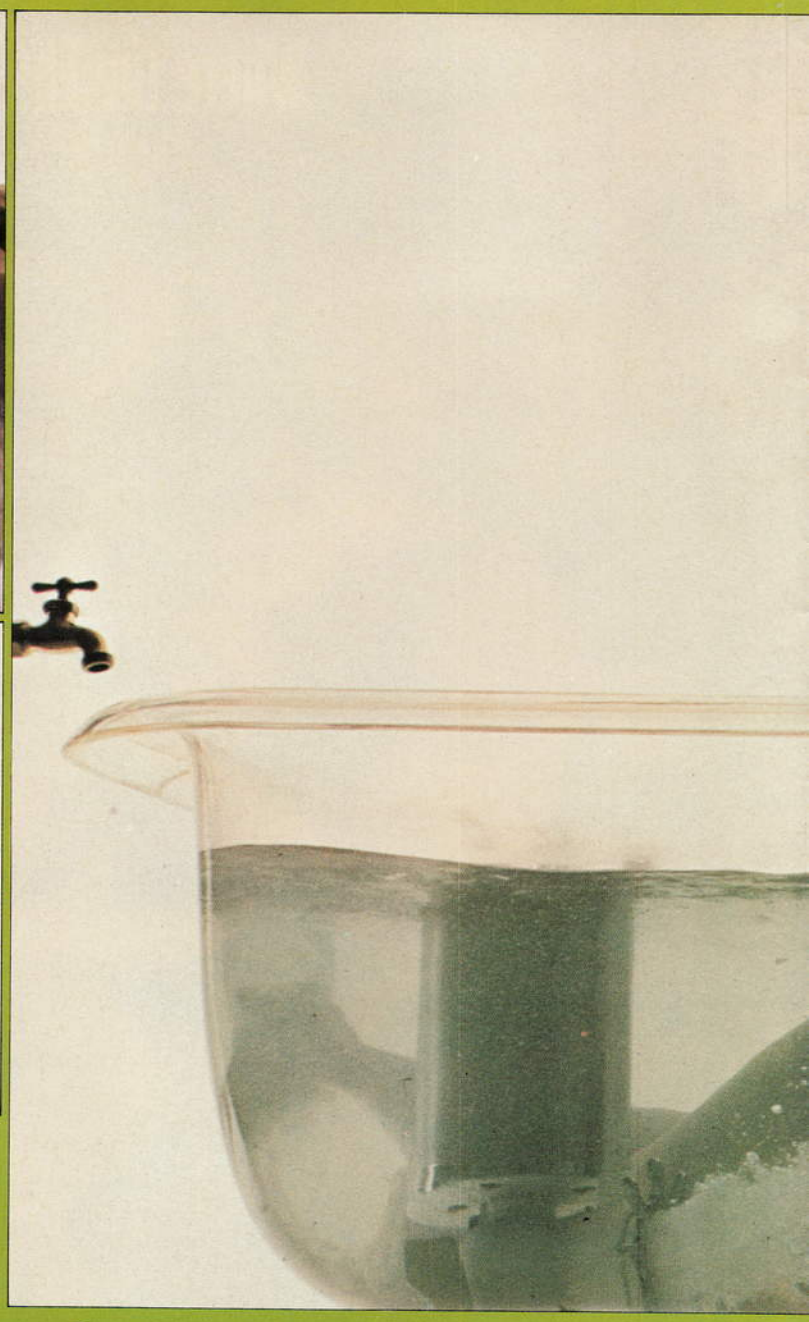
by Michael Minick

The great health and beauty secret of Scandinavian men and women is just a lot of hot air. The Scandinavians have been taking saunas for a thousand years and reaping the rewards of good health and clear complexions. Now Americans are also finding the sauna to be an effective means of relaxation, making it a real hot business today. This convenient way to good health and looks has prompted one major company to install more than 80,000 saunas in homes, offices and clubs across the country.

Now how about you? A few hundred to a few thousand dollars is all you need to put a sauna in your life. But there are less expensive alternatives to consider. Recent technological innovations in the bath business permit the average bathroom to be turned into a kind of spa for just a few dollars. Depending on how clean you want to get, these devices can easily fit into the shower or around the tub for benefits similar to those that a real sauna can provide. Besides cleanliness, these bath accessories are capable of producing some unorthodox stimulation for those who are really into making bathing an adventure.

Heat baths, the first stop on this tour of bath environments, stretch back to antiquity. The famous Roman baths had steam rooms. The American Indian heated hot rocks to produce an intense dry heat in an enclosed area; then plunged into icy streams. Coincidentally, the Finns had been doing the same thing for 2000 years and calling it a "sauna". But whether dry heat or steam was used, the underlying principal was the same. Heat increases circulation and





Top: any bathroom can be turned into a private steamroom with a compact easily hidden steam maker from Steamaster. Above: products by Aramis, Revlon, and Vitabath attempt to recreate the best in spa water from around the world in your own bathtub. Right: the Jacuzzi whirlpool bath produces a high pressure stream of water that turns bathing into an erotic experience.

the metabolic rate, leading to a number of valuable benefits.

First, the pores open and a heavy sweat is produced. This rids the body of surface dirt and grime that have lodged in the upper skin. As the sweat deepens, it expells the poisons and impurities that store up daily in the pores. The effect on the skin is more than deep cleansing—it is rejuvenating.

Second, the deep heat permits tight muscles to relax, alleviating tension, aches, and minor pains better than any other non-prescription pain reliever. The effect is further enhanced by increased circulation which pumps more blood to the tissues, speeding the healing process started when the muscles begin to relax.

Third, the increase in metabolism amounts to passive exercise. While a heat bath doesn't actually stimulate muscles, it has an effect on the body's organs equivalent to a hard-fought game of basketball or a set of brisk callisthenics. Naturally, this makes heat baths a valuable aid for those who watch their weight.

How does one heat bath differ from another? It's mostly a matter of temperature and humidity. Steam baths operate at low temperatures of about 120 degrees, but with 100 per cent humidity. Russian rooms, by heating rocks, function at a temperature range between 150 and 180 degrees with 30 to 60 per cent humidity. Saunas are by far the hottest, with temperatures that start at 170 degrees and go as high as 230 degrees, but with a low humidity between 7 and 20 per cent, which makes that much heat bearable. The reason for the differences lies in the construction. Steam and Russian rooms are made of non-porous material such as tile; thus the humidity stays in the air, making it hotter. Saunas are made of wood that absorbs the humidity, making higher temperatures possible. Whatever type you choose is strictly a personal preference determined not so much by how hot you like it but by how you like it hot.

The sauna our young couple is cavorting about in was manufactured by Erik Sauna. Saunas can be constructed in varying sizes to accommodate two people, four people, or the entire New York Jets first string—depending on how much loot you've got. Smaller saunas cost between $600 and $800 installed, or you can save money by building one yourself. Erik has prefabricated rooms which can be put together with a minimum of tools and know-how. Large saunas run $1,500 and up. To find out how far up, contact Baths International, 101 Park Avenue, New York 10017.

A steam generator can turn an already existing stall shower or tub into a bona-fide steam room. A small compact unit, it

can be recessed into a wall or hidden under the bathroom sink or closet. Made by a company that does nothing else, the unit sells for a little under $200 uninstalled. More information can be obtained by writing to the Steamaster Co., 110 West 30th St., New York.

Out of the realm of heat baths, but a real fun item, is the Jacuzzi whirlpool bath. Placed in any tub, it instantly creates a soothing water massage which exerts the equivalent of six pounds of pressure along the entire body. Long used for physical therapy in hospitals the Jacuzzi is also a popular item in locker rooms around the world. The Jacuzzi claims to duplicate the therapeutic effects of the great spas of the world. Towards this end it aerates the powerful current it produces. A home and portable model is available for $325 from Jacuzzi Research, 1039 Third Avenue, New York 10021.

A newcomer to the bath business is Vibra Spa, which, like Jacuzzi, attempts to transform the ordinary bathtub into a spa. The two-fold treatment consists, first, of mineral crystals which effervesce when added to the water, releasing vitamins A, D, and something called panthrnol. The second part of the treatment comes in the form of the Vibra Spa massager, the first battery-operated vibrator that is not phallic shaped but flat. Moreover, this friendly little gadget can be used underwater, as it possesses the Underwriters Laboratory seal of approval. Available in department stores across the nation the entire package sells for $16, and you don't have to be over 21.

Aramis, a young but high quality grooming concern, has stepped into the bath with an entire line of products designed to give the feel of a sauna or spa treatment. Their "muscle soothing soak" is made of seaweed derivatives and minerals which turn the bathwater green. If you are not prepared to slip into green bathwater try their "hot water spa" which has the same effect as the muscle soak. For *après le bain* there is a bracing body splash that simulates the hot-and-cold treatment the skin receives from a sauna.

Another newcomer in the bath sweepstakes is that giant of the cosmetic field, Revlon. Their spa-type products are put out under the trade name of Ultima. Their "soapless mineral bath gelee" is supposed to clean while purifying. For the more indulgent (we know you are out there) Ultima is peddling an enriched milk bath. Go on, try some.

Finally, there is Vita Bath, which does the same thing as all the above. So why merely shower when stranger adventures await in a revamped bathroom?

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ROCK IS SEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

poraries, they found conventional English culture largely irrelevant, and they eventually abandoned their trades to play music full time, trying to recapture the stark power of the blues. While some of their peers continued to refine their music, the Stones moved on to a far more timely, provocative synthesis of that music with broader musical styles that remained subordinate to the brutal sting of the blues. Sex was central at the outset, and their music moved from the basic metaphor of "King Bee," where Jagger most emphatically wanted to come inside, to the *cinéma vérité* of "Satisfaction".

Mums could love the Beatles. Their music was polished to a seamless, lyric brilliance, and they were clean lads, fresh and still sweet, despite their occasional irreverence. (John Lennon has since attempted to puncture that myth.)

Leaving the Stones to rise up as opposites. Where the Beatles' magic was white, benevolent, initially positive and romantic, the Stones were satanic, outwardly surly, abandoning their checkered suits early in the game and developing a flamboyant life style that surged with the same thrusting energy levels as their music. The Stones wanted to be on top, in every situation, and their songs suggested a world of the most primitive sexual dimensions, where Jagger was the proud, triumphant male animal.

The Stones became emblems of social chaos both onstage and off. Mick Jagger, Keith Richard and Brian Jones made no attempt to conceal their indiscretions, preferring to bask in the outrage of many observers. After all, it set them apart, mythologized them as the rebels they suggested they were. In the summer of 1967, Jagger and Richard were busted, and the line dividing life from performance became virtually invisible.

The details were beautiful. Everyone smoking hash, some diet pills confiscated, and, of course, Naked Girl In Rug, that being Marianne Faithfull, Mick's lady and a lovely artist. Newsprint was answered with public and private conjecture about just what had been going on, and the lady's image metamorphosed from a young lady simply wrapping herself in a rug before bathing, to the legendary Mars Bar and the lady's sinister usage thereof.

The stuff wet dreams were made of, demonstrating rather conclusively that the Stones were decadent, socially destructive.

Except that the initial castigation of the group by press and authorities was widely felt to be unjust. Keith and Mick became sympathetic figures for many, and the episode was a clear signal that Jagger's supposed life-style, whether real or imagined, liberated or merely decadent, was no longer alien to the folks at home. At the very least, it was far more tolerable, and, in some instances, the folks wanted to get a little themselves.

In the years since that incident, the Stones' music has evolved further, becoming the embodiment of the Will To Boogie, the command to loosen up and push ever onward toward pleasure in a painful world. With their 1969 tour, the Stones established themselves as one of the more electrifying experiences available. The best rock 'n' roll band in the world, or so the reaction suggested.

That tour came on the heels of the group's most overtly revolutionary music. In "Beggars Banquet," an album released in late '68, they had sought "Sympathy for the Devil," focusing on images of violent revolution through "Street Fighting Man". And the '69 tour, coinciding with the release of "Let It Bleed," their next album, balanced overt sexual images against the problems and promise of rebellion. Violence was at the heart of the music, and "Midnight Rambler," featured on the album and further explored in concert, fused erotic and violent action in Jagger's snarling voice, a menacing rasp that promised to "ram my knife right down your throat".

Just before the debacle at Altamont Speedway, where the Stones' free concert ended in murder, Jagger explained the concert's goals as an extension of Woodstock. Altamont would strive for communal energy, and that, not the music, was really the point of the exercise. The music was just an excuse to get stoned, to ball, to feel as good as humanly possible in the circumstances.

So much for dreaming.

The Stones don't talk about fighting any more, but they certainly have remained faithful to the sexual imperative. Sexual aggression has been emphasized throughout their '72 tour, resulting in awesome ticket sales and the disgruntled response of sexual liberators who have rejected the Rolling Stones' music as Cock Rock, chauvinistic music that always finds the man on top.

But the band is hardly fazed. And, when they hit the stage, the response is staggering. Jagger has become the Ultimate Frontman, a demonic figure that elicits a collective intake of breath that palpably lowers the air pressure in the concert hall.

He has become something of a standard, really. "The Street Fighting Man" has been largely eclipsed by

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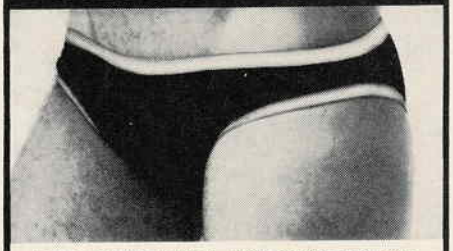

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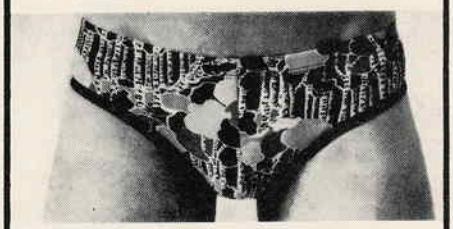

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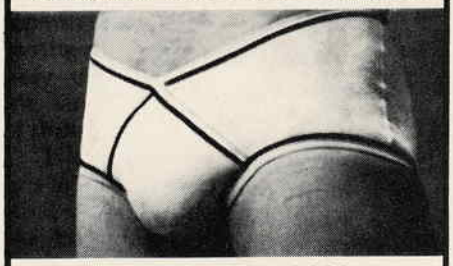

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"Jumpin' Jack Flash", a lithe androgyne in battered leather and bright jumpsuits, wrapping those broad lips around the mike, prancing neatly with one hand waving naughtily back. The lean man's body, buoyed up by remarkable stamina, is contested by sequins and make-up, feminine and masculine details combined in a startling mix and amplified mightily by the man's self-awareness and consequent manipulation of his image.

He knows how to use it.

Rock being lifestyle as well as music, it must be noted that the lifestyle is a bone-shaking, exhaustive framework for spending energy, whether sexually or otherwise. And few musicians have succeeded in sustaining their impact for more than a few years.

Yet the Stones continue to dazzle, and Jagger's sexuality has intensified over the last few years, reaching increasingly broader audiences. That sexuality was both detailed and transformed in Jagger's portrayal of Turner, a bi-sexual musician and prime mover behind the metamorphoses that formed the basic plot of "Performance," a film by Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg. Jagger himself commented on his cinematic counterpart, identifying Turner as "a projection of Donald's fantasy or idea of what I imagine how I am."

That projection defined a personality which had long before abandoned conventional lines of demarcation for behavior: Turner toyed with reality, creating a sanctuary of continually shifting perspectives, continuously progressive role-playing. Turner was not shocking in his use of make-up, in his languid bi-sexuality, in his personal sense of design which drew principally from the expanded consciousness of drugs; rather, Turner was surprising in the very consistency of his response to reality, in his unilateral war on self-limitation.

If Mick Jagger was ever that divorced from the usual constraints of Western civilization, one suspects that his lifestyle has at least mellowed. He now deals with a wife, with taxes, with the demands of his career. Still, Turner's stylized sexual and spiritual lives correspond to the futuristic image of Mick Jagger, one which captures the vitality of rebellion onstage, obliterating the boundaries that had once separated Satan from Man, Man from Angel; Man from Woman, white from black, even-keeled sobriety from synthesized ecstasy.

Jagger is not alone. If there is any single sexual idea that separates rock from its roots, it is this sense of expanded sexuality, this hustle for pure sexual freedom. That impulse powers many lesser-known musicians as well, and, regardless of their intent, those personalities have found themselves

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

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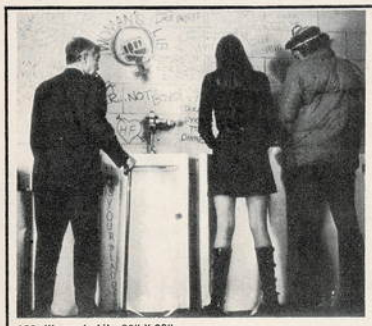

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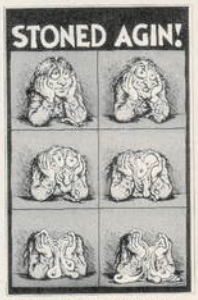

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THE LEGS ARGUED THAT SINCE THEY TOOK THE MAN WHEREVER HE WANTED TO GO, HE SHOULD BE BOSS.

THE STOMACH COUNTERED WITH THE EXPLANATION THAT SINCE HE DIGESTED ALL THE FOOD, HE SHOULD BE BOSS.

THE EYES SAID THAT WITHOUT THEM, MAN WOULD BE HELPLESS, SO THEY SHOULD BE BOSS.
THEN THE ASS HOLE APPLIED FOR THE JOB.

THE OTHER PARTS OF THE BODY LAUGHED SO HARD THAT THE ASS HOLE BECAME MAD AND CLOSED UP.

AFTER A FEW DAYS THE BRAIN WENT FOGGY, THE LEGS GOT WOBBLY, THE STOMACH GOT ILL, THE EYES GOT CROSSED AND UNABLE TO SEE.

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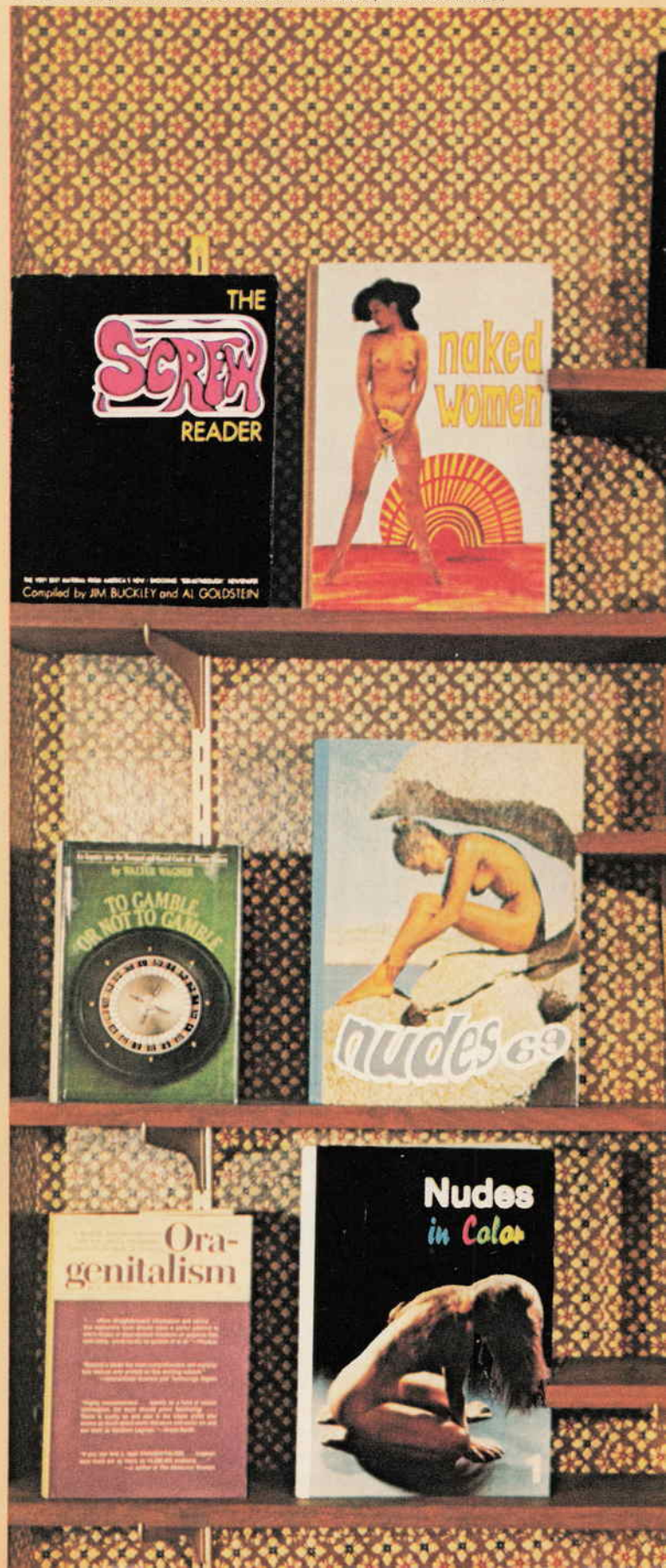

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ROCK IS SEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 194

widely regarded as sexual objects first and foremost.

Jim Morrison pointed toward sexuality as a dimension of revolution, but, where Jagger regarded violent action with some ambivalence (at least at the purely political level, where "Street Fighting Man" was essentially ambiguous, and easily answered by "Gimme Shelter's" desperate plea for love), Morrison embraced the glamor of violence openly. He preened himself to be the visual symbol for sexual violence, Ultimate Weapon, Ultimate Phallus. His writing, and his utilization of dramatic technique to present those ideas through the Doors' music, were consistently devoted to primal drives presented within psychological and political context.

"The End" offered an enactment of the final Oedipal fantasy: "Father, I want to kill you . . . Mother, I want to . . ." Morrison projected that same violence into his self-proclaimed role of Lizard King, balancing a sinister awareness of erotic brutality against the seeming naiveté of pop touches in production, phrasing and language. "Hello, I Love You" was verbally tame, suggesting the most simplistic and essentially innocuous of adolescent longings, yet the rough instrumental textures and the coy slackness of his style revealed an intense erotic sensibility.

He was lean, leather and bulging jeans, insistent pout, persistent leer, voice bordering on manic, rather than ecstatic scream. But, if that image seemed to be essentially masculine in its aggression, remember that Morrison's masculinity was overstated to a fairly butch, ironic intensity. At the Felt Forum in New York, Morrison wryly noted that the *boys* rushed the stage.

While the Doors eventually blunted their attack prior to his death, Morrison still represented a powerfully sexual figure, despite his destruction of his own sinister mystique through his exposure in Miami.

Hendrix followed a similar path, though not intentionally. A brilliant technician, a ceaseless innovator, Jimi Hendrix became frustrated by his own sense of drama, creating spectacle so effectively that his music was lamentably subordinated to his cosmic shuck 'n' jive. Where Morrison offered phallus as weapon through deliberate design, Hendrix extended the metaphor, inserting his guitar as Penis Superior, justifying that extension with bright coils of musical fire that projected both violence and an ethereal, detached, alien sexuality. Hendrix often regarded the sexual aspect as a mammoth joke, masturbating on guitar and enjoying the absurdity of the action. Yet, for many admirers, that element was dominant, and his approach to sexuality was direct precursor to the futurism of many contemporary musicians.

All of which points us into the present, which is really rock's main concern. The music has always focused its energy on this moment, on immediate stimulus and response, and the music that has been most cathartic in recent years has been the music that tapped that moment, amplified that energy.

Despite the snowballing process of cultural change, rock music is still very much a child of the times in the broadest sense, more often reflecting mainstream ethics than truly radical social ideas. In rock 'n' roll, it's still a man's world, where the very image of the rocker is innately masculine in its aggression. Only recently have women received both popular and professional encouragement to project powerful, aggressive musical ideas, and, if that is a consequence of a male-oriented society, the fact remains that only a handful of women have been permitted to emerge as explicitly sexual personalities.

Janis Joplin assumed the time-honoured role of Whore With Heart Of Gold, making music both lonely and ecstatic, explaining her performing as making love to entire audiences only to return home alone; Tina Turner has continued to draw from both her blackness and her sexuality, enabling her to realize an aggressive role that few white women could be expected to fully understand, setting audiences on their feet with a frenzied erotic style that celebrates the highest ecstasy of heterosexuality; Tracy Nelson has focused primarily on country music, but she has replaced the conventional feelings of traditional country artists with an earthy sexuality absorbed through the blues; and Grace Slick, Acid Mother, has aligned herself firmly with the forces of change, sexual and psychic.

Indeed, Grace has been both sexually radical and yet less conspicuously preoccupied with sex. She has discarded the intricacy of political feminism, shrugging off the need to verbalize sexual needs and providing simple sexual guidelines: if you want to ball somebody, ball them; if you want to make music, make music; if you want to make music and ball, well, do both, but don't waste everybody's time with ceaseless intellectuality.

"Either go 'way or go all the way in," she suggested in "Hey Frederick," and that message coincided with the counter-cultural acceptance of sexual

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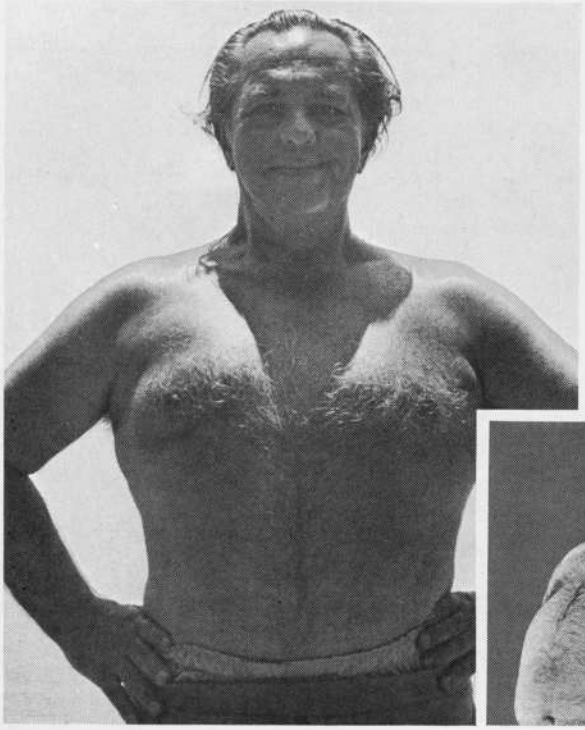

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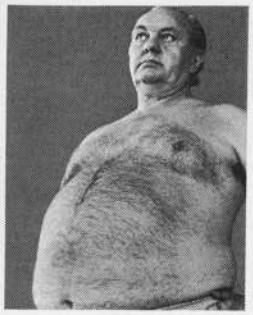

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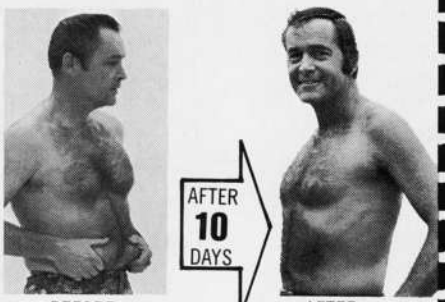

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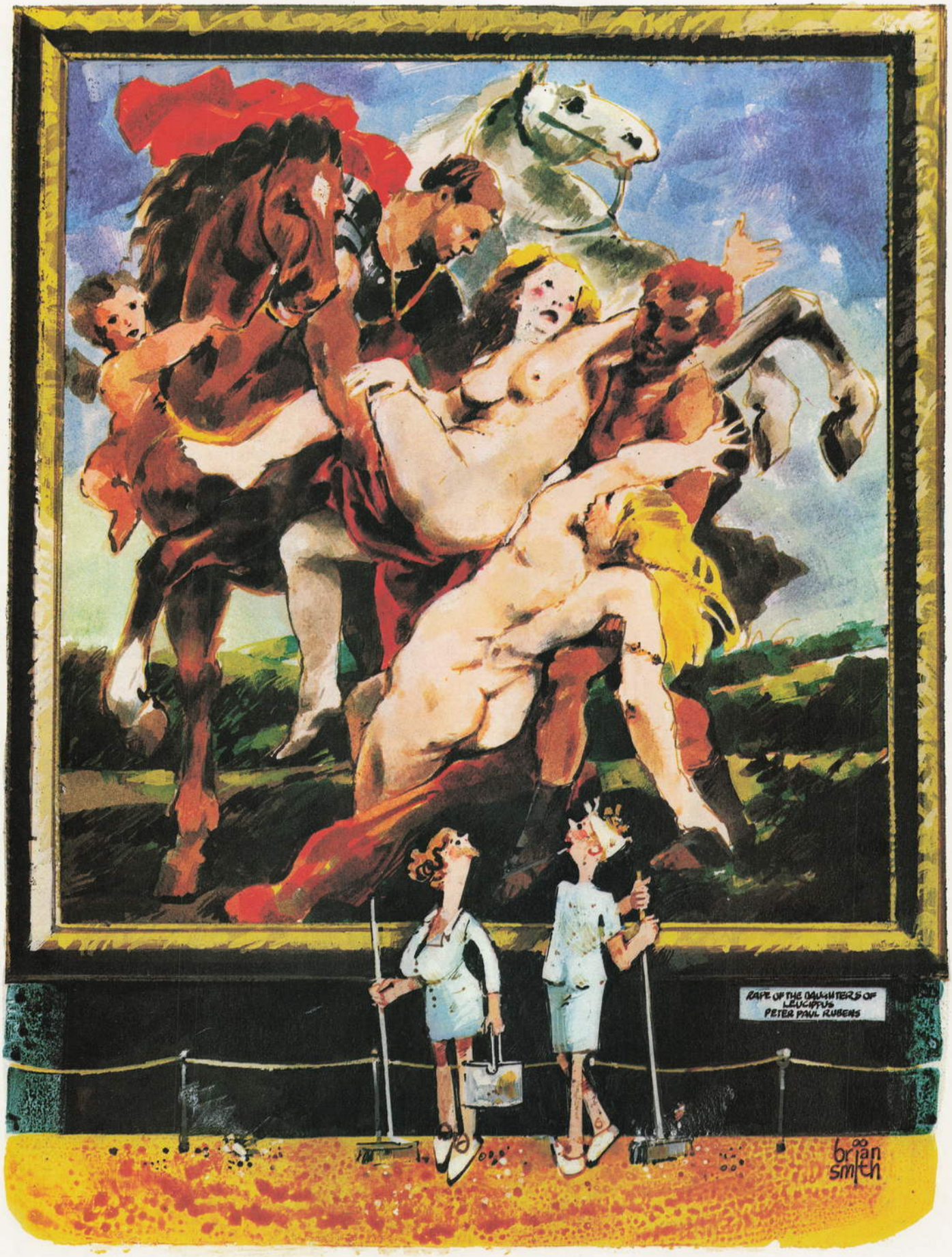

"On second thoughts . . . maybe we ought to go to the Christmas party."

freedom. While Grace Slick has not devoted her craft to elaborating on sexual themes, her image and her music both examine sexual roles.

"Triad," written by David Crosby and first recorded by Jefferson Airplane, is perhaps the most provocative handling of sex Ms. Slick ever tackled. The song equated aquarian evolution with ultimate sexual freedom, and the tension of a conventional sexual triangle was transformed into the consonant harmony of the triad, the most basic yet complete harmonic idea, balanced yet vital when perfectly tuned. Crosby had first distinguished himself as a cultural revolutionary as a Byrd, where he openly admitted his use of psychedelics at a time when tripping was hardly routine. Crosby's sense of spiritual evolution included not only drugs but sex, and, in "Triad," he presents the world of "sister-lovers, water brothers,/ And in time, maybe others": "What we can do is to try something new," in this case to aspire toward the vision of bi-sexual freedom shared by Robert Heinlein in "Stranger in a Strange Land".

Once again, sexual action is linked to spiritual growth, which, in turn, may be seen as an outgrowth of consciousness through chemical and/or psycho-sexual induction. It's not how long you make it, or even whom you make it with, but how you make it long.

While the car radio may seem to be suffering from the doldrums, at least recently, there are still those occasionial hot flashes. Even David Cassidy projects an evolutionary sexual energy, although he doesn't appear to fully realize it. Still, his body and face belie the limp-wristed, Main Street romanticism of his songs, and his smooth, slender frame, delicate features and long hair all conform to a bi-sexual format.

For Cassidy is enormously popular because his image corresponds to the as-yet-formless sexuality of his fans. And that sexuality seems to be expressing itself in increasingly complex terms. The impact of androgynous details on audience and music alike has been extraordinary.

Marc Bolan, the rex in T. Rex, has evolved into a curiously two-edged phallic sword: he dropped the light, lacy filigree of Tyrannosaurus Rex, moving from gentle elf to electric warrior. Bolan now boogies savagely, punctuating his songs with damp squeals and hissing, sucking gasps of delight. Still the elf, really, and feminine in his very diminutive size and features, Bolan moves easily through science-fiction cartoons throbbing with erotic possibilities.

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That approach has made its mark most dramatically on T. Rex's younger English fans.

Infantilism and savagery were both central to Iggy Stooge's initial mystique. Eternal child, bad seed pouting grotesquely, Iggy resembled Jagger before his voice changed. The Stooges were hard rockers indeed, and Iggy pursued the most graphic possibilities of unconsciousness, of moving as though he had virtually no control. He moved his seemingly nascent, yet intense sexuality to the front of the stage, and occasionally fell into the audience with it. Along with Lou Reed of the Velvet Underground, Iggy Stooge projected a distinctive sexuality that somehow eluded broader audiences, but, like Reed, he has found new energy in England.

Far more successful in reaching audiences is Alice Cooper. Larger-than-life, a self-aware dirty joke that integrates a variety of violent erotic themes into its lines, Alice Cooper is reported to be a pretty nice guy offstage. He just loves rock 'n' roll, and he has this great cooking band, and he loves to goof on people by surrounding those wide eyes with squiggles of paint and wrapping a snake around his neck. He appears indeed amused by his own spectacle and chooses not to fully explain why he hangs himself on stage, or why he affects such a violent style of drag.

Most Alice Cooper fans are under 16.

"All the young dudes carry the news,
Boogaloo dudes, carry the news . . ."
—David Bowie

So much English flash, through Jagger and Bolan and Bowie and Stewart, has largely eclipsed American musicians at sexual levels in recent years. While English musicians have toyed lovingly with sexual roles, most American musicians appear to be more concerned with political overtones and aesthetic elements in sexual interaction.

Apart from Alice Cooper, only the New York Dolls are providing American youth with truly dramatic sexual confusion. Yet many English musicians project that fey elegance that lies at the core of the surrealism of David Bowie and Marc Bolan. And, not surprisingly, English musicians first permitted homosexuality to surface in their work.

Homosexuality has only just begun to break through the airwaves, despite its presence in the work of Pete Townshend, Ray Davies and other English musicians consistently concerned with what they think of as the tedium of middle class English life. Davies in particular has gradually become far less detached than Townshend, and, in performing with the Kinks, he has developed an onstage personality of fey suppleness, suggesting apeman and queen with his parody of a parody, the mincing queer that the real men

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enjoy imitating so much.

In "Lola," Davies coyly celebrates homosexuality as an escape. Maybe a departure from what we've seen on TV, but the protagonist achieves what really matters, namely getting his rocks off: "Well, I'm not the world's most masculine man, but I know what I am, I'm a man, I'm a man, and so's Lola," and, if that's the way he wants it to stay, it certainly is hard to argue with him as long as he's living in Davies' modern world.

That style, initially merely effete, has evolved into a far more radical image for David Bowie. Asked if he is bisexual, he merely replies, "I just love beautiful people."

Smiling of course.

"The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust" and the "Spiders From Mars" is Bowie's most recent album, and, in its development of a vision of apocalypse, the work focuses on Bowie as Ziggy Stardust, shifting its perspective from first person to third, from male to female, from venal popstar to beatific messiah. Ziggy is a "rock and rolling bitch for you" in "Moonage Daydream," a sexual encounter that contrasts pure, hard electric music and an insistent pulse with a soaring, unearthly chorus. The imagery is extra-terrestial, equating sexual ecstasy with violence with consciousness expansion.

Ziggy may be Bowie, may or may not be prophet or even alter ego for the "Starman," strange visitor from another planet who would "like to come and meet us, but he thinks he'd blow our minds". Blow them indeed with the command to "Let the children lose it,/ Let the children use it,/Let all the children boogie."

Bowie's image for Ziggy represents the unisexual extreme, an elegant androgyny that has evolved from Bowie's earlier stylized drag. His long hair and the traditional, soft femininity of his clothing have been replaced by short, futuristic bangs and jumpsuits that range from intricate silk brocades to Deep Space functional simplicity.

He is flip, laconic, camping it nicely, but his technical skill alone, as pop musician and producer, is formidable. And, whether his most recent incarnation is an incisive cultural statement or merely an attempt to realize the apotheosis of English flash, his music is never punctured by the overt self-deprecation other rock 'n' roll queens have expressed through homosexual stereotypes.

While his music is concerned with simple energy, Ziggy/Bowie slides through stardom and revelation, moving "like tigers on vaseline" in sexual encounters, but moving toward a more spiritual, communal vision of love.

In "All the Young Dudes," a tune Bowie composed and produced for Mott the Hoople, sexual style is placed

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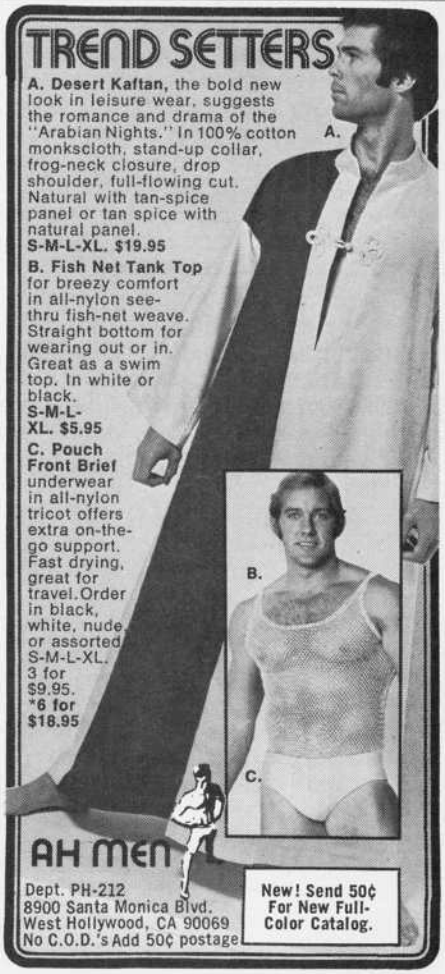

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in a psychohistorical context: 1972 rock 'n' roll adolescence. The process of maturation, of social and sexual awareness, has accelerated mightily, and, at 25, a man wants to die. The young dudes, the young boys with the vitality and caustic hipness necessary to survive despair, reject the earnest, romantic idealism of the Beatles, or the blunt masculine violence of the Stones, and revolution, beatific or explosive, presents "too many snags".

The narrator defines himself as distinct from those already wasted in their early 20s, and, while Hoople's lead singer, Ian Hunter, is hardly a teeny-bopper, he is clearly addressing the younger ones, as well as those older. His revelation is simple: he has recognized homosexuality.

> *"Now, I've drunk a lot of wine*
> *And I'm feeling fine,*
> *Got to race some cat to bed,*
> *Oh, is that concrete all around*
> *Or is it in my head.*
> *Yeah,*
> *I'm a dude, dad . . ."* *

The song sparkles, a bright, full instrumental track with crisp background vocals and a haunting chorus. And, tucked neatly beneath the song's long fade, running beneath the soaring chorus, is a concise scenario in which the narrator comes out of the closet and provides his friend with efficient satisfaction, something he's wanted to do for years.

Where "Lola" reached both teeny-boppers and collegians, "Dudes" is aimed primarily at the wee ones. And, as of this writing, it has fairly roared up the U.K. charts to No. 7 in the three weeks since its release.

Study question: Why are the little ones so enraptured?

That hard-edged electric music which descends most directly from rock 'n' roll retains its aggressive energy. Subtler performers may succeed in evoking sexual experience with greater delicacy and a more complex aestheticism, but such mellow music simply does not move the masses quite the same way.

Sexual attitudes have changed. Television even admits that. And music, as popular culture, has obviously changed with it.

Whether or not Bowie's bisexuality represents true sexual freedom or merely one more solution to alienation is a matter of personal taste. For the most part, electric music still channels much of its power through the traditional masculine aggression of the blues. And different strokes for different folks, while a given, is still limited overall.

To summarize: rock doesn't really seek to explain sex, to contain that idea verbally. It simply asks that you do it and grow.

*From the song "All the Young Dudes" by David Bowie, by permission of Moth Music Corp.

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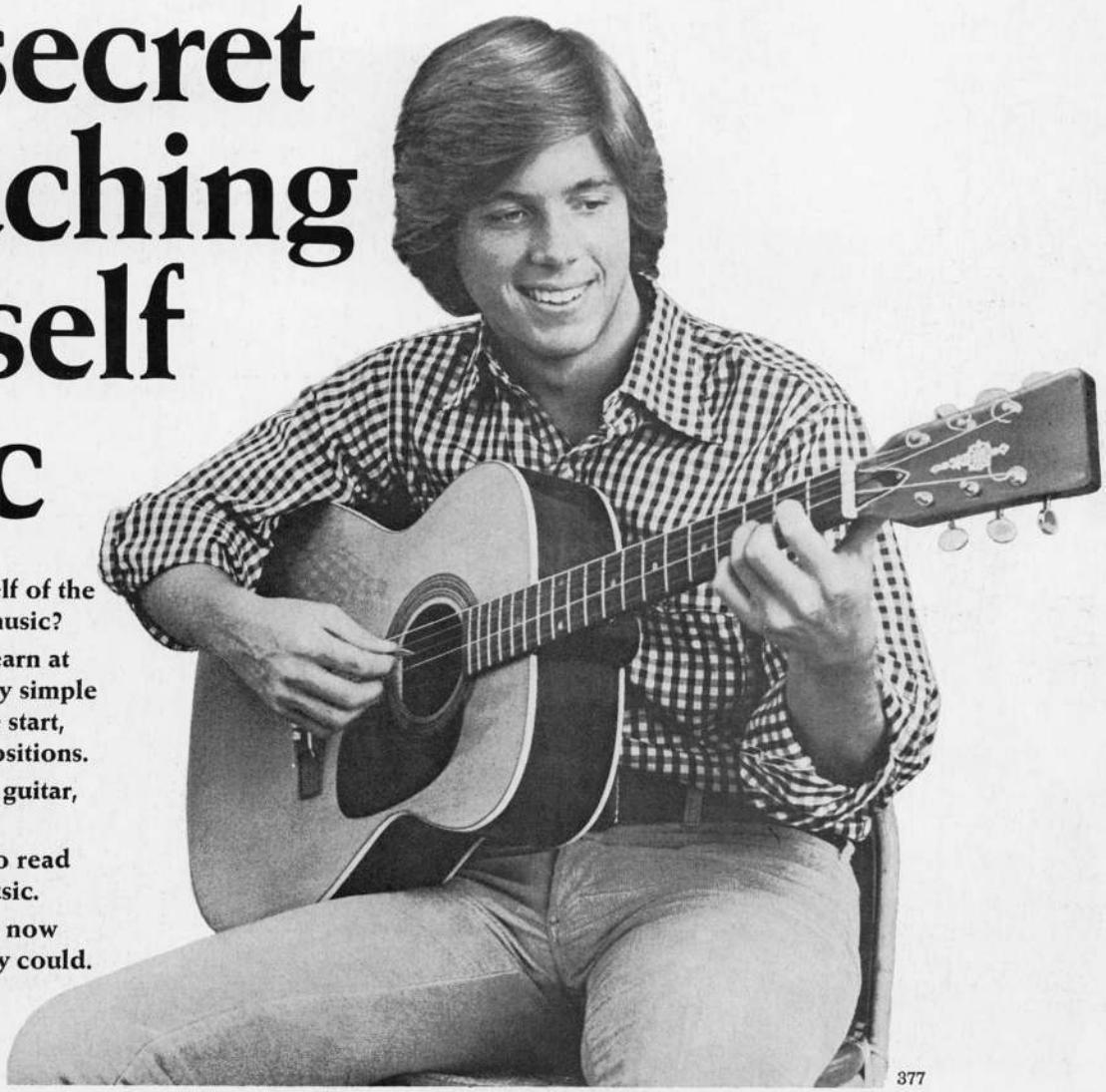

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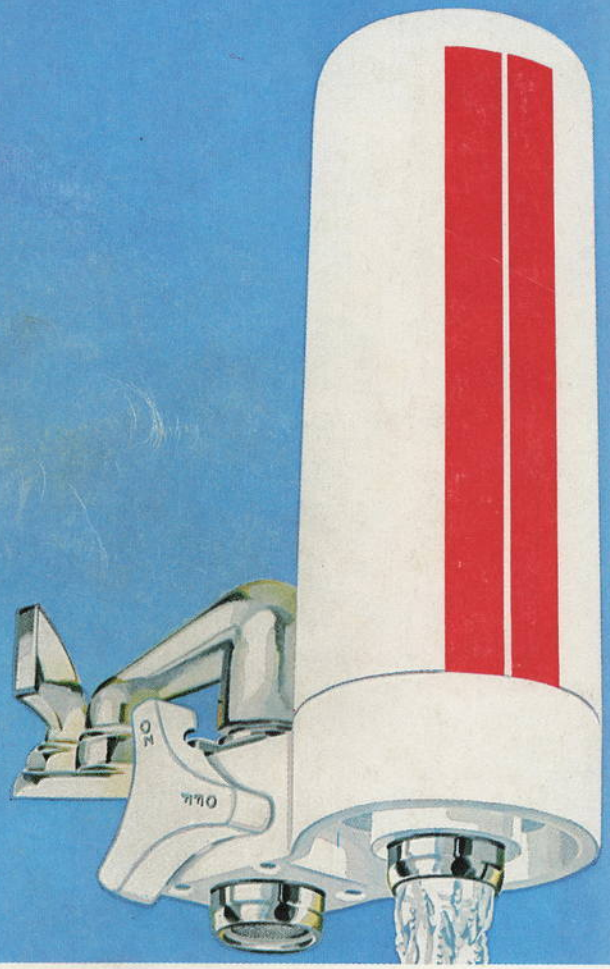

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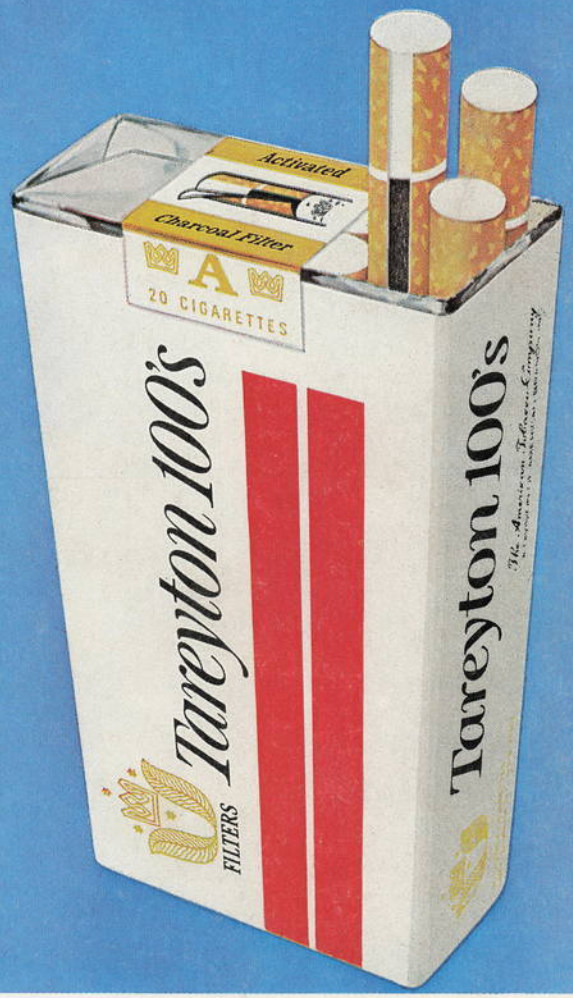

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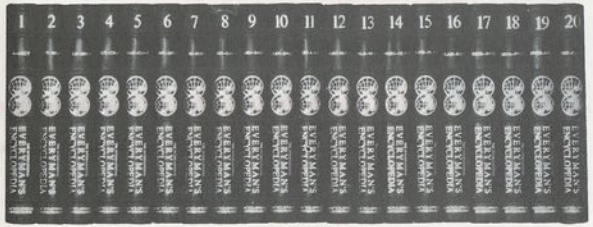

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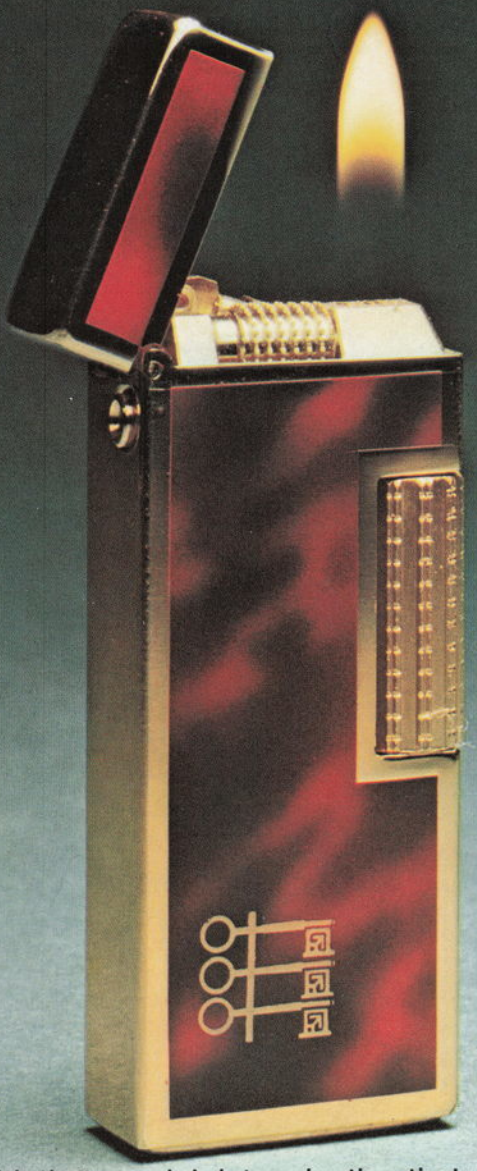

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